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SIR  
FREDK LEIGHTON

BART. P.R.A.

SIR  
J.E. MILLAIS, BART.

R.A.

L. ALMA TADEMA

R.A.













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THE ART JOURNAL  
BY  
LIFE AND WORK  
OF  
SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART.  
*PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS*

SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART.  
*ROYAL ACADEMICIAN*

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THE ART ANNUAL

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1886







SIR F. LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

HIS LIFE AND WORK







THE ART ANNUAL

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# SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART.

*PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY*

## HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY

MRS. A. LANG

*With Numerous Illustrations*



LONDON: ART JOURNAL OFFICE, 26, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW



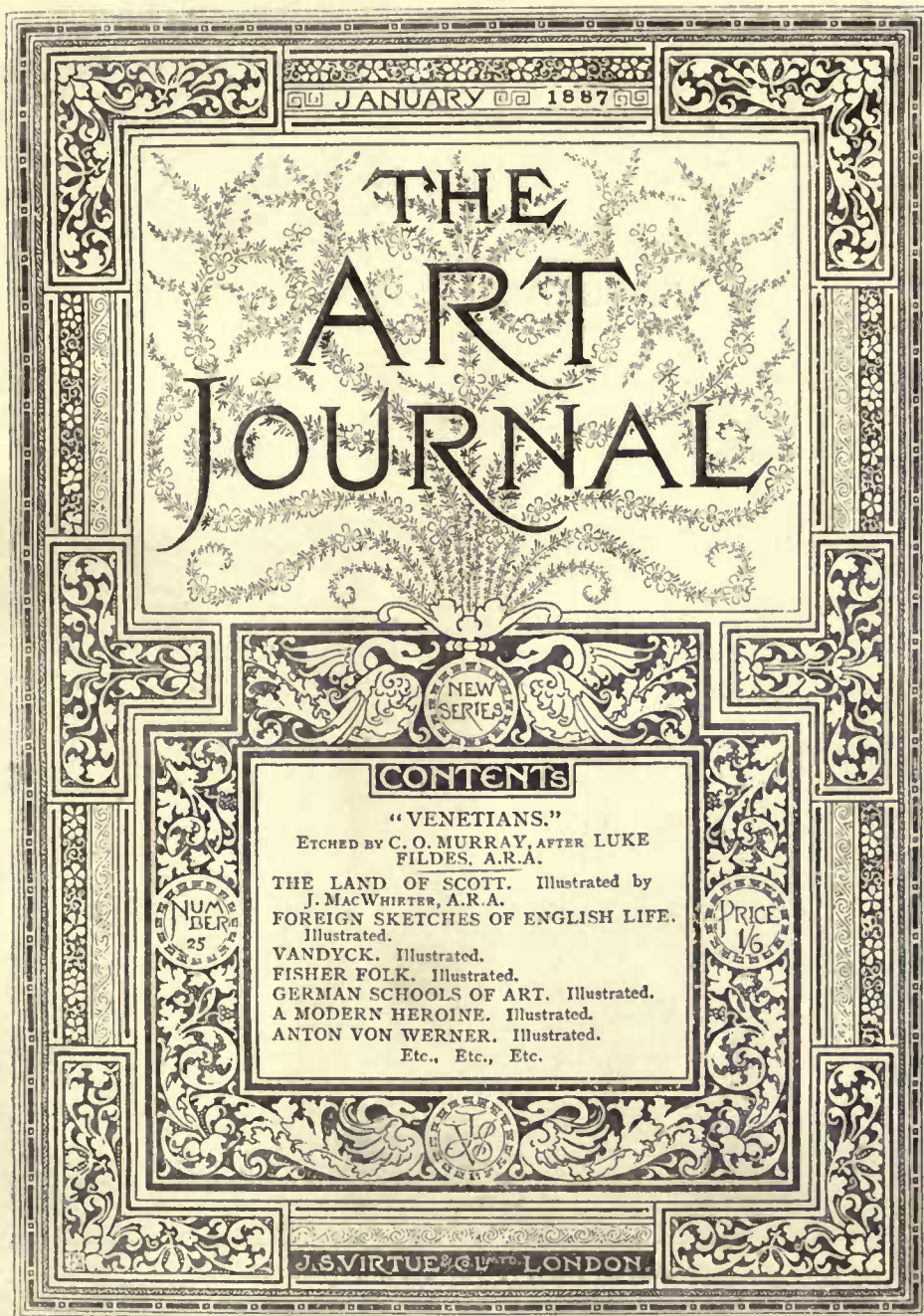




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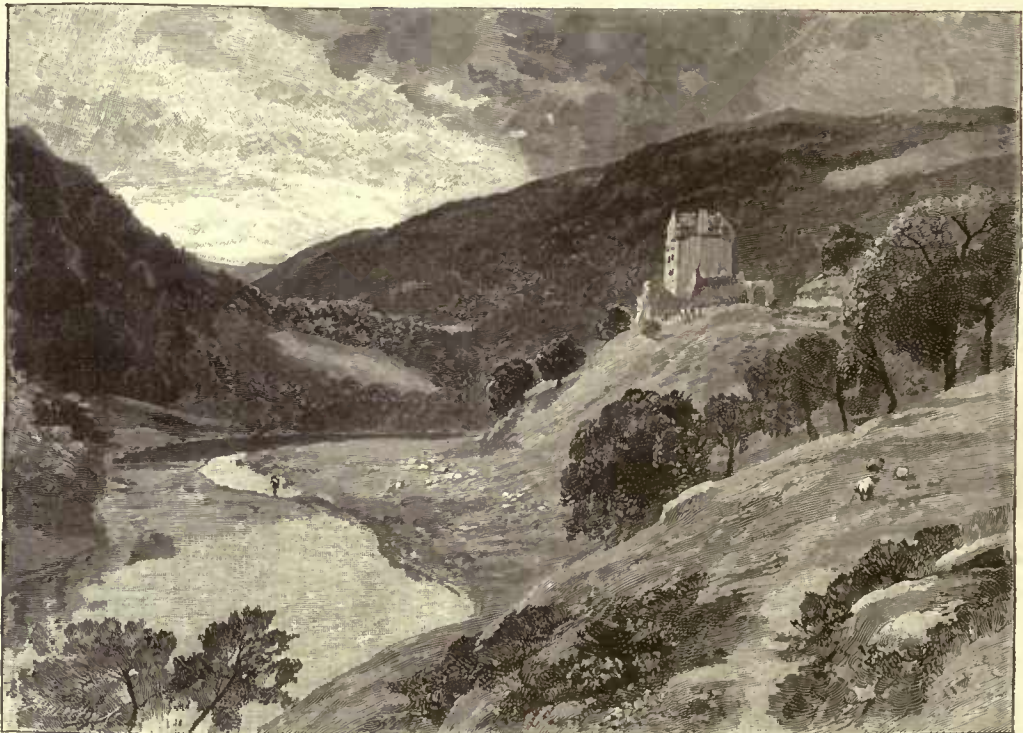
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## PROGRAMME FOR 1887.

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THE Volume for the coming year will be distinguished by the following features, which will, it is believed, judging from the experience of the past, be acceptable to its subscribers.



*Midpath Castle. From "The Land of Scott."*

A Series of Papers dealing with FOREIGN SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LIFE, will be written by Mons. Villars, Author of "L'Angleterre Pittoresque," and will be specially illustrated by Mons. Myrbach, whose drawings in "Tartarin sur les Alpes," and other works, have a wide acceptance on the Continent. The



Tour embraces Dover, Ramsgate, Canterbury, London, Wales, Chester, York, Liverpool, Leeds, Oxford, and Brighton.

The result of two summers' work in THE LAND OF SCOTT, by Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A., has been placed at the disposal of the Proprietors, to illustrate papers on that subject which will be written by Mr. David Hannay.



*Singing Ballads. From "Fisher Folk," by Lillias Wassermann.*

The interest which will, during the next year, be taken throughout the British Empire in everything appertaining to Her Majesty the Queen will be recognized in the ART JOURNAL by a series of papers upon THE STATE COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES, which will be furnished by Mr. J. C. Robinson, Keeper of Her Majesty's



pictures; and the ROYAL COLLECTION OF MINIATURES AND DRAWINGS, which will be written by Mr. R. Holmes, Her Majesty's Librarian.

A History of OLD LONDON EXHIBITIONS, including THE ROYAL ACADEMY, by Mr. G. F. Stephens, will be illustrated by fac-similes of old engravings from the collection of prints at the British Museum.



*Design for Table Cover. From "German Schools of Art."*

GERMAN SCHOOLS OF ART, by A. Harris; THE LACE SCHOOLS OF BRUGES, by Rose G. Kingsley; HORN DECORATION, AND CUT-LEATHER WORK, by C. G. Leland.

THE ARCHITECTURAL articles will include THE MODERN USE OF TERRACOTTA, by E. Ingress Bell; A Staffordshire Manor House; Guisborough Castle, &c.

The articles on FEMALE BEAUTY as expressed by Painters and Sculptors, unavoidably postponed from last year through the illness of the author, will be given.

LANDSCAPE in every part of the globe will be illustrated. In addition to the serial articles before mentioned, the following may be noted as in course of preparation:—SANTA BARBARA, by Edwards Roberts; WORCESTERSHIRE ORCHARDS, by Rose G. Kingsley; AUSTRALIAN NOTES, by Wm. Sharp; THE SCENERY OF CEYLON; IN PICARDY; FISHER FOLK, by Lillias Wassermann; CROMER, etc., etc.

The various Exhibitions, especially the important one at Adelaide, Australia, will receive extended notice.

ILLUSTRATIONS. — Great care has been taken to insure interest, variety, and fine workmanship in the separately printed plates. Those in the earlier months of the year will be—

In January: "VENETIANS," an *Etching*, by C. O. Murray, after Luke Fildes, A.R.A.

In February: "THE LAST BIT OF SCANDAL," *Line Engraving*, after W. F. Yeames, R.A.

In March: "L'CEDIPE," *Photogravure*, after J. L. Gerome.

In April: "IONA," *Line Engraving*, after J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS, to which a considerable place has always been assigned in the programme, will receive their due share of space. The following papers are already arranged for:—





No. 1.—*The Wise and Foolish Virgins.* Fresco in Lyndhurst Church. 1866.

## SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

### PART I.—HIS TRAINING.



RANCE possesses in its Academy a common butt for all authors who doubt whether they are likely ever to belong to the immortals. In England the Royal Academy of Arts is not much more fortunate. Like its French fellow-sufferer, it is ridiculed and traduced; like the French Academy, it exercises a constant influence even on its enemies. What the influence of an Academy is in national Art, that, on a more limited scale, is the influence

of its president. Whoever he may be, a Reynolds or a Lawrence, a Grant or a Leighton, the Art of the president is bound to set a fashion. Thus he strengthens a tendency, while at the same time, as a representative man, he is likely to be in the main current of the ideas of his time.

Now we do not mean for a moment to say that Sir Frederick Leighton's particular style of Art has many direct imitators. From reasons which we shall hereafter notice, it is not in the nature of things that this should be the case. His influence has been of a much more lasting and valuable kind. He has impressed on the public the lesson taught long ago by Plato, "that harmony and grace and rhythm depend on simplicity"—the simplicity of a well-ordered mind. He is never tired, whether by precept or by practice, of inculcating the truth, also Platonic, "that if our youth are to do their work in life, they must make this simplicity their perpetual aim. For all life is full of those qualities which are based on simplicity, and so is every creative and constructive art." Thanks in great measure to Sir Frederick, Art is being lifted out of the region of domestic and sporting incident, and given a wider field

to roam in. That the president has been able to do this, is largely the result of the circumstances of his education—those circumstances which Mr. Lewes, in his "Goethe," would have us believe are almost without influence on the character. In order properly to understand Sir Frederick's work, and the attitude he has always held towards painting, it is necessary to consider carefully the surroundings in which he was brought up, and the nature of the friends that he made.

Frederick Leighton was born at Scarborough on the 3rd of December, 1830. His father and grandfather were both doctors, and though men of much cultivation, had no gift of Art. Many of his family possess a great talent for music, but except in one case, that of a brother of his mother's, there is no record of any of his relations who ever cared to draw. This being the fact, it is the more remarkable to find that, so long as he can recollect, he was determined to be an artist. As a very small child he was taken abroad, on account of his mother's delicate health, and he did not return to England, except for short visits, till he was thirty years old, by which time his Art had in all essentials taken the ply which was to last. In these early years all his spare moments were spent in drawing, and the sketch-books that he filled were endless. He was not, however, by any means considered by his family as a youthful genius, and the only one of these productions which appears to have been preserved was the sketch of a dog, now in the possession of one of his kinsfolk.

An accidental visit to Mr. Lance's studio in Paris, in the year 1839, seems to have given reality to the dreams of a life devoted to Art, which for so many years had been floating round him. Even then, like most children of imagination and power, Mr. Leighton had the longing to distinguish himself, and the sense that he would one day achieve distinction, a feeling that is not vanity, but the outcome of strong individuality. Unlike those of most little dreamers, however, his visions have been realised.

It was apparently at this period that the subject of the young



artist's future career was seriously broached to his father. There existed at that time a strong prejudice in the mind of society against artists, or rather, to speak more truly, against the adoption of Art as a profession by any member of one's own circle. The profession of artist was generally considered synonymous with that of idler, pleasant and agreeable no doubt, but absolutely certain to waste a youth's life. This, as we know, was the view of Clive Newcome's highly respectable family. In fact, careful parents, forty years ago, looked on the matter much as the generality of fathers of our

own day would receive a proposal to allow a son to join a tribe of gipsies.

These prejudices were shared to a considerable extent by Mr. Leighton, but, in spite of his own feelings, he acted most wisely in the matter. He could not be sure, he said, that the boy had any real gift for Art, but in case it should prove to be so, his son should never have to feel that his career had been spoilt owing to the years lost in his boyhood. He would, therefore, give him every facility in his power, provide him with the best masters, and, later, himself teach him



No. 2.—*Elijah in the Wilderness.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1879.

anatomy. At the same time, artist or not, he intended his son should be a cultivated gentleman, and he must devote the greater part of his days to studying like other boys. So, in 1840, they all went to Rome, where the child, not yet ten, began regularly to learn drawing under Signor Meli. Two years later they moved to Dresden, where Sir Frederick made his first acquaintance with the gallery, and, after a short stay there, travelled on to Berlin, where he attended classes at the Academy.

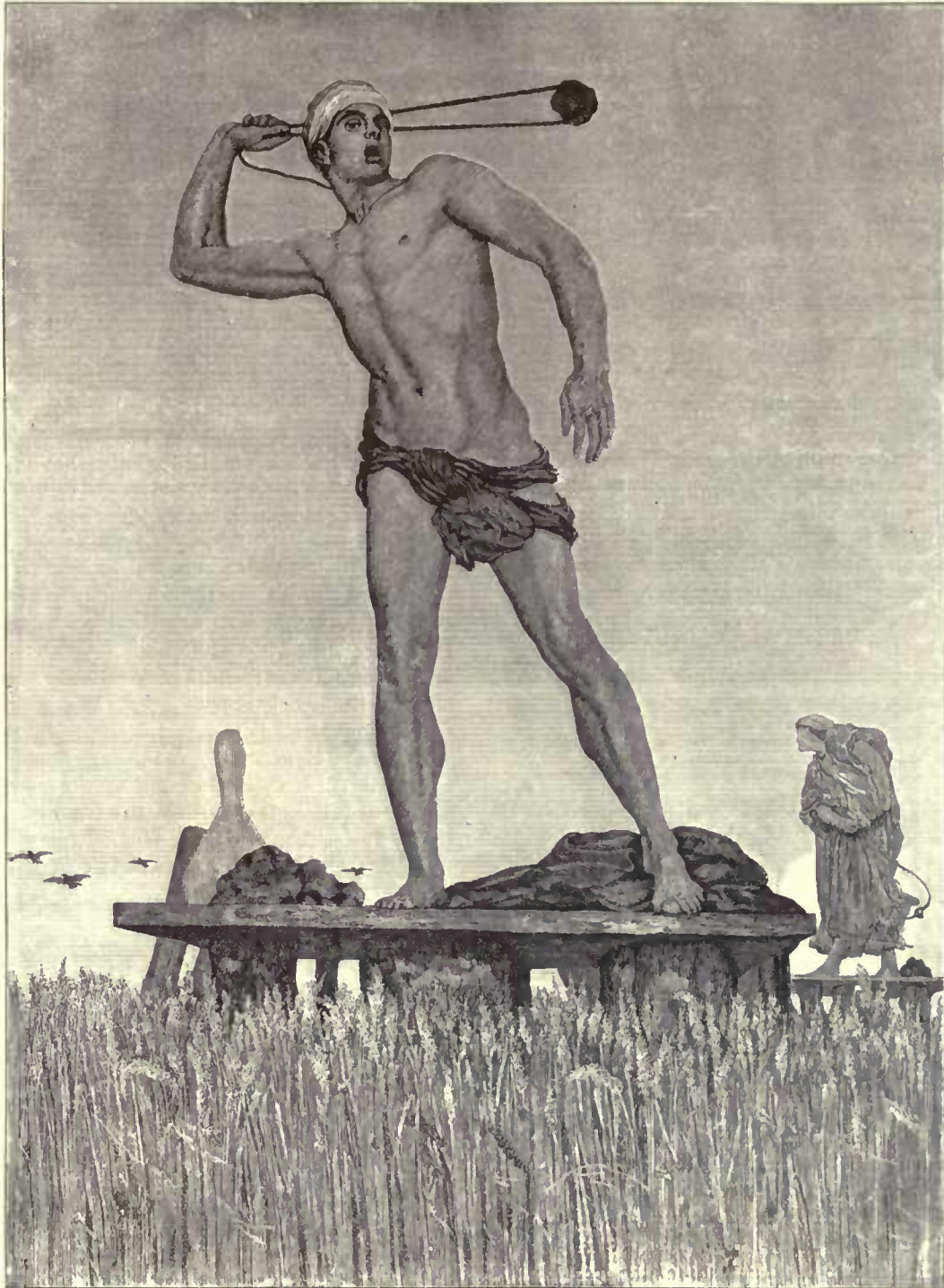
By his twelfth year this wandering life, aided by a won-

derful natural aptitude, had enabled him to talk with ease German, French, and Italian; while under the superintendence of his father he was engaged in studying Greek and Latin. It was not, however, till the following year, 1843, that he was sent to school at Frankfort; and his stay there was only temporary, for in the winter of 1844 he accompanied his family to Florence. It was here that at last the question of his future was decided. With the free artistic life and the old traditions of Florence round him, Mr. Leighton must have felt that it would be cruel to keep the boy in such a



place if the desire of his heart was still to be thwarted, so he consulted an artist, then regarded as one of the highest authorities of the day, "What is he to be? Shall I make him an artist?" "Sir," answered Hiram Power, "you have no choice in the matter; Nature has done it for you."

After this was once decided, the artistic education began in good earnest. The future president attended anatomy classes in the hospital, under Zanetti, studied from nature out of doors, painted in oils, and did a portrait of himself, which he afterwards gave to his old schoolmaster in Frankfurt. These were the amusements of his leisure, for he still



No. 3.—*The Slinger*. Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1875.

continued his various studies in other branches of learning, and was sent to the Accademia delle Belle Arti, then under the direction of Bezzuoli and Segnolini. At that period the style of the Florentine school was full of glaring faults and mannerisms. It was exceedingly florid, and abounding in

conventionalisms of its own. The new pupil was a boy of great natural quickness, and extraordinarily receptive. He was very young too—hardly fourteen—and as the inevitable result of all these things combined, he exaggerated every Florentine mannerism and every defect. The masters were



very proud of his talent, and encouraged him in every way; thus he became more confirmed in faults, which it took later some years' hard work to eradicate.

He did not, perhaps fortunately, remain long at Florence. In the course of a few months he returned to his school at Frankfort, and when he was allowed to leave it, shortly before he was seventeen, he became a pupil in the Städtelsches Institut in the city, of which Professor Becker was then the head. In 1848 he quitted Frankfort and went to Brussels, where he was introduced to Wiertz and the great historical painter Gallait. Here he worked by himself, and painted a picture of Cimabue finding Giotto, at the moment when the young shepherd was busy drawing one of his flock, with a sharp stone on a smooth slab of rock. The picture was highly praised by Mr. Leighton's artist friends at Frankfort, and the fine colour particularly commended. He also painted a few more pictures, among them an Othello and Desdemona, and about this time, too, another Rembrandtesque portrait of himself. This is very curious and interesting. It represents a slight olive-skinned boy, with his head partly turned, and dark straight hair falling over one side. The mouth is a little open, and the modelling of the nose and upper part of the face bears a strong likeness to the president of later years.

In 1849 the student spent a few months in Paris, copying Titian in the Louvre, and working hard from the life in a school at the Rue Richer, if we may so designate a collection of youths who studied in their own way without a master. The person who stood nominally in that capacity was an old gentleman, so diffident of himself that when he had made the few mild remarks that did duty for criticism, he would add in a deprecatory tone, "Voilà mon opinion."

A very different sort of master and critic was Steinle, at Frankfort, to whom Sir Frederick went on first leaving Paris. This great painter, who is still living, was the friend and junior contemporary of Overbeck. He was one of the chiefs of the new religious school of painters, or Nazarenes, as they were called, severe and almost ascetic in their style. To such a man as this the faults of the Florentine school were abhorrent, and he set himself sternly to correct them. This took a considerable amount of time and pains. During the five years that had elapsed since he left Florence, Sir Frederick had received no teaching at all, and had probably been confirmed in his mannerisms. However, Steinle was fortunate in having a pupil whose capacity for work was only equalled by his powers of assimilation, and in the end the defects were, for the most part, overcome.

His stay at Frankfort on this occasion lasted till the end of 1852. His only holiday was a short one in 1851, when he rushed over to London to see the Great Exhibition, and became acquainted with some of his future colleagues. A curious memento is still left of his residence in Germany. An artist's festival was to be held at Darmstadt, and Sir Frederick and one of his fellow-students, Signor Gamba, took it into their heads to paint a fresco for the occasion, in an old ruined castle near the town. The design was speedily sketched after the most approved mediæval fashion, and no time was lost in executing the fresco. The subject was a knight, standing on the threshold of the castle, welcoming the guests; while in the centre of the picture was Spring receiving the representatives of the three arts—all of them caricatures of well-known figures. In one corner were the two young artists themselves, surveying the

pageant. The schloss where this piece was painted is still in ruins, but the Grand Duke has lately erected a wooden roof over the fresco, to preserve it from destruction.

Under Steinle's guidance Sir Frederick painted several pictures, among them one of Tybalt and Romeo, and a cartoon of the Plague of Florence, the details taken from the narrative of Boccaccio. The subject is, of course, horrible in itself, but affords great scope for dramatic treatment in the contrast between the merry revellers on one side of the picture and the death-cart and its pile of corpses on the other; while in the centre is the link between the two—a terror-stricken woman attempting to escape with her baby from the pestilence-stricken city. We shall look in vain among the president's later works for any picture with a similar *motif*. In general he shares Plato's opinion that violent passions are unsuitable subjects for Art; not so much because the sight of them is degrading, as because what is at once hideous and transitory in its nature should not be perpetuated.

It was in the autumn of 1852 that the artist went to Rome, a great event in the history of a painter. During the next year or two he made many acquaintances, and some of the friends whose affection has remained with him all through his subsequent life. It was not only amongst artists that he was a welcome guest. His genial manners and varied attainments made him popular in every circle, and with many different kinds of men. The Rome of those days, the Rome that Thackeray has described, must have been a peculiarly delightful place. After working and learning all day in a city whose very stones cry out and teach some fresh lesson, the young artist could turn for enjoyment to the society of Robert Browning; Arpad, the Hungarian historian; Mrs. Kemble; the painter, Hébert; and Thackeray, who once confided to him his intention of relinquishing the field of domestic novel-writing, for which he did not think himself fitted (he was then writing "The Newcomes"), and giving himself up exclusively to historical fiction. He intended shortly to begin a novel of the reign of Henry IV., which he had ready mapped out in his head. It would be very interesting to know what caused him to give up this plan. It is difficult to believe that Thackeray



No. 4.—Sketch of Dante in Exile. Exhibited Royal Academy 1864.

was quite in earnest; at this very time he composed, not a romance of the fourteenth century, but—"The Rose and the Ring." Once, in Rome, Sir Frederick met George Sand, and had some conversation with her, but she does not seem to have



said anything worth recollecting, or to have impressed him as she did Mr. Matthew Arnold. He also made acquaintance with George Mason, the painter of 'The Harvest Moon;' the present Lord Lyons; Gibson, the sculptor; and many other eminent men. At this period Sir Frederick was very busy painting his first well-known picture, 'Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence.' On this Sir Frederick had been working for two years, and it was finished and exhibited in London in 1855. This was his first introduction to the English public, though Thackeray before now had carried his fame into the world of English artists when he told Millais that he had just met in Rome a "versatile young dog who will run you hard for the presidentship one day."

After taking his picture to London, and spending most of the season there, Sir Frederick went over to Paris, and settled himself in the artistic quarter of the Rue Pigalle. Here, studying and painting as industriously as ever, he became acquainted with the leading artists at that time in Paris—Decamps, Robert Henry, Ricard, and Ary Scheffer; Ingres, too, he saw, but only once. His principal work during his residence in Paris was the 'Triumph of Music,' exhibited in 1856, a remarkable picture in many ways for a young man to paint, but which was never destined to be "understood of the people." Of this, however, we shall have to speak more at length by-and-by.

The greater part of 1857 was passed in Paris, and in 1858 the artist came back to London, where he was introduced for the first time to the new school of Pre-Raphaelites—to Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Millais. During these past years Art had been undergoing a great change in England. In the period that had elapsed since the rise of Sir Thomas Lawrence, a paralysing conventionality both of colour and subject had crept over it. We are all familiar with the smooth, hard methods of painting, the crude colours, and the high, foolish foreheads and elaborate ringlets of the ladies of that period, no matter whether the picture was a portrait for the "Book of Beauty," or the artist's idea of Desdemona or Rebecca. Traces of that era of stagnation linger with us yet, almost pathetically. But in Art, as in everything else, individuality is allowed freer play, and several distinct types of the female countenance may

now be admired in the galleries. For much of this change



No. 5.—*Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon.* Exhibited Royal Academy 1866.

we have to thank the Pre-Raphaelite revival. True, the



artists who led the movement fell from one extreme into the other, and were to the full as extravagant and conventional in their fearless new fashion as the most typical Academician



No. 6.—Sketch of the Gaditan Dancing Girl.

could have been in his "Book of Beauty" manner. But it was of course necessary for the pendulum to swing a long way in this direction before the happy medium could be approached. Owing to his foreign education, Sir Frederick had escaped both contemporary dangers, though, as we have seen, he had difficulties of his own to contend with.

In 1858, when he met for the first time the three great Pre-Raphaelite artists, Mr. Millais, with some others who had followed him, were just beginning to shake off some of their youthful absurdities, while retaining, to their immense advantage, the glow of colour and wider interests and more conscientious methods which marked the earlier stages of the movement. The days of *The Germ* were over, the childish things were being put away, and with them something of early freshness and enthusiasm was departing. It was into this secondary state of things that Sir Frederick came, and of this, we may be sure, he was not slow to reap the fruits. One is more and more struck with the variety of subjects that he painted, and the difference in their mode of treatment. Mythology, Scripture, Vasari, were all illustrated in their turn, and were interspersed with pictures of a more fanciful nature, and with portraits.

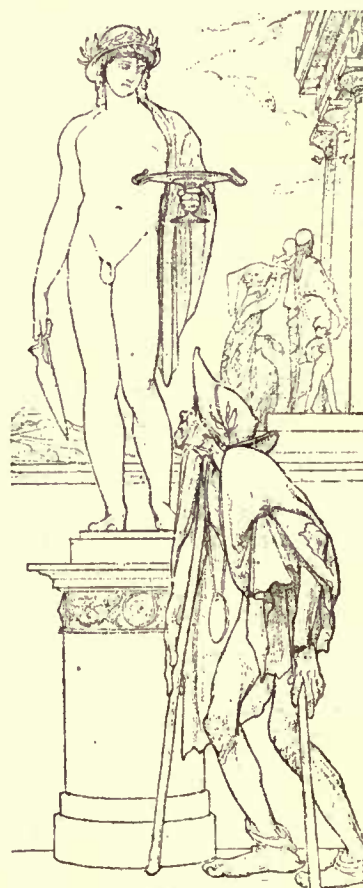
To these were now to be added some of the most beautiful things that the artist ever accomplished—things of the utmost value to young students—the studies done during the spring of 1859 at Capri. Every one has heard of the celebrated drawing of the 'Lemon Tree,' exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880; a small pencil study, but showing in the highest degree all the truth, delicacy, and care which is eminently characteristic of all the work of the president. No Pre-Raphaelite that ever lived could have designed it more minutely, yet the effect has nothing whatever niggling about it. If he had never drawn anything else, the 'Lemon Tree' alone would have left assurance of an artist. Unluckily the drawing is not suited for reproduction within our space, and by processes of engraving.

It was in 1860 that Sir Frederick came to settle permanently in London, instead of merely spending the summer there, as for the last five years he had done, visiting chiefly his friend Mr. Greville. Now he went to live at 2, Orme Square, where he remained till he moved into his present

house in Holland Park Road, in 1866. Four years later (1864) he was elected an Associate of the Academy, and painted 'Golden Hours,' which at once became a popular favourite.

From this point we notice in Sir Frederick's pictures an increasing love of all things Greek, and a tendency to select his subjects from the old classic tales, from the literature to which the world must always return in every revival of Art and poetry. This Hellenism, still *caviare* to the general, accounts for the fact that many of his best and most careful pictures are only appreciated by a few. The very miscellaneous public that throng the rooms in the Academy stand and wonder, with much the same expression on their faces as may be seen on those of average Englishmen when listening to plays in a foreign tongue. They can understand a picnic by the Thames, a girl in a boat, a curate and a poor woman, an organ boy, or a match seller, but the despair of Electra, or the tigerish patience of Clytemnestra waiting for her victim, is quite beyond them.

The autumns of all these years were spent in lovely foreign towns, which had the twofold result of adding to Sir Frederick's store of sketches and to the number of languages of which he is master. In 1866 he went to Spain, and the following year to the East. In 1868 he was made a full Academician, and in the autumn after he went up the Nile in company with M. de Lesseps and some others, in a steamer put at his disposal by



No. 7.—A Contrast.

the Khedive. It was during this voyage that Sir Frederick came across a small child with the strangest and most limited idea of full dress that probably ever occurred to mortal—a



tiny coin strung on to one of her strong coarse hairs. It is needless to say that he did not neglect his opportunities, but made many studies, not only of the scenery, but likewise of the very original people. One of these pictures, a woman's head, with a folded drapery across the forehead, and falling in straight lines down either side of the face, still bears, after the endless centuries, a singular resemblance, both in type and expression, to the Sphinx. There is a little more of life and expectation in the living face, but that is all. Not so calm is the young peasant with a fine profile, or the old man done at the same period. Each has a look of blended eagerness and mysticism in his eyes, to which in the old man is added a kind of philosophical weighing of the world, and an air of not expecting too much from it.

A journey to the East and Damascus in the autumn of 1873 bore fruit in a quantity of most interesting sketches, chiefly of Damascus. The old town, which is the centre of so many traditions, legendary, Christian, mediæval, and pagan, has always had attractions of its own which outweigh those of

any other city of the East. Sir Frederick fell under the charm of Damascus, and made many studies, some of which have since been expanded, of the windowless towers and houses, whose stern fronts could never suggest to the uninitiated the glow of flowers and colours of all kinds to be found within.

It was in November, 1879, that he was elected President of the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards knighted. The office demands many qualities besides that of merely being a good painter. It requires a man of the world, a man of much social tact, a good business man, and a man of ready speech, for the duties of the position are as many as they are various. The president has perforce to mix a great deal in society, to make many speeches, and, what is often more difficult, to listen blandly while others are making them. He has to organize and preside over the meetings of the Academy, and reconcile as far as may be the numerous conflicting elements contained in the body. He has to superintend the Academy schools, and be ready to advise or encourage the young artists who may seek his counsel. These and many other things a presi-



No. 8. — *The Daphnephoria*. 1876.

dent has to do. Most people will agree that at no time could a man be found to unite all necessary qualities in himself more completely than Sir Frederick Leighton. There is only one thing he does *not* do that we wish he *would* do, namely to give lectures after the manner of his predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Those who have listened to the addresses which he has delivered periodically on the occasion of the prize-giving at the Academy school, will be the most earnest in wishing for more consecutive discourses. No man living has travelled more in the old homes of Art, especially in Greece, that promised land into which Sir Joshua did not enter. Sir Frederick's lectures would thus supply the very elements which Sir Joshua's missed—the element of a thorough knowledge of early Greek and early Italian achievements. And this brings us to the last part of our subject: the attitude held by Sir Frederick Leighton towards painting in general. He has tried to follow the Greek axiom, "nothing too much," and has chosen neither on the one hand to neglect the ancients, nor on the other to copy them in a servile way.

It is useless to attempt to reproduce in one century and under one set of conditions the art of another century which has grown out of a different set of circumstances. One might as well wear a toga in London or try to live in a Greek house in New York. In architecture this kind of experiment is sometimes tried, and the result is a record of consequent hideous failures. All that is left for us to do is to master the principles that inspired the old building or the old picture; and then, if they are solid and immovable, and not transitory and the result of the individual temperament of the artist, we can appropriate what in them is of service, and make them part of ourselves.

The pictorial art of ancient and mediæval times was more elevating and impressive than our own, because the subjects painted were those that were native to the minds of the people, and formed part of their daily lives. When Polygnotos painted in the Lesche at Delphi his pictures of Odysseus in the nether world seeking to learn from the soul of Teiresias when he was to revisit the earth and return to



Ithaca, or when Orcagna painted his frescoes of 'Hell' and 'Judgment' in the church of Santa Maria Novella, they were painting what was as much in the minds of the people as the Pan-Athenaic Procession, or the fights between Guelfs and Ghibellines. Nowadays, life being more hurried and complex, people will not give free play to their imaginative faculties, and prefer the absolute realism, which gives them no trouble, to the most delicate fancy in the world. Besides this, *we* go to church, instead of the church coming to us, in our streets and amongst our fields, as was the case a few centuries ago. Hence it follows that there is no longer the possibility of painting religious pictures. The consciousness in the painter of the instant comprehension and sympathy of those around him is lacking, his own faith is wanting, the subject has struck him as picturesque, and that is all. So we cannot be surprised if the design is timid in conception and commonplace in execution. What *does* extort the public admiration is a picture of Hurlingham, or a scene of domestic life—a bishop or a baby. Living at a period when these preferences are so strong, one cannot and ought not to ignore them, while at the same time we steer clear of the error of endeavouring to dig up and clothe in robes of state what has long been dead and buried.

It is in this position of affairs of Art that Sir Frederick Leighton has had to choose his part. He has taken the love of sacred subjects which forms the inspiration of three-fourths

of mediæval Art, and given us the intensely human story of Elijah in the wilderness, worn out, bodily and mentally, with the weight of the mission laid upon him, and the prophet Elisha, touched by the grief of the woman who had shown him so much kindness, putting to the noblest use the power

that had been entrusted to him, and restoring her son to life. He has turned the fondness for pageant, inherent in every nation, to account, in his representation of the Festival of the Daphnephoria, and has portrayed for us the most graceful of all idylls in the maiden Nausicaa, leaning against the doorway of her father's house, watching for the coming of the stranger who has taken her heart captive, unconscious all the while why she looks for him, or what is the meaning of the soft melancholy that is stealing over her.

To say that he sometimes fails, and that the picture we see is not the picture of his ideal, is only to state what he knows far better than any of us. What actor can truly render to his audience the character as conceived by him? What poet is ever satisfied with the beauty of his rhythm? Well, perhaps some poets are happy in this matter of being self-satisfied.

But in painting, as in every-

thing else, Sir Philip Sidney's remark three hundred years ago is as true as ever to-day: "Whoso shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure that he shall never hit the mark, yet sure he is, that he shall shoot higher than he that aims but at a bush."

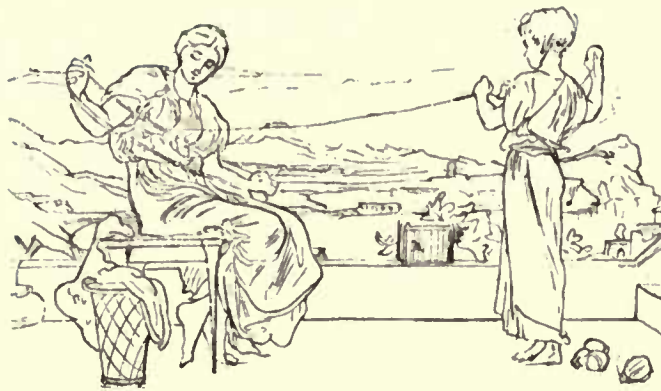


No. 9.—*Kittens*. Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1883.



Sketch of Foliage for *Cymon and Iphigenia*.





No. 11.—*Winding the Skein.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1878.  
By permission of The Fine Art Society.

## SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. PART II.—HIS WORK.



No. 12.—From George Eliot's "*Romola*."

WE have already referred to Sir Frederick's early pictures, which had gained him a name amongst his fellow-artists, but his first introduction to the British public did not take place till the year 1855. For more than two years he had been in Rome, devoting the bulk of his time to painting the great picture of Cimabue's 'Madonna being carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence.' The large number of figures necessary to the subject made the task of composition a difficult one; the act of public homage paid to his art, the enthusiasm awakened in the minds of the Florentines by the skill of the earliest of the great Italian masters, had fired the young artist's fancy, and he resolved that he too would do his part in commemorating the triumph of Cimabue. Vasari tells us the reason that this Madonna obtained a reputation so far exceeding that of all earlier pictures, and his remarks bring into curious contrast the different ways of thought prevailing in 13th-century Florence and those of 19th-century London. "It was for the church of Santa Maria Novella," says Vasari, "where it is suspended on high between the chapel of the Rucellai family and that of the Bardi, of Vernio. This picture is of far larger size than any that had been painted down to those times, and the angels surrounding it make it evident that, although Cimabue still retained the Greek manner, he was nevertheless approaching the modes of outline and general method of modern times. Thus it happened that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day—they never having seen anything better—that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honoured for it."

In London, it is to be feared that the populace would neither know nor care if the method was archaic, as that of Pollajuolo, or modern, as that of Frith; and we are far more likely to carry a machine in procession than a work of Art. It was, however, this incident in the history of Florence and the life of Cimabue that Sir Frederick chose for his first picture that was to be sent to the Royal Academy, and on its exhibition or rejection depended, in a great degree, his future career. The background represents the hills of Florence, and in front of them stretches a wall, which serves to throw into relief the procession passing before it. In the left-hand corner (as we look at it) are a group of Florentines of all ages, dressed in colours sufficiently subdued not to distract the eye from the central and important part of the picture. Behind them walks Cimabue himself, clad in white, with a wreath surmounting the curious kind of white peaked cap then worn, and leading by the hand his pupil Giotto, who, we cannot help thinking, must have looked very young for his years. The boy, with a tight-fitting garment of dark purple, does not seem to appreciate the post of honour that he holds, for he is hanging back, as if he would fain join some kindred spirits in the crowd and go to play. Behind comes what we may call the bier, covered in white, with a beautifully painted piece of colour, of which red is the predo-

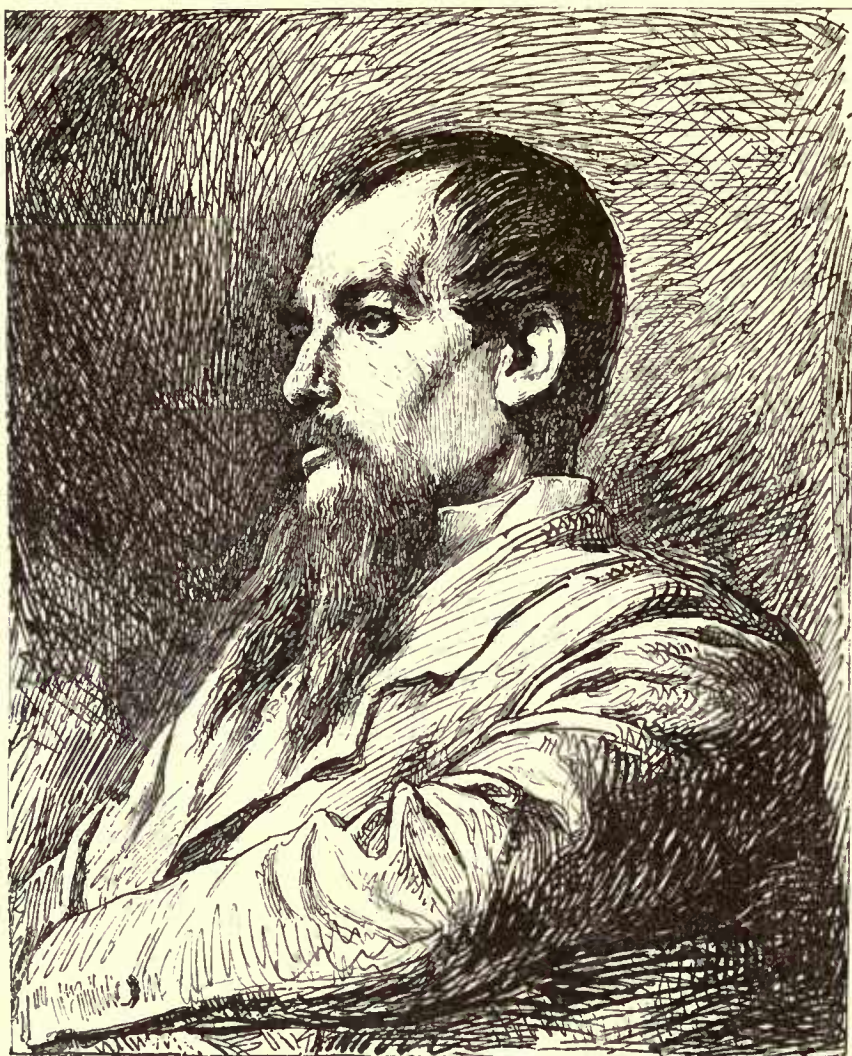


No. 13.—*Elisha raising the Son of the Shunammite.* Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1881.

minating hue, to the front. This is added to break the line between the white of the bier and the dress of Cimabue. Above is the picture of the Madonna, seen of course side-



ways, or in profile, by the spectator, but the perspective and treatment of which is absolutely perfect; it hangs a little forward from a gold frame, and has a gold background of its own. On this is painted the Virgin in blue, holding in her lap the Child, who is in red. From the size of the picture, the angels, who made such an impression on the Florentines, are not visible. The picture is kept in its place by men who hold the cords attached to it. The man in the front nearest Giotto is clad in cream tints, which blend, on the one hand, into the white of Cimabue, and on the other into the splendid saffron robe of the man next him, whose head is covered with drapery of a deeper shade of orange. The third man,



No. 14.—Sketch of Captain Burton. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1876.

immediately to the front of the bier, is in yellowy red. A little more in the foreground stand some boys, who always form the indispensable part of every procession, and near them a man in a gorgeous scarlet robe, with a loose drapery of purple over it. This combination of colours is a favourite one with Sir Frederick, and is repeated with signal success in many of his pictures. The Madonna is followed by a band of contemporary artists, anxious to do honour to the greatest among them. Among these are Simone Memmi, Gaddo Gaddi, Nicola Pisano, Buffalmacco, and Arnolfo di Lapo. Between them and the wall under the hills is the Gonfaloniere of Florence, mounted on a very finely painted grey

horse, and clothed in blue and scarlet, with an ermine tippet over his shoulders; red vines cluster over the wall above his head, and the glow of colour about all this part of the picture contrasts strongly with the quiet grey figure of Dante leaning against a tree, and looking on with the sardonic and wondering gaze of the man who had been in hell.

Such was the picture on which so much of Sir Frederick's future was staked, and which very nearly came to a premature end. In spite of the time and labour he had given to it, the day rapidly approached when it would have to be dispatched to England and something still remained to be done. The artist worked his hardest, but with all his efforts

the morning of the sending-in day arrived, and the beautiful scarlet coat, of which we have spoken, seemed as wet as ever. At last, in despair, every other expedient having failed, Sir Frederick seized a huge paint brush which lay near, dipped it in varnish, and rubbed it all over the picture. It was ruin or success he knew, but "*il faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,*" and the picture was ready to start for England in the afternoon. As is well known, the painting won an immediate popularity. The artist was extolled on all sides as the genius of the day, and even Ruskin, severest and most capricious of critics, admired the conception of the picture, while condemning the faults of its composition and execution. It attracted the notice of the Queen, who bought it, and transferred it to Buckingham Palace, where it still hangs. We have been permitted to engrave it here by her Majesty's gracious permission.

The *vox populi*, so often uplifted in one direction or another, equally without reason, was loud in decrying Sir Frederick's next picture, 'The Triumph of Music,' exhibited at the Academy in 1856, of which the sketch is at present in the possession of Mr. Knollys. The subject was Orpheus playing the violin to Pluto and Proserpine; and, unconscious of the numerous precedents in favour of the violin afforded by Raphael and others of the old masters, the public sense of conventionality was outraged.

Had a lyre been introduced instead of the offending violin, the picture might have been as successful as its predecessor. As it was, the painting was almost universally condemned. At this the artist was hardly surprised. He had worked out his ideas in his own way, and to please himself, and had deliberately chosen to represent Orpheus playing the violin, as being the instrument which of all others is capable of the most infinite variety of expression.

We do not propose to give a *catalogue raisonné* of all Sir Frederick's pictures, but merely to mention those which, from one cause or another, are the most remarkable, and which have come under our own notice. The next few years were spent in working hard, first in Rome and then in London,













CIMABUE'S MADONNA CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF FLORENCE.

*By permission of Her Majesty the Queen. Engraved by C. Dietrich.*







with holidays that were little less laborious, as far as painting was concerned, than the life of the studio. It was in 1862 that he exhibited 'The Odalisque,' a beautiful girl leaning on the wall, with her head on her arm, with an embroidered scarf round her waist, and a large peacock's fan on her left arm, gazing dreamily at a white swan in the water at her feet. The swan is apparently expecting something that the

girl does not feel inclined to give him, and, to judge by the ruffled character of his plumes, is likely to make himself unpleasant in case of failure. Behind the girl's head is a tangle of bushes and flowers, while two temples or mosques are seen in the distance. The steel engraving in line by Mr. Lumb Stocks is a good rendering of the picture.

'Dante going forth into Exile' (Illustration No. 4) was



No. 16.—*Helen of Troy. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1865. By permission of Henry Graves, Esq.*

exhibited in 1864. The year 1865 brought, amongst other pictures, 'David,' now in the possession of Mr. Leathart, of Newcastle. The king is sitting wearily on the roof of his palace, and looking out towards the distant hills, wishing all the while that he had the wings of a dove, so that he might flee away and be at rest. Besides the 'David' and

three other pictures, Sir Frederick exhibited a 'Helen of Troy' (Illustration No. 16), taken at the moment described by Homer in the *Iliad*, book 3, lines 166—173:—

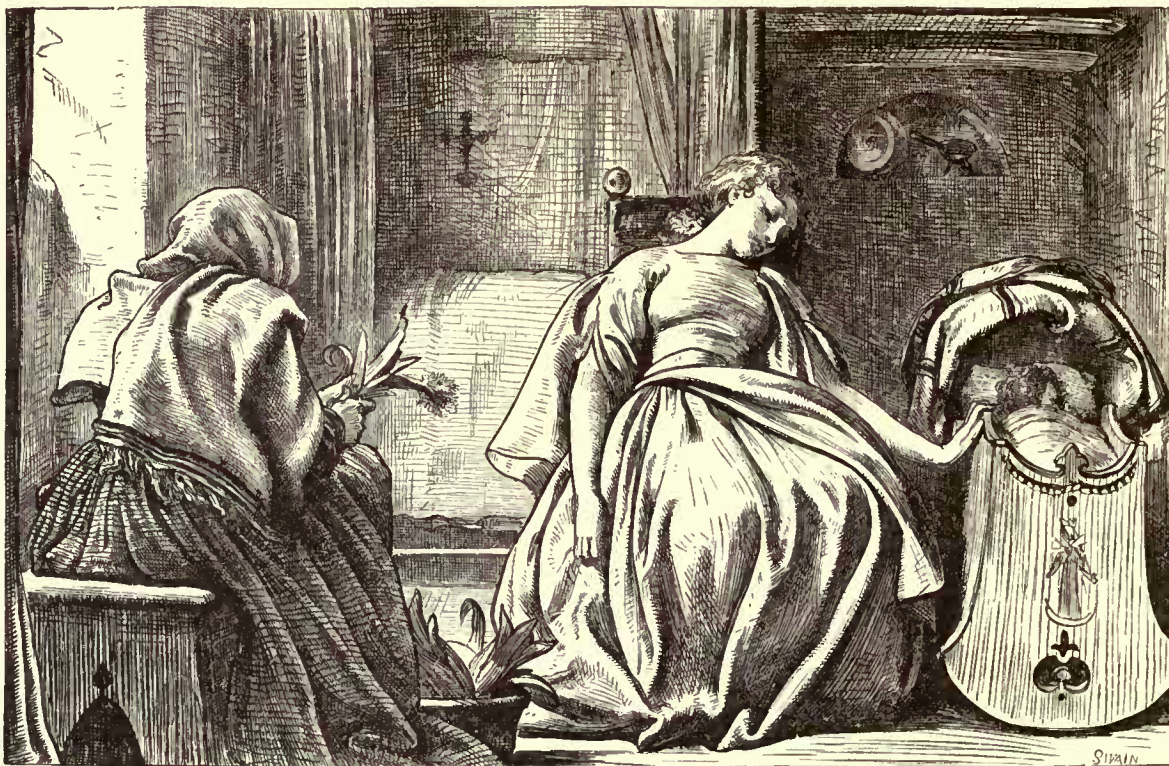
" And quickly to the Scaean gate she came,  
Where sat the elders, peers of Priamus,  
Thymoetas, Hiketaon, Panthous,  
And many another of a noble name,



Famed warriors, now in council more of fame.  
 And still above the gates, in converse thus  
 They chattered like cicalas garrulous;  
 These, marking Helen, swore 'it is no shame  
 That armed Achaean knights, and Iliau men  
 For such a woman's sake should suffer long.  
 Fair as a deathless goddess seemeth she.  
 Nay, but aboard the red-prowed ships again  
 Home let her fare in peace, not working wrong  
 To us, and children's children yet to be.' "

Any picture of Helen must be interesting, as representing the artist's ideal of beauty, but none can be said to be successful that does not also convey a feeling of her fascination, combined with the dignity that resulted from the knowledge that the gods had willed her to work the ruin of many, both Trojans and Greeks. Thus the painter has no light task before him, and he can hardly be surprised if we turn away from the numerous Helens with the same question in our hearts, "Is *this* the face that launched a thousand ships, and burned the topmost towers of Ilium?"

Sir Frederick has always had a special liking for processions, and it is noticeable that his pictures of pageants have always been the most popular of his works. The 'Syracusan Bride leading Wild Beasts in procession to the Temple of Diana' (1866) is no exception to this rule, and crowds flocked to see it, as they had done to the Cimabue eleven years before, and would do to the 'Daphnephoria' ten years later. It was this picture that gained him his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy. The 'Spanish Dancing Girl' and the full-length figure of 'Venus disrobing for the Bath' (bought by Mr. T. Eustace Smith, M.P.), hung in the Academy of 1867. The latter is particularly interesting in the comparison it suggests with his other great nude picture of 'Phryne at Eleusis,' exhibited in 1882. The flesh of the goddess is as white as the sea-foam from which she sprang, while the rich golden-tinted skin of the woman whose beauty was held to cover a multitude of sins, is rendered more golden still by the flood of sunlight that streams over her.



No. 17.—"Tessa at home," from George Eliot's "Romola."

Phryne is standing, conscious of her own power, proud and unabashed, in the presence of assembled Athens; and Venus, in her solitude, is proceeding in a leisurely fashion to lay aside for a moment her divine character and take the pleasures of an ordinary mortal. The woman and the goddess seem to have changed places. One beautiful golden sandal stands by the side of the goddess, and she is in the act of stooping to take off the other. Her right arm, veiled by the white drapery she has unfastened, leans on a marble column, partly hidden by the dark blue folds of a garment that she has just thrown across it. Near her, on the right, a rose-tree, with pinky-yellow roses, stands in a brass pot, on which two doves are billing. Behind are two fluted pillars of the temple, through which we catch a glimpse of the deep blue of a Greek sea, with white clouds floating above it. The painting of these seas is a speciality of Sir Frederick's.

He contrives to avoid the glare of hard bright colour that is often so unpleasant, and makes the untravelled spectator of the picture think, "If Italy or Greece or Egypt looks like *that*, I am sure I would rather not go there." He gives us a sense of stillness and depth, of the quiet only to be seen brooding over the face of both land and water where the heat of the mid-day sun is intense; yet an atmosphere hangs about it that is as real in its way as that of the dancing waves of Claude. Even more beautiful is the sea and the landscape in 'Dædalus and Icarus' (1869), (T. Eustace Smith, M.P.), where the sea forms a series of bays, with a town in the middle distance clustering on the shore at the head of one of the bays. Beyond is a stretch of golden sand. Dædalus is a brown old man, very bald, with a dark green drapery about his waist. He is busy fastening a pair of strong white wings, with blue feathers on the inside, on to



his son Icarus, who is young and beautiful. Icarus stands with his right arm uplifted, so that his father may tighten the red cord that secures the wing, and he is looking out to sea. His expression is one of eagerness and expectation, and there does not appear to cross his mind a doubt of the invention that was to bring him to his death. One wing is almost hidden by the dark purple drapery blown across it by the strong wind, and which will, we conclude, be fastened by Dædalus so as not to impede his son in his hazardous flight. As we have said, this picture was

exhibited in 1869, which saw the artist's election as a full R.A. His other pictures that year were 'Helios and Rhodos,' 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon' (Illustration No. 5), and 'St. Jerome in the Desert.' This was his diploma picture, and may be seen in the gallery adjoining the Royal Academy. The sun is setting, and the horizon is flooded with light, and sharply defined against the sky is the faithful lion, sitting bolt upright, with his peculiarly inadequate hind quarters exposed to view. At the other corner of the picture is his master, and near him are some most carefully painted flowers and shrubs, such as may be supposed to grow in the desert. The 'Electra,' recently sold at Christie's, is very fine in the simplicity of its conception, though we cannot help wishing that the pillar on which her left arm rests had been either a little higher or lower, as its height seems at present to challenge comparison with that of Electra.

She is standing, worn out by the grief that is almost past any outward vent, her hands clasped above her head, while her black himation falls in folds to her feet. A wreath of roses lies on the top of the pillar, and on the step behind stands a jar for the libation on the tomb.

"When I shall pour this tribute at the grave,  
What words will be in tune, what prayer will please?  
Shall I say, Father, from a loving wife  
This comes to thy dear soul: yea, from my mother?  
That dare I not. I know not how to speak,  
Shedding this draught upon my father's tomb."

The calm impassive beauty of the 'Nile Woman' appeared in

1870, and the following year 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis,' bought by Sir Bernhard Samuelson. It is a large picture, and contains a great number of figures, with a background of trees and sea. The body of Alcestis was apparently being carried through a wood on a bier, when Hercules appeared and proceeded to wrestle with Death, who was accompanying his prey. The dead Alcestis occupies the centre of the picture, dressed in white, lying on a white bier. Behind her head are groups of men and women, in different shades of red, all seized with awe and terror at the strange sight.



No. 18.—*Coming Home.* From George Eliot's "*Romola*."

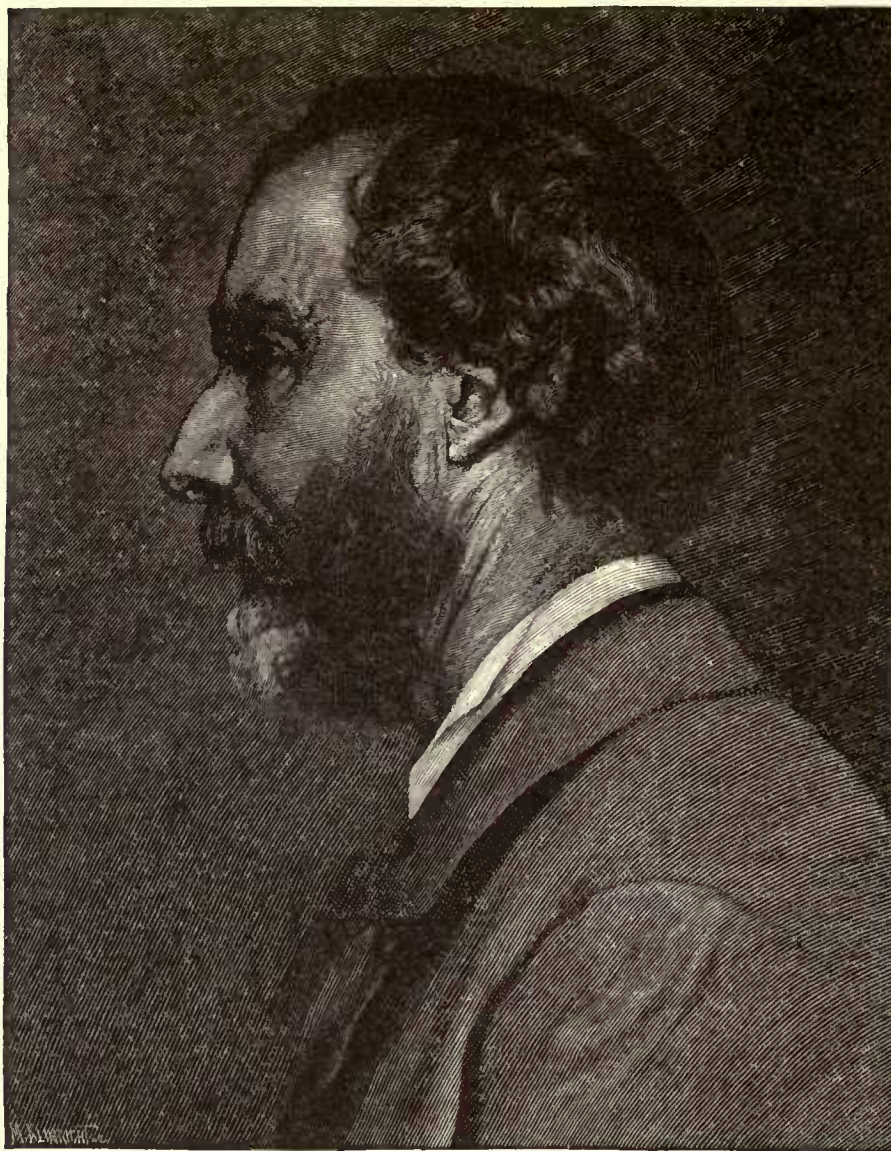
Close to the dead body are two small children, one in green, asleep on the ground, heedless of what is going on round her; while another, on her knees, leans forward eagerly, her eyes intently watching the struggle between Love and Death being fought on the right of the picture. Here Hercules, a brown, naked man, with his lion's skin dropping from his left arm, has Death by the wrists, and is forcing him back. Death himself is a weird, skinny figure of a dark grey hue, with drapery almost the same colour as his flesh. The bony legs are wonderfully painted, and so are the fine black wings, of such tremendous force, that stretch out almost to the centre of the picture. In the midst of this grief and turmoil, this terror and strife, lies the quiet figure which is the cause of it all, so calm and still that we are almost tempted to wish that Death might yet gain the victory.

No picture of the President's has gained or deserved greater popularity than the 'Summer Moon' of 1872 (A.

Morison, Esq.), which represented two girls sleeping and leaning on each other in the niche of a balcony, overlooking a beautiful landscape lit up by the placid radiance of the summer southern moon. The 'Condottiere,' a man in armour with red sleeves, exhibited the same year, has a peculiar technical interest. It was painted in paste, a medium used on an absorbing surface, and largely employed by Titian, according to Marco Boschini. In his book of "*La Carta del Navigero Pittresco*," published in Venice in 1660, he says, "Tiziano



aveva la maniere di preparare la suatela con la farina propria." It is a pity his example is not more generally followed, as no artist that ever lived has suffered less from the hand of time than Titian. 'The Slinger' (Illustration No. 3), a nude brown man searing birds, appeared in 1875, with three other pictures. The painting of the still life in the 'Moorish Garden: a Dream of Granada' (1874), and the 'Study of Arabesques on Carpets and Tiles in a portion of the interior of the Great Mosque at Damascus' (1875), are valuable not only as pieces of colour and decoration, but as showing Sir Frederick's talents in this direction as in so many others;



No. 19.—Portrait of Signor Costa.

but the following year is remarkable as producing one of the most masterly pictures he has ever painted, that of Captain Burton. There is no attempt at posing or picturesqueness in the portrait. It is the head of a man who is lean and rugged and brown (see our Illustration No. 14), but the face is full of character, and every line tells. It is painted in the same strong and bold yet careful way that distinguishes the head of Signor Costa three years later. This same year (1876) was exhibited the 'Daphnephoria' (No. 8), which contains about thirty figures, and cost an immense deal of labour. On the right hand a youth, crowned with leaves, with some

purple drapery twisted round him, is carrying the symbolical trophy. Near him is a woman seated on a low wall, with a child leaning against her; and standing by himself, in front of the procession, is the priest, clothed in white raiment. In the centre, heading the actual procession, is a group of boys almost naked, but with a little dark green or red drapery about them, who are pausing while a tall man, with a lyre in his hand, is turning to give directions to the chorus. These consist of a band of children in purple, flower-crowned, followed by two rows of girls in white and blue. Behind these are three boys playing cymbals. In the left

corner, balancing the group to the right of the wall, are two lovely figures in blue, of a girl and child, whose business of drawing water is sadly interrupted by the glories of the procession. Before leaving the subject, it might be as well to explain in a few words what the Daphnephoria was. The Daphnephoria was a feast held at Thebes every ninth year. A young man of good family (both of whose parents must be living) led a procession to the Temple of Apollo Galasius. A description of the procession has been left to us by Proclus. "They adorn a staff of olive wood with garlands of laurel and various flowers. On the top of it a brazen globe is placed, from which smaller globes are hung. Purple garlands, less than those on the top, are attached to the middle of the staff, and the lowest part is covered with a saffron-coloured veil." Three hundred and sixty-five garlands in all were used in the procession. The priest's hair was unbound, he wore a gold crown, and carried a laurel bough. Hence the name of Daphnephoria. A similar feast, held at Tempe, commemorated the flight of Apollo after he had slain the Python. In like manner, and in a most abject terror, Indra fled "across the nine rivers" after slaying Ahi, the Python of Indian mythology.

The 'Music Lesson,' now the property of Mr. C. P. Matthews, and the famous 'Athlete struggling with a Python' (No. 31), shared the honours of 1877. Of the latter we shall have more to say by-and-by, but the 'Music Lesson' merits a large space to itself. Surely never was child so fortunate as this one, whose first lessons of harmony were instilled into her in such a beautiful place. The name of Music Lesson is apt to suggest to most children a dingy and fireless apartment, a chair so high that their legs dangle from it, a seat so narrow that they can only keep themselves up at all by forcing their feet violently against a bar of the chair, and, worse than all, a piano in which several notes are dumb and the rest out of tune, but which is considered "good enough for the children." This enviable child is receiving *her* lesson in a vast



hall, made chiefly of bands of black and white marble, placed horizontally, whose painting rivals that of Mr. Tadema in his own especial field. The cold hues of these bands is relieved by dark red pillars. The marble floor ends in a kind of step, on which are seated, on some salmon-coloured stuff, the mother and child. The mother, whose wavy auburn hair is drawn up behind in thick plaits, is dressed in a loose

garment of white and gold, open at the throat. She is guiding the fingers of her little girl, fair like her mother, with flaxen hair, over a lyre inlaid with mother-of-pearl, from which it must have been a pleasure to learn. Her dress is of pale blue, and she appears to have some kind of full trousers underneath. Mother and child alike have their feet bare, but in spite of their rich and delicate garments, and



No. 20.—Samson and the Lion. From Dalsiel's Bible.

the splendour of the hall in which they are sitting, the effect is quite harmonious. Both faces are intent, the mother on the child, the child on her own fingers, and she has all the while that soft, serious, baby look which we are accustomed to watch for in Sir Joshua's children. A branch of pomegranate with its scarlet flower, lying on the tessellated marble floor, gives the only touch of vivid colour to be found in the whole picture.

Besides the 'Music Lesson,' Mr. Matthews also possesses 'Zeyra,' a charming little head of a four-year-old maiden, exhibited at the Grosvenor. The child is painted full face, with a piece of purple silk drapery (brought by Sir Frederick from Damascus) arranged hood-wise over her soft black hair. Round dark wondering eyes light up her pale skin, and she seems far too busy speculating about something in the dis-



tance to care about eating the apple she holds in her right hand. In another room of the same house hangs 'Neruccia,' one of the most charming studies Sir Frederick has ever painted. It is the delicate profile of a pale, dark-skinned girl showing against a dark background. The head, which is a little bent, is placed on a very long throat, and the wavy dark hair is coiled up at the back, with a scarlet flower lightly laid on the top. There is no colour anywhere in the face, and the hazel eyes have a pensive expression. The girl's dress is a creamy muslin, made full, and cut a little square at the throat, to show an amber necklace. Above her waist a crimson sash is just visible. 'Winding the Skein,' 1878 (No. 11), two Greek girls on the roof of a house, winding a basket of wools, is too well known from engravings to need any further description. The same year was exhibited 'Nausicaa' leaning against the doorway of her father's palace in Ithaca, watching for the return of Odysseus. No engravings have as yet succeeded in giving the grace and pathos of this picture. One of the most forcible of the President's renderings of episodes in Scripture history is 'Elijah in the Wilderness,' 1879 (Illustration No. 2). The prophet has been toiling all day in the wilderness where the heat of the sun has been rendered still more intense from the reflection from the bare rocks scattered about, till at length, seeing afar a tiny juniper-tree, he hastened to it, and has thrown himself down to sleep, feeling that the journey was indeed too great for him. While sleeping there, too weary even to be conscious of the blazing of the sun, which the leaves of the juniper are too scanty to hide, the angel appears at his side with the bread and water. He is far too exhausted to do more than taste it, and has to be roused a second time by the angel, who compels him to take the food which is to strengthen him for his journey. The picture tells its own story. The fatigue expressed in every line of the wiry, powerful figure, the pitying look of the angel, the baked appearance of both earth and sky, are all faithfully rendered. The angel, too, is by no means one of the gentle beings with which Scriptural Art has made us familiar. He is an angel of strength and resolution, with a will fitted to cope even with that of Elijah.

Of a very different style is 'Psamathe' (1880), sitting lazily on a stretch of golden sand, with her back turned to us, and her face looking out over the blue Ægean. Her gauzy drapery has slipped from off her on to the sand, but she is quite heedless or unconscious of it, as, with her arms clasped round her knees, she dreams her dreams at will. There is much expression in backs, and we constantly form our ideal of the face from the back, and are disappointed if they do not harmonize. We need have no fear of Psamathe.

The portrait of himself, which Sir Frederick was asked to paint and present to the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, was finished and exhibited at the Academy in 1881. It is far more satisfactory, both as a picture and as a likeness, than any other portrait or bust that has ever been taken of him. He has drawn himself full face, and wears his President's robe and his gold chain of office, which produces a much more picturesque effect than anything worn by ordinary people in daily life.

A statue-model of the group of listeners in the 'Idyll' (1881) is still to be seen in Sir Frederick's studio. These two graceful figures are lying, one against the other, in the most comfortable and reposeful of attitudes under the shadow of a great tree. At their feet sits a man of darker skin, with his back to us, playing on a flute. They do not seem to be

really listening to him, but his music harmonizes with the soft warm air, the scent of the flowers, and the lovely landscape beneath them, where in a rich plain a sparkling river winds to the distant sea.

The 'Idyll' has some features in common with the 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' Sir Frederick's latest work. Both have a certain resemblance in colouring, a full-length female figure lying under a tree, and contrasting by her fairness with the brown skin of the man near her. But the composition of 'Cymon and Iphigenia' is of necessity more complicated, and the early morning sleep of Iphigenia and her attendants has to be treated very differently from the drowsy *bien-être* of the girls basking in the mid-day sun. The title of the picture must have created astonishment in many minds, whose only association with the name of Iphigenia is that she was a Greek whom some one ordered to be sacrificed, while they probably do not get even as near Cymon as the son of Miltiades. Yet "Cymon and Iphigenia" is one of Dryden's most attractive poems, and those who turn with weariness from the bitter allegories of the Hind and the Panther, or Absalom and Achitophel, may find great pleasure in the story of the maiden first seen by Cymon when—

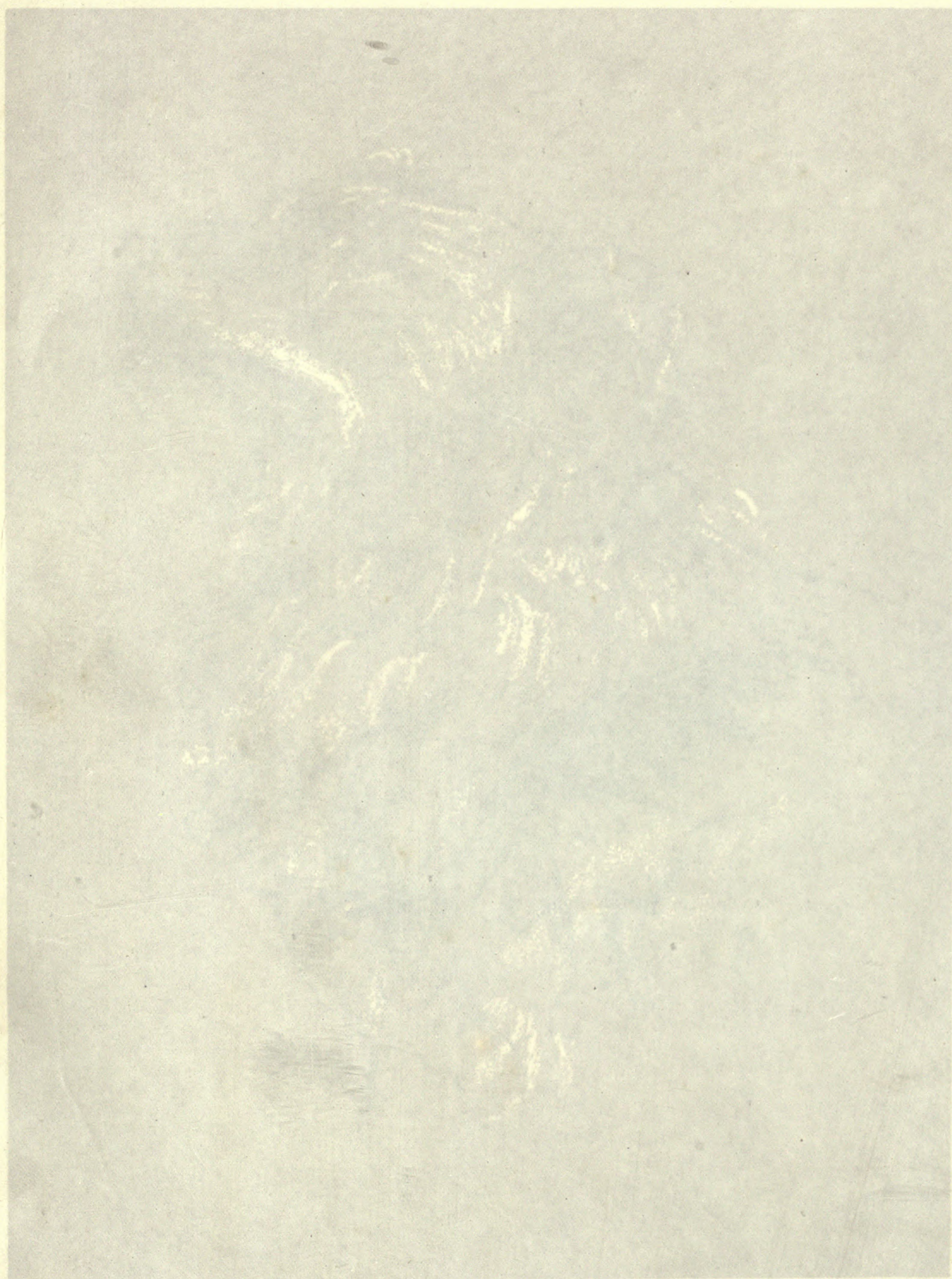
"By chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,  
The deep recesses of the grove he gained;  
Where, in a plain defended by a wood,  
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,  
By which an alabaster fountain stood;  
And on the margin of the fount was laid,  
Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid.  
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,  
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,  
Fixed on her face, nor could remove his sight,  
New as he was to love, and novice in delight."

Such is a hasty and imperfect sketch of a few of the principal pictures painted by the President. But before we pass on to the subject of decorative art, it would be ungrateful not to allude to the pleasure given us by some of his illustrations—the quickened appreciation with which we read the "Week in a French Country House," followed the gambols of the 'Great God Pan' down in the reeds by the river, or studied the beautiful brown face of Tito, from the moment when he is first moving joyously among the Florentine crowd till he is lying dead, with Baldassare's fingers clutching at his throat.

A lion is not an easy animal to tackle in Art, any more than in nature. In the picture of St. Jerome we have already seen how the lion fares with Sir Frederick Leighton, a lion, in that case, of a friendly and pious character. Among Sir Frederick's illustrations of Biblical subjects, none is more remarkable for passion and vigour than his study of furious battle with the young lion. (Illustration No. 20.)

The episode of Samson slaying the lion, not perhaps too familiar to an unbiblical generation, is at the same time one of the most picturesque in Scripture. Young Samson, probably just come to man's estate, was, as we know, like Grettir and other national heroes, of a restless disposition, and fond of roving over the country. One of these excursions took him along the banks of the river into the land of the Philistines, the lately conquered and hereditary enemies of the children of Israel. Here he met with a damsel who took his fancy, and though his father objected to the marriage and remonstrated strongly on the subject, the will of the cherished son prevailed, and the consent of Manoah was won. Accordingly Samson, with Manoah and his mother, set forth solemnly on the short journey from Zorah to Timnath, to the home of the Philistine maiden. As they drew near to the town that lay surrounded





CHALK STUDY OF A DOG FROM THE PICTURE OF CYMON AND IPHIGENIA









CHALK STUDY OF A DOG FROM THE PICTURE OF CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

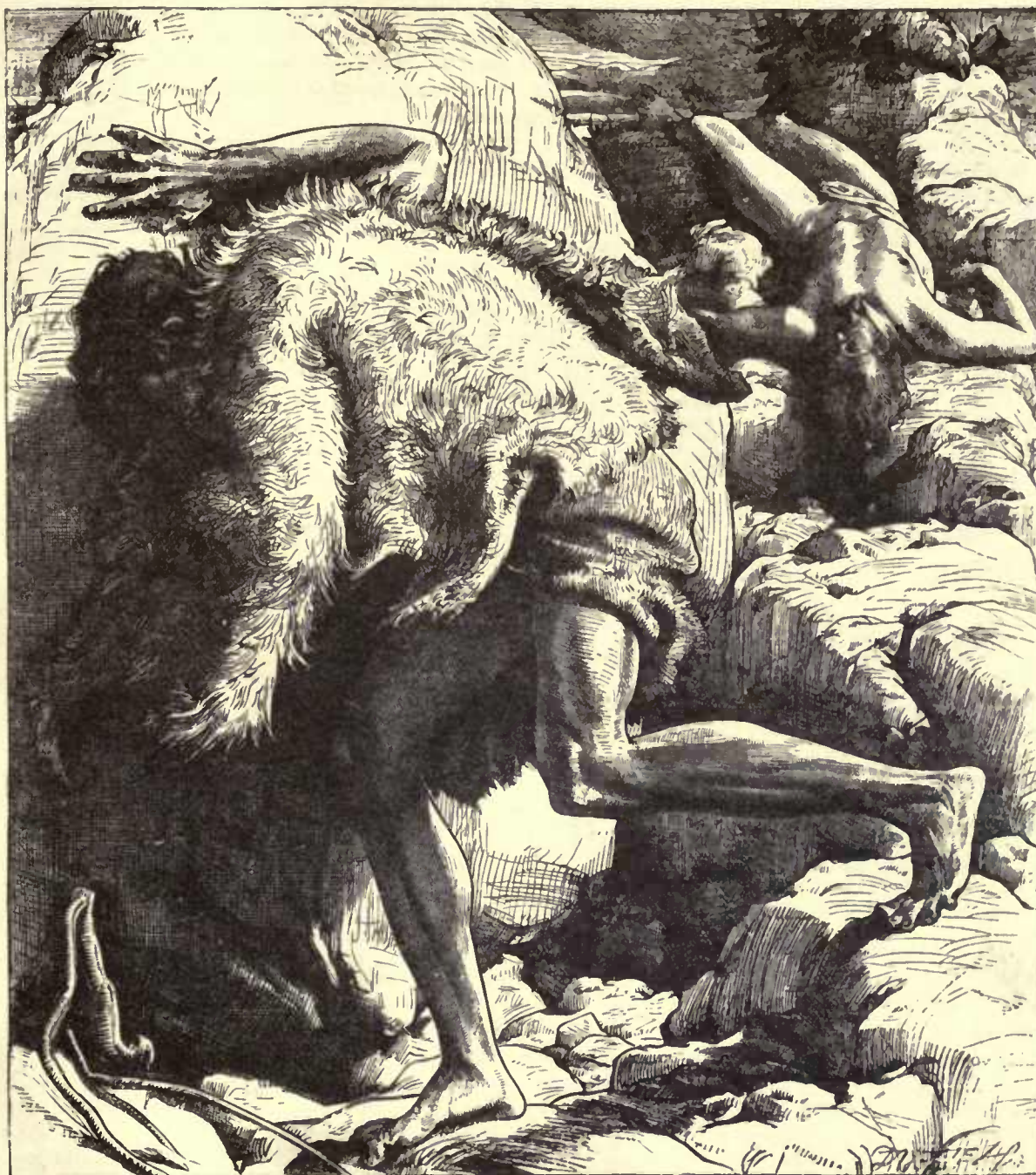






by vineyards in the folds of the hills, Samson seems to have become impatient, and to have pushed on before his parents. Passing through the vineyards on the outskirts of Timnath, he disturbed a young lion, straying to the very edge of the town in search of some wandering kid or lamb. It does not appear to have attacked Samson in any way, or to have done worse than roar, after the manner of its kind. But to Samson, full of excitement and conscious of his strength, the mere presence

of the animal was enough. He turned to where the lion stood, snarling and showing its teeth, and rent him "as he would have rent a kid," and then passed on to his bride, "but he told not his father or his mother what he had done." It is this incident Sir Frederick has chosen for illustration. Samson has turned from his road between the walls of two vineyards, and seeing literally a "lion in the path" before him has seized the animal by the neck, swung him up into the air, and pinned



No. 21.—Death of Abel. From Dalsiel's Bible.

him to the wall. The lion of course is not one of the majestic beasts with which the Zoological Gardens and Trafalgar Square have made us familiar, and its ancestors never ruled in the forests of the Soudan. Samson's lion was only an Asiatic lion, smaller as well as smoother than its African neighbour. In spite of the ignominy of its position, we recognise a strange similarity between the victim and its destroyer.

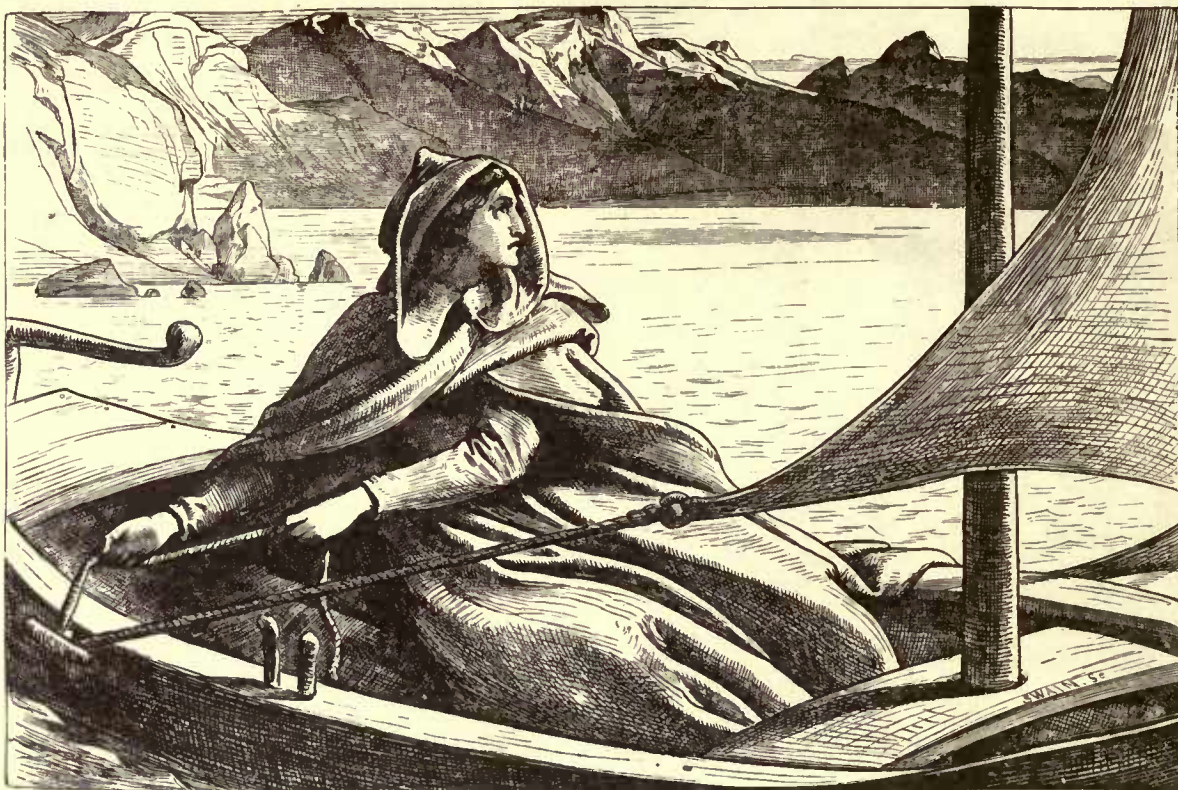
Another of Sir Frederick's Biblical drawings which we reproduce is the 'Death of Abel.' (Illustration No. 21.) The story of the first manslaying, or of the first murder, is of extremely wide distribution in the myths and early legends of mankind. In most of the mythologies of undeveloped races, as of the Solomon Islanders and the Red Indians, the primal dispute between two brothers may be explained with tolerable



ease. One need not be a profound philosopher to observe the "contrariness" of things, or to imagine that there is an element of right and an element of wrong in the world. In the Biblical record Cain and Abel represent, not good and evil, so much as diverse ideals of existence. Abel stands for the nomadic life of shepherds; Cain for the settled ways of an agricultural people. There is something attractive to the fancy in this picture of the first death, and that a death wrought by a brother's violence. One pictures the fierce satisfaction of anger passing first into wonder—why does the stricken man not rise?—and then into a doubtful awe and terror, and a horrible confused sense of sin. This is the moment the artist has chosen for his picture of Cain. Leaving the body of the naked Abel in a dry hollow where a torrent may run in winter, the first homicide, with bowed head turned in fear of some unknown revenge to the wall of rock, gropes his way from the accursed scene. The inven-

tion of this action and the drawing and foreshortening of the body of the dead are especially noteworthy. The desolation and terror which blind the fratricide are powerfully expressed in the working of his hand upon the rocky wall. In Sir Frederick's drawing the fratricide, with his pell of rough sheepskin drawn over his head to smother sights and sounds, already hears the dead man's voice, "the voice of the blood of thy brother," crying out from the ground against him, and even now his punishment is greater than he can bear. Yet, already, though this is presumed to be the first manslaying, Cain is thoroughly acquainted with the primitive law of murder in its double form of retaliation—a life for a life, and of paying the *wer-gild*, or man's price in atonement.

Although "Romola" is by no means George Eliot's best novel, it is the one which lends itself to the most picturesque illustrations. In undertaking to illustrate the book, the President



No. 22.—Drifting Away. From George Eliot's "Romola."

has not been slow to turn this advantage to account. His knowledge of mediæval art and Italy comes into play, and he makes the most of the humorous passages of the text.

Probably no one ever read "Romola" without being conscious of a hidden preference for poor little Tessa in comparison with the majestic heroine. Sir Frederick seems to have felt the charm, and the pictures in which she figures are the prettiest in the book. Tessa, with her bambino grown a big boy, and his place in the high wooden cradle taken by a small sister, is the subject of one of the prettiest illustrations (No. 17). She is sitting on a chair near the cradle sound asleep, while Monna Lisa, whose presence is absolutely necessary to the daily life of Tessa and her children, is making a salad. The illustration (No. 18), 'Coming Home,' represents Tito returning to the old house in the Via de' Bardi, with the coat of chain armour under his cloak which is to render

him proof against any sudden attack of the betrayed Baldassari. In spite of the verdict of sentimental novelists, no husband, however good, likes to find his wife sitting up for him, and even Tito's perfect temper was for a moment ruffled. He had counted on stealing in unperceived, and here was Romola standing on the top of the stone steps, with the large lamp throwing its bright light down the stairs, wakeful with all the wakefulness which is the result of catalogue-making, when the effects are not promptly and diametrically opposite. This is one of the moments in which we feel that Romola, however great as a woman, had her drawbacks as a wife. Her virtues were all of the heroic kind, and she had little of the tact and insight that make life easy for others.

For the use of the cuts from the *Cornhill Magazine*, we have to thank Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and for those from the Bible, we have to thank Messrs. Dalziel.





No. 23.—Cupid, from a Fresco.

### SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. PART III.—DECORATIVE ART.



HAVING treated of Sir Frederick's pictures, we shall now proceed to mention the chief works in Decorative Arts which he has produced.

It was in 1866 that Sir Frederick executed his beautiful fresco in Lyndhurst Church, the work chiefly of his spare Saturday afternoons in the summer. The subject is the para-

ble of "The Wise and Foolish Virgins" (Illustration No. 1), perhaps the most touching of all the parables, as it deals with the weakness and not the wickedness of humanity. In the centre panel sits the judge, and on his right are those who have oil in their lamps, on his left, those that have none. The wise virgins display exultingly their lighted lamps, and one has even thrown herself, like Titian's 'Magdalene,' at the feet of the Master, to hear the words of blessing addressed to herself; but, as usual, our sympathy is mostly with the unfortunate. The five foolish virgins have different ways of taking their doom. Two kneel upright, with their heads bowed, ashamed and penitent now that it is too late. One is looking round to see if there is none to help and uphold; another is tearing her hair in noisy grief; while in front, huddled up on the ground, is a figure with eyes of stony despair. Kneeling apart is an angel praying, when prayer can no longer avail.

So far as we are aware, this is the first fresco ever undertaken by the President, but for some years past he has been engaged in painting medallions taken from scriptural subjects, to decorate (in conjunction with Mr. Poynter) the dome of St. Paul's. Of these we shall treat farther on.

The composition and execution of the two large frescoes in the South Kensington Museum, 'The Arts of War' (No. 26) and 'The Arts of Peace' (No. 24), have extended over a period of some years; indeed, 1885 will be well advanced before 'The Arts of Peace' is completed. It is rather a drawback that the galleries in front of the frescoes are so narrow, that it is impossible for any but very short-sighted people to make use of them for purposes of inspection. To those with good eyes, the one fresco is best studied from the gallery of the other. The method of their painting is this. A wall is covered with stucco of a porous nature, so that the colours when laid on may become one with the wall. It is then washed roughly over with a medium composed of gum elemi juice, white wax, oil of spike lavender, and artist's copal, mixed with turpentine in specific proportions. Leaving two days for the wall to become partly dry, a second wash is given, and an interval is again left for evaporation to take place. Finally a mixture is compounded of a powder of the purest white lead and gilder's whitening, with a little turpentine added, and with this the wall is entirely covered with as many coats as may be considered necessary, time being left between each for evaporation. Owing to the roughness of the wall surface, six coats were used before 'The Arts of Peace' could be begun. The colours (always powdered) are mixed with the gum elemi, spike oil, wax and copal, when they have all been melted up together.

No pains have been spared in the process of painting these frescoes. After the composition of the fresco, a design was made in oil of amber and white. This design was then enlarged by students on canvas to the full size of the wall to be painted on, and the outline was next carefully corrected by Sir



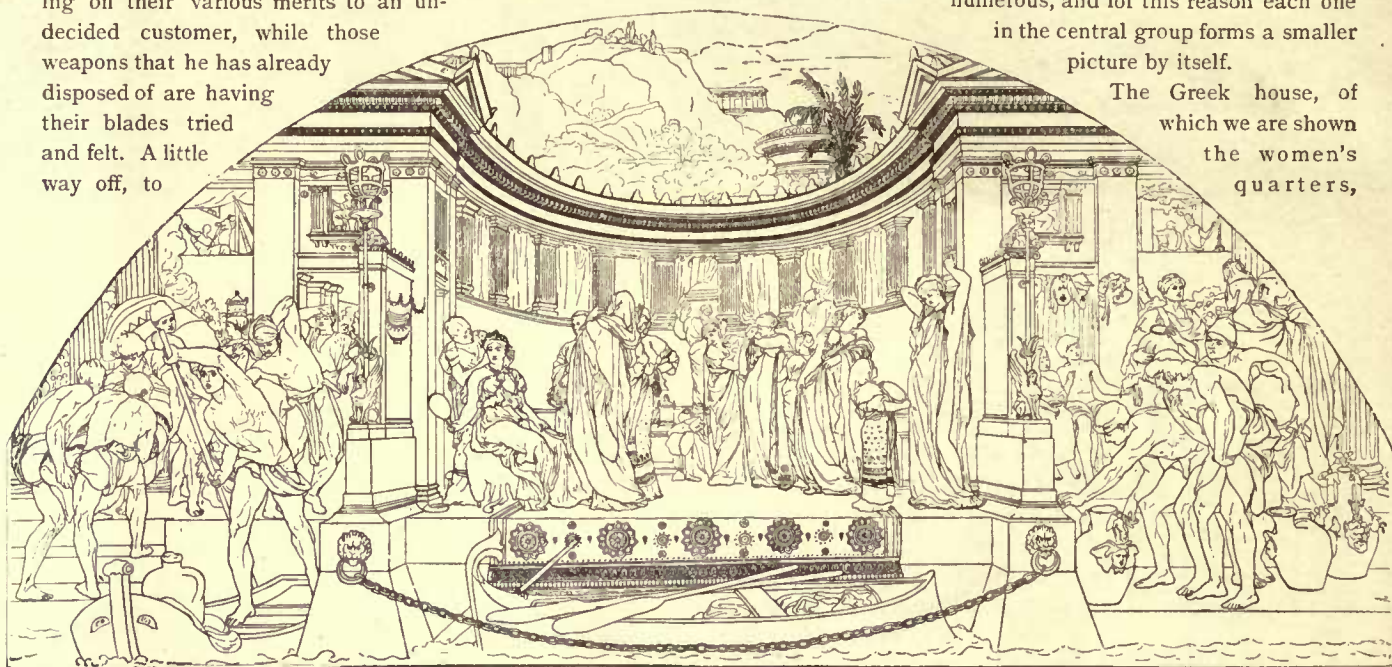
Frederick. After this, the outline is pricked (or pounced) on to the wall. When this is completed, the outline is again gone over with a lead pencil, before the painting is begun.

The 'Arts of War' (No. 26) contains about sixty figures, mostly men, but with a group of women in one corner. In the centre of the fresco is a white marble staircase, leading from the quadrangle to an archway, beyond which is another courtyard. Seen through the archway, knights in armour are riding by. On the battlements on one side of the doorway, some men are displaying an embroidered banner to their comrades, while corresponding with them on the other side, soldiers are engaged in polishing up their armour. In the distance is a staircase, up which a woman and baby are passing towards another part of the castle, while cypresses and other shrubs are seen at the back. The busy scene in the large courtyard in the front suggests an immediate departure to the seat of war. In the corner to the right, cross-bows are being chosen and tested; a man is kneeling by a pile of swords and descanting on their various merits to an undecided customer, while those weapons that he has already disposed of are having their blades tried and felt. A little way off, to

the left of the archway, some men-at-arms are trying on the armour on a youth who has still to win his spurs. This poor young man is much to be pitied—he has to stand quite still while various unaccustomed iron garments are being fastened upon different parts of his person, and he has to prop himself on the shoulder of one man while he screws himself round to reply to another, who is obviously inquiring if he can manage to walk in his greaves. Another still farther along is in even a worse plight, for two men are standing over him, trying to buckle a corslet, which has become rather tight during the period of idleness at home, and a young squire is steadying himself against a pillar while he re-arranges his thick shoes. The damsels that occupy the left-hand corner of the fresco are busy with needlework that is intended in various ways to add to the comfort and glory of the departing host. The whole is distinguished by the extreme naturalness and simplicity of all the actions, and by soft glowing colours, chiefly dark olive green and splendid saffrons.

The figures in the 'Arts of Peace' (No. 24) are far less numerous, and for this reason each one in the central group forms a smaller picture by itself.

The Greek house, of which we are shown the women's quarters,



No. 24.—Cartoon of the Arts of Peace.

shaped like a horseshoe, and curtained in golden green, is built amongst rocky hills crowned with temples. The marble floor of the semicircle is covered with a carpet of the same hue as the curtains at the back, which falls over a step, leading straight down to the sea. A dark boat, ready for the use of the ladies, is moored by a chain close to this step. We must confess that the Arts of Peace in this portion of the fresco, appears to consist more in the Arts of personal adornment than anything else: but when the result is so successful, who could wish time to have been differently employed?

At one point of the horseshoe is a group of figures which forms one of our plate illustrations. There is a tall girl in white garment edged with blue (not very securely fastened), who is engaged in twisting up her hair. Before her stands a little girl swathed from head to foot in blue and brown, who is holding up an engraved Corinthian mirror, or rather is supposed to be doing so, for she is so much interested in the new *coiffure* as almost to forget her duties. Next her—and this forms one of our wood engraving illustrations (No. 25)—a girl

appears to be speculating as to the "fall" of her blue himation, and beyond is a figure of a very young girl, only half seen, holding up an embroidered garment, to drape on the figure of the girl in white close to her, when her chiton has been arranged. Near an older woman with a veil over her head, who does not look quite happy about her appearance, is a lovely figure of a girl at the back, who has lifted one of the curtains, and is calling to some one within. She has nothing on but her chiton loosely drawn round her, which has fallen from the arm drawing back the curtain, and shows us how beautiful it is. Her whole pose betokens haste, and she seems to be asking for some necessary article that has been forgotten by her companion. A cista and some drapery carelessly flung on a seat, make a division between the two parts of the picture. A group in various tones of red stand in the front, nearly on the edge of the carpet, one of whom is evidently the duenna of the party, a very tall old woman in a long crimson garment, with a purply red drapery over her head. Old though she may be, and we can just manage to get a glimpse of her face, she













A GROUP FROM THE "INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF PEACE," SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON P.R.A.







has certainly not outgrown her interest in the follies of youth, for she and the girl next her are watching critically the adjustment of a new shape of wreath on a beautiful woman in white, seated on a stool, by one of her maidens. The lady is holding a Corinthian mirror at arm's length, and is considering deeply whether the wreath is fastened in the most becoming place. The girl contemplating her, almost concealed by the ample folds of the duenna's garments, has her hair drawn back from her face, after a fashion not common in Greece. She too has a wreath in her hand, and is awaiting her turn with patience. Tall bronze lamps supported on winged figures stand at the points of the semicircle.

On either side of the horseshoe is a platform of marble, abutting on the sea. On the left are some very brown men, almost naked, having only scanty draperies of dark red and olive green hanging about them; two or three are bearing great bundles of woven material down to a flat-bottomed boat which is moored close to the shore, and which is being pushed off by another man so as to be more accessible from the steps. A huge jar and coil of rope are still lying in the boat, which hardly seems big enough to contain the enormous bales that are being continually brought down from behind. On the steps two men are staggering under the weight of a very

heavy piece of goods, which they are apparently trying to put in a safe spot out of reach of the water. Above all this busy life, we can just manage to make out the window of an upper chamber, where two figures, like Tanagra terra cottas, are seen. One is seated and weaving, though every now and then she spares time for a glance at what is going on below. The other has started up and is looking for something or some one behind the hangings, which she is holding back with her left hand. Corresponding with those on the other side of the fresco, are two men cleaning candelabra in an upper storey.

Their room appears to be lighter and airier than that of the women, and is adorned with pillars, round which creepers grow. Underneath, men, brown, strong, and naked as those on the other side, are placing pots in a position where they may be easily carried away by the flat-bottomed punt. These pots are very different in character. Some are plain and severe in shape, and wholly without ornament, suitable for domestic purposes, such as storing corn or wine. Others, more highly ornamented either with winged heads alone, or with full-length figures of the gods, standing on little columns springing from the sides of the vessel before it tapers to its

mouth, were probably either meant to stand on niches, or else for use during feasts. Behind, a man more draped than the rest—perhaps the overseer of the work—is critically examining one of the most highly decorated of the vases, which has handles and figures of unusual delicacy. A row of comic and tragic masks is suspended from the pillar and curtain behind, and one of them has been unhooked by two children for their own purposes. They have seated themselves in a corner, so as to be undisturbed and unnoticed by the throng of busy workmen, are pursuing their play with much satisfaction to themselves. The boy, a brown-haired, brown-eyed creature, has taken off his garment and laid it across his



No. 25.—Group from 'The Arts of Peace.'

knees, so as to have his limbs more free for the matter in hand. He is engaged in painting—*how* we can all guess from our own childish days—a female mask, presumably from its hair that of Medusa. He is considering the effect of one touch, and is pausing, with his paint-brush in his right hand, before he puts on another. The little girl by his side, who is younger and more delicate-looking, holds the saucer in which the colours are mixed. Her small bare feet dangle in the air, and her little chiton is falling off one shoulder, while her head is bent in earnest contemplation of the work of her companion.



These touches of child life give a relief and completeness to the whole picture.

A very graceful frieze for the ball-room of a private house was exhibited by Sir Frederick in 1883. It is called 'The Dance;' the motions and attitudes of the figures who take part in it compare very favourably with those now in vogue. One almost regrets that the frieze is consigned to a place where circumstances will prevent it from receiving all the attention it deserves.

The feeling of gratification with which every man is inspired on being intrusted with a part of the decoration of any great national building, is naturally intensified in the case of such places as Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. He feels that he is participating in the work that has gone to make his country what it is; that he is a sharer in the labours of the poets, soldiers, or statesmen that lie buried beneath the aisles, for he too is helping to build up the fame of his race, for the generations that are to come. Wonderful as were the talents of the original builders of the cathedrals of mediæval Europe, they had only themselves to be proud of, and were without the sense of association, that doubles while it divides the glory. Sir Frederick and Mr. Poynter may well feel themselves identified with Wren and Flaxman, and to have

a more special property in the heroes whose monuments are scattered up and down, than the mere outsiders. The task, long contemplated, of decorating the dome of St. Paul's, has been undertaken by Mr. Poynter, who has divided the dome into eight compartments, each of which has a subject of its own. The intervening spaces are to be filled with medallions—if the word can be applied to anything so large—and these will be the work of Sir Frederick. The whole is intended to represent the visions described in the Apocalypse. If the ideal can only be realised, the dome will be a grand embodiment of the end and aim of the Christian Faith, when the mortal, having put on immortality, will rest and reign with Christ for ever. The sketch (No. 27) for one of the circular panels was exhibited at Burlington House in 1882. Its subject is, 'The sea gave up the dead that were in it.' We begin faintly to know that the time has come when there shall be no more sea, for the ocean seems gradually receding and leaving the rocks bare. Those who have slept peacefully in the depths of the waves since the days of Noah, when the Flood came and destroyed them all, are awaking from their long slumber. Sitting on a rock, is a

man whose senses have returned to him with more than their former vigour, and who waits, with every power sharpened, gazing up into the brightening heavens, at the



No. 26.—Cartoon of the Arts of War.

spot whence the Deliverer shall come. He does not see Him yet. But he knows that the centuries of watching are over, and the King in His beauty is at hand. The two figures clinging to him, with the tenacious grasp of death, have not been so ready to respond to the sound of the trumpet. Their flesh has come again to their bones, but that is all—mechanically their arms still keep the position they took when the family all went down together in the ship, or were washed off the rock by the encroaching tide. The clothes in which they died once more cover their limbs, but the breath of life is still missing. Close by this group is the figure of a woman who must have been buried at sea, for her garments are still bound about her, and her hands lie crossed on her bosom. Behind, others are slowly emerging, and on the right a man has flung himself on his knees, one arm raised in the air and the other covering his eyes, possessed by a terror of which he hardly knows the meaning, and fearful of what his doom is to be.

It has not been without much thought that the work of painting the dome has been decided upon. When the

splendid outward shell of the new cathedral was completed after thirty-five years of hard work, and the last stone was laid in its place on the summit of the lantern above the dome, Sir Christopher had already formed many schemes for the decoration of the interior. He desired, above all things, that the cupola, which measures one hundred and eight feet in diameter from the inside, should be decorated with designs in mosaics; his reason for this being apparently that, at so vast a height, a greater richness of effect could thus more certainly be obtained, especially in our foggy atmosphere. Sir Christopher had even gone the length of fixing upon the very Italian artists whom he wished to execute the work, but careful as were his calculations, he had left out of the reckoning the character of the people with whom he had to deal. Designs in mosaic were unknown in England, therefore they could not be desirable. The process, too, would be lengthy, and the British nation of Queen Anne's day would like to see the harvest as well as the sowing, quite as much as our own. It would likewise be very expensive, and this argument had



no light weight with a commission which in 1697 had obtained the passing of an Act to suspend the payment of half Wren's salary of £200 a year till the cathedral was completed, in order that he might not dally with his work. So, not only was the plan of decorating the dome with mosaics suffered to fall to the ground, but Wren's valuable advice on various other matters connected with building was rejected. The painting of the dome was entrusted to Sir James Thornhill, much to Wren's annoyance; but only the spandrels or space above the arches were executed by him. It is very difficult to pronounce on these designs. The great height renders the figures small and indistinct, even to the best eyes, while many people are as much affected by giddiness in looking up as by looking down. Besides this, there are few days in the year in which the Cathedral of London City is free from mist, which further obscures the vision. As far as we can judge, however, Sir James Thornhill's decorative work lacks colour rather than power. It is dark and dingy, without either being rich or impressive; but perhaps it is unjust to condemn as the fault of the artist, what may be the result of nearly two hundred years of London smoke.

Be this as it may, Sir James Thornhill painted the spandrels and nothing more. The universal craving for the decoration of St. Paul's appears to have given way to the question of Stuarts or Hanoverians, and Sir Christopher was laid in the Crypt in 1723, without being suffered to carry out his wish to complete the interior of the building in the way that seemed to him best. Fifty years later, however, that is in 1773, Sir Joshua Reynolds suddenly turned his attention to the subject of Church decoration, and proposed to begin with St. Paul's. The idea was hailed with joy, not only by the Members of the Academy, male and

female, but by the Dean and Chapter. We are not told exactly what Sir Joshua's scheme involved, whether he intended the paintings to be in fresco, or if he merely meant to cover the bare white walls of Portland stone with oil paintings. But one important item we *do* know, and that is the names of the five Academicians who were to share with Sir Joshua the perilous task. They were chosen by the rest of the body from among themselves, and the artists selected were Benjamin West, Barry, Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kaufmann. It is impossible not to laugh at the incongruity suggested by the two last names, especially by that

of Angelica. The idea of the graceful airy figures which we are accustomed to admire, figures often as light as thistledown, and looking as if they would be as easily blown away, being transferred with a few solemn adjuncts that sit uneasily upon them, to the interior of a church, is indescribably absurd. It reminds us of the ladies of Versailles playing Andromaque in powder and rouge. Sir Joshua was, however, another matter. We still possess enough of his beautiful, tender pictures of abstract virtues, with here and there a Holy Family, or an illustration from Scripture, to make us regret deeply

the obstinacy of the Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury, who opposed the scheme as Papistical. So in spite of the efforts of the Dean, who tried a compromise of allowing Sir Joshua to

paint a picture of the Nativity, and West, one of the Delivery of the Tables, to hang over two small doors, the plan fell through. Another effort at decoration was made in 1858, but it only resulted in the restoration of Sir James Thornhill's paintings, and it was not until 1873 that Mr. Burges was appointed architect with a view to completing the work in which Sir Christopher had been frustrated one hundred and sixty-two years before.



No. 27.—*The Resurrection. Decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral. 1823.*





No. 28.—Clay Model for Figure of Attendant in 'Cymon and Iphigenia.'

#### SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. PART IV.—SCULPTURE.



No. 29.—From George Eliot's "Romola."

O a large class of people no form of Art is so satisfying as sculpture. It is easier for them to understand than painting, partly because the subjects treated are of necessity simpler and less complex than those that come within the scope of painting, partly too because there is not the same ignorance of the method employed. Yet proof has been recently given that men's judgment may differ as widely as to what is a bad statue

or a good statue as they do as to what is a bad picture or a good picture.

It is only lately that, as far as we know, the President has turned his attention to sculpture. Here, as in every other branch of Art, his early anatomical training has stood him in good stead, and lifted him at once out of the ranks of the many sculptors who do not know how to draw. Yet no more than others could he at once jump to success. When his statue of an Athlete (life-size) wrestling with a Python (No. 31), had been more than half done, he found that in enlarging the proportions from the first terra-cotta sketch (as the original statuette is called), he had made a wrong calculation, and instead of wasting time by trying to alter what is unalterable (a form of vice very prevalent in the present day), he at once destroyed the whole thing, and began afresh from the beginning.

Sir Frederick was at work on the statue for three years, off and on, before it was completed and exhibited in the Academy in 1877. It was cast in bronze, and subsequently bought by the Council of the Royal Academy under the Chantrey Bequest. It is now temporarily placed in the South Kensington Museum. The Python (as shown in our Illustration No. 31) has entwined itself round the body of the naked Athlete in a particularly paralysing way. It has coiled itself round his right ankle, and after wrapping itself twice round his left thigh, was pro-

ceeding to twine itself round his body. At this point he seized it by the neck, and with a violent wrench managed to detach it from his back with his left arm, while he threw all his weight forward on his right foot, so as to get a firmer grip on the creature's throat. The struggle is hard, even for an Athlete, and the tension is shown by the swollen veins on the



No. 30.—Clay Model of Cymon.

left foot, which is scarcely resting on the ground, and by the distorted muscles on his neck and right arm. The profes-



sional training that he had gone through is evident from the spareness of his body, on which every bone and sinew can be traced as in a diagram. Certainly the subject is not one to be lightly undertaken by a man who is ignorant of anatomy. Every line would carry its own condemnation. Here every detail has been carefully attended to—the position and expression of the toes in the firmly planted right foot, with the long great toe (that *point d'appui* of all savage races) gripping the ground, while the toes of the left foot are flat and wide open. The scales of the snake are admirably indicated too, and show an immense deal of work. Altogether it is not wonderful that, amidst his endless and multifarious employments, Sir Frederick cannot find time to give us many statues.

One other statue is, however, in process of construction, which bids fair to be as interesting as its predecessor, if not more so. The 'Sluggard' is the contrast between the powerful frame of a man who might almost undertake the Seven Labours of Hercules, and the manner in which his life slips uselessly away. He is standing up stretching himself after a long sleep, in that calm and leisurely fashion characteristic of professional sluggards only. His right arm, that might fell an ox with ease, is raised up, and we can see every muscle in his well-developed body.

There is only one hope for him. Obviously he cannot have entered long on his life of sloth, or his frame would "put on flesh" and cease to exhibit its present stalwart appearance. Perhaps he may soon get tired of repose and find attractions in another mode of existence. We cannot help

thinking that much might be done to create a love of Art in England, and to foster any that already exists, by dispersing abroad small statuettes either in wax or clay, copies of the early sketches of subsequent statues. Some of these are most beautiful, and they would be accessible to all. How much better to possess a statuette only a few inches high of the 'Sluggard,' or of 'Teucer,' than to seek after modern copies of Tanagra terra-cottas or Roman statues, wherein

all the grace and inspiration are entirely left out. Some people cherish bad portraits of friends that are gone because, they say, "It is better than nothing, it helps to remind me," but they never display the picture to a stranger without an apology. So those to whom the genuine Tanagras are familiar, might care to have a very inferior copy with all the gulf of the mechanical spirit of the nineteenth century lying between it and the age of Phidias, but the cause of Art will rather be hindered than furthered by disseminating them generally among those who will look on them as mere drawing-room ornaments. Perhaps the world would be more original in these days if it was not so easy to assimilate and adapt the labours of those who have gone before, who fought the whole matter out for themselves.

Whilst on this subject, we may mention that

Signor Amendola is at present at work in his studio, which is almost under the shadow of the President's house, upon a statuette of 'Wedded,' which promises to be as attractive in bronze as the reproduction of the picture has been as an engraving.

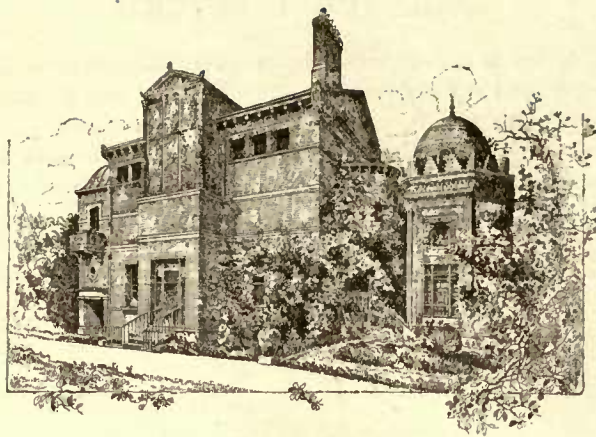


No. 31.—Athlete wrestling with a Python. 1877.



No. 32.—Study for the Foliage in 'Cymon and Iphigenia.'



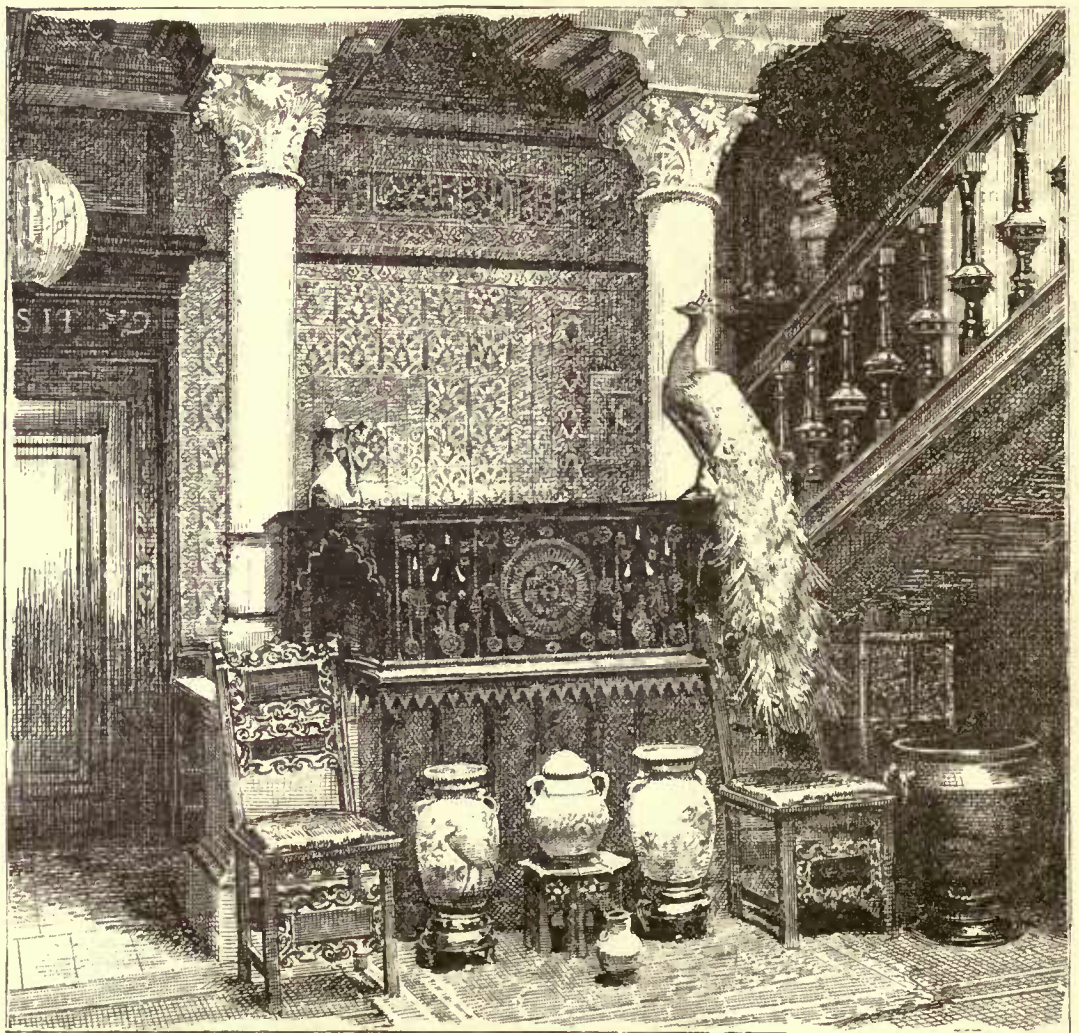


No. 33.—*Sir Frederick Leighton's House, from the Garden.*

### SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. PART V.—HIS SURROUNDINGS.

A LIFE so largely spent on foreign soil, and a profession whose object is avowedly the perpetuation of beauty, naturally result in a home full of rare and wonderful things. Our houses are, or ought to be, the outward and manifest sign of ourselves, yet it is astonishing in what bare and uncomfortable ugliness people with refined perceptions will consent to live. It is not that they are indifferent to what is beautiful, for they recognise it at once in the surroundings of others, they will simply not take the trouble, or exercise the invention to procure it for themselves. If they lived in the wilds of Tartary they might be at liberty to indulge their particular fancy for a room that looks as if it had been cleared for an evening party, but dwelling in a thickly populated country it is hard upon their friends. Still, on the whole, one often prefers the bareness, or even the ugliness which is the outcome of individual preference, to the taste that is provided for us at so much a foot. Our prejudices are overruled and our most cherished possessions banished, merely because they are not "in keeping" with the

The lesson which Sir Frederick teaches us in his art may be learned over again in his house in Holland Park Road. Much has been written of the picturesqueness of Kensington, but its real charm lies in this: that it is not, like South Kensington and Belgravia, a mere hanger-on and copy of Mayfair, but, like Chelsea, it has a life and history of its own.



No. 34.—*The Staircase.*

rest of the room, at least from the decorator's point of view.

The inhabitants are mostly working people, less trammelled



by the rules of fashion than they are a few hundred yards farther east, and obeying in many respects a peculiar code of their own. If this is the case now it was undoubtedly far more so eighteen years ago, when Sir Frederick took possession of the new red brick house that had been built for him by Mr. Aitchison. Holland Park stretched much farther to the north and east, and there were more old houses with big gardens. But the upper end, at any rate, of Holland Park Road cannot have changed much, and the President's house has taken up its abode so unobtrusively that it seems as if it had always been there. It is thoroughly comfortable and substantial to look at outside (Illustration No. 33), with a thick screen of plane trees in the front, and a glimpse of a large cool garden behind. On the west side the famous Arab hall has been more recently added, whose dome excites the curiosity of the passer-by.

The prevailing sensation of the stranger who enters the house for the first time is one of bewilderment. He enters from the quiet, unpretentious street, where children walking on stilts nearly fall over him, or babies dragging dolls by their heads get under his feet. He sees dimly, unless the day is unusually bright, a large picture of the Venetian school on his right; and on his left a drawing by Steinle of the Fontana della Tartarughe, in Rome. Besides this are some figures by Goujon, and opposite, in a niche formed by two doors, painted black, is the bronze statuette of Icarus, executed by Mr. Gilbert, expressly for Sir Frederick. Passing out of this small hall, we enter a larger one and are confronted by a wall of dazzling blue and white tiles, thrown up by the dark floor and staircase. In front, toning in admirably with the tiles, is a large stuffed peacock standing on an inlaid cabinet of great beauty (No. 34), and beyond are cushions of yellowy green satin covered with embroideries. Near the peacock are some rare jars, and in the centre a huge brazen pot, in which a plant usually stands. The upper part of the staircase is covered with pictures, and turning the angle we come to a wall on which hangs an excellent portrait of Sir Frederick by Mr. Watts, done many years ago, but bearing, we think, a stronger resemblance to the original than Mr. Watts's more recent work. This picture is a study in bright golden browns, and is taken full face. The model is bending forward, with his head leaning on his hand, and the eyes looking straight at you. There is an atmosphere of life and eagerness about the whole picture that is particularly pleasant. Next to this, higher up the staircase, is Sir Frederick's own portrait of Captain R. F. Burton (No. 14), of which we have already spoken, and farther still one of Signor Costa's poetical landscapes (which painter's portrait we give on page 14), an early picture of Mr. Barclay's, some kneeling white-capped women by M. Legros, which have a pathos and

simplicity of their own, and a painting by Mr. Armstrong. A design for the cartoon of the 'Plague of Florence,' painted when Sir Frederick was at Frankfort under Steinle, occupies the place at the head of the stairs. Standing on the gallery that leads into the studio, we have on the wall opposite to us a very fine though unfinished picture, by Sir Joshua



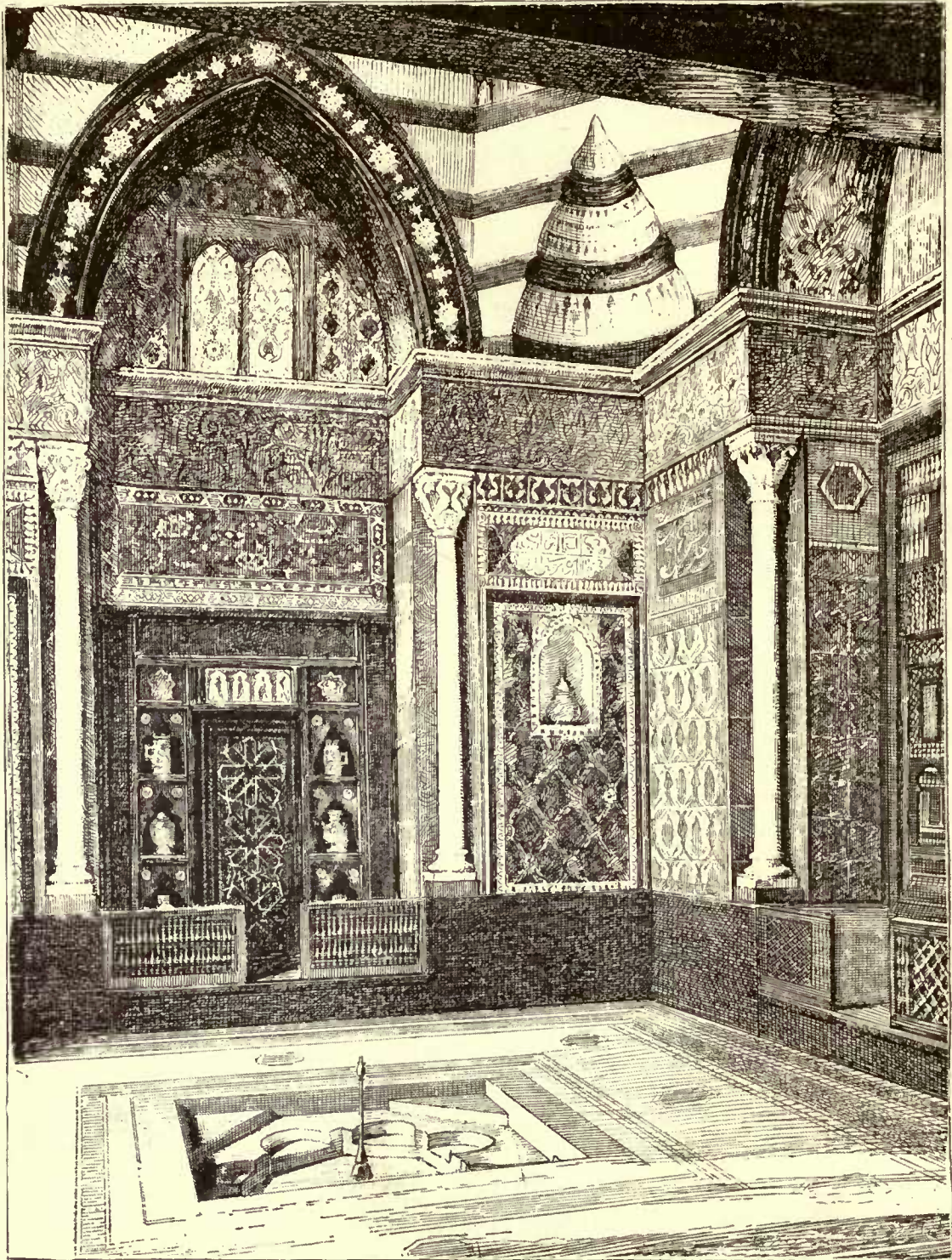
No. 35.—The Hall.

Reynolds, of Lord Rockingham sitting at a table, with Burke, his secretary, facing him with a pen in his hand, looking up inquiringly at his chief. Underneath is a splendid Tintoretto representing the head, life-size, of a dark olive-skinned man with black hair and eyes, a small Tintoret subject picture, another also of the Venetian school, and a little study by Sir Joshua.



Leaving the staircase and its pictures, of which the visitor as he goes up-stairs gets but a very hasty impression, he enters the studio (No. 39). This is of great size, with a high window exactly facing the door, and ending to the right of the door in an alcove or smaller studio, and to the left in a recess with a

domed roof. In the recess formed by the great window (No. 38) is a whole collection of interesting things, such as a beautiful sketch for the statue of the 'Sluggard' on which Sir Frederick is at present engaged, small models in plaster of arrangements of drapery for some of the more important pictures, a



*No. 36.—The Arab Hall.*

study for the *Daphnephoria*, and many more things, all worth examination. The upper part of the studio is occupied by several easels, on which stand pictures in various stages of completion, thrown into relief by a magnificent piece of drapery that hangs in the alcove, and completely fills up

the opening between the two rooms. On the wall above the door is a cast of the frieze of the Parthenon, and below it the walls are covered with sketches, mementos of Sir Frederick's many tours, and opening the eyes of the untraveller to undreamed-of wonders and beauties. The wild seas of the



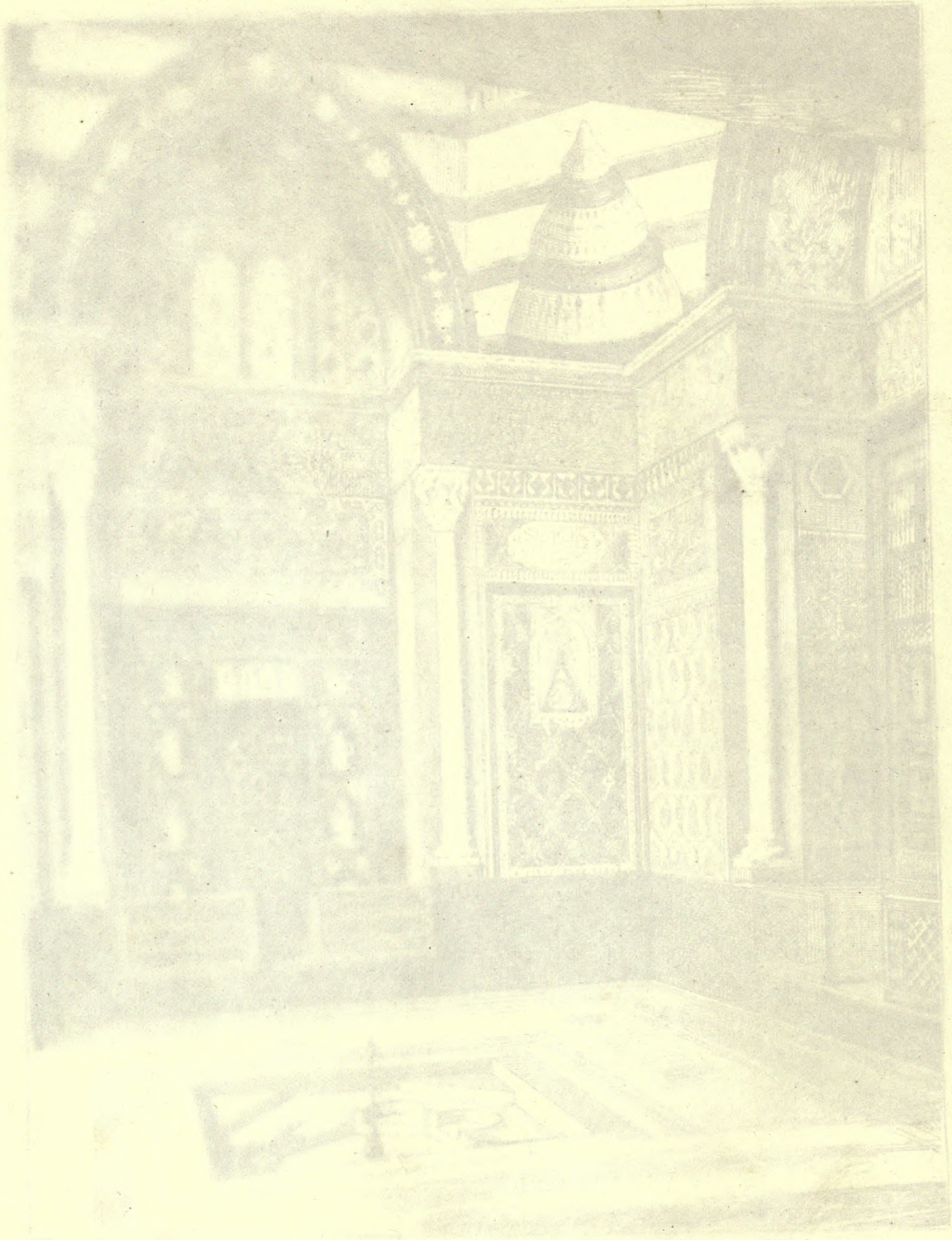




# SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

The artist's studio is a large room, the walls of which are covered with sketches and drawings. The ceiling is a dome, and the floor is a large square. The room is filled with various objects, including a large window, a statue, and a model of a building.

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near the door, a large table, and a chair. The room is filled with various objects, including a large window, a statue, and a model of a building.

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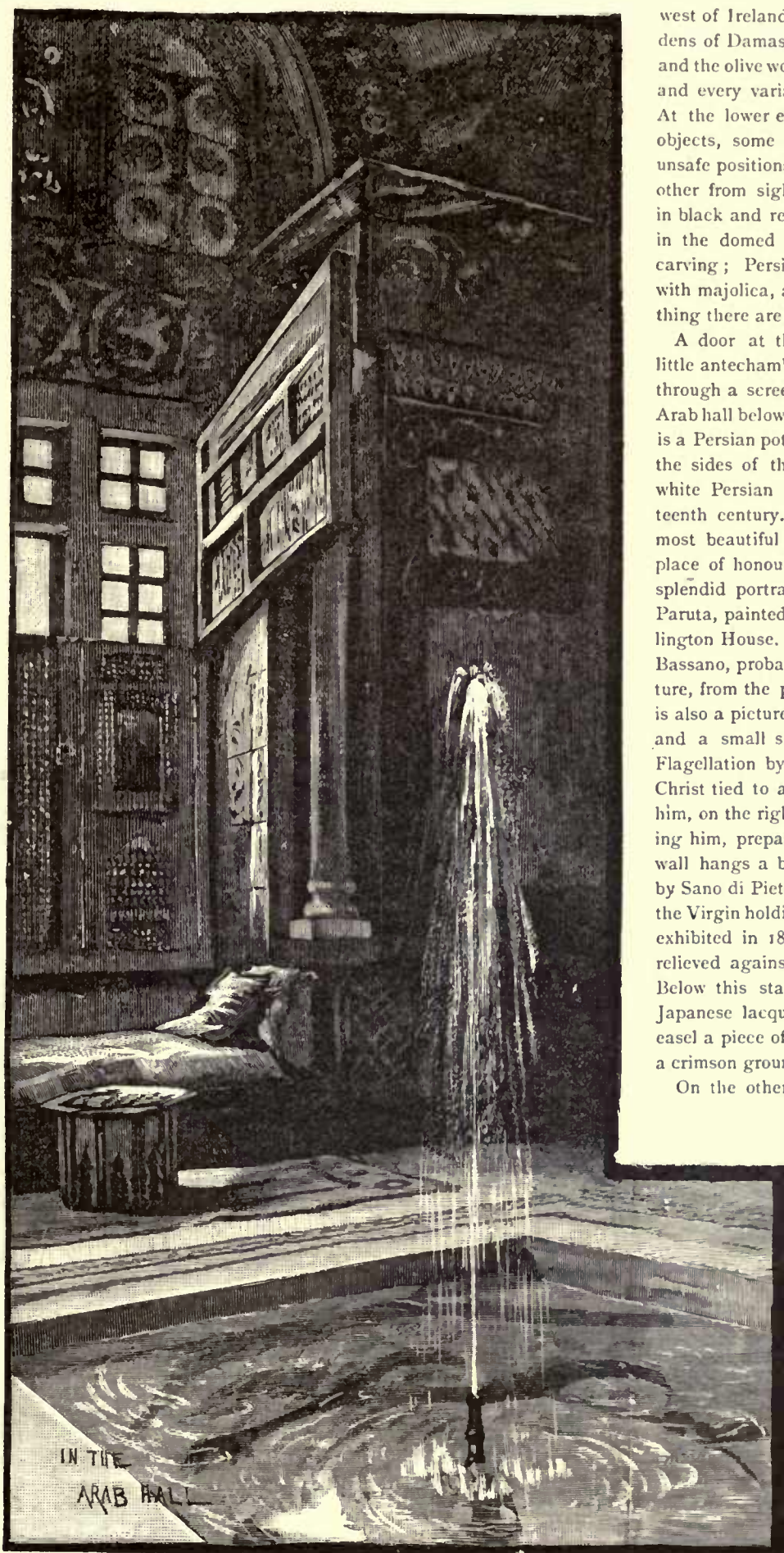


SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.









No. 37.—The Fountain in the Arab Hall.

west of Ireland, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the gardens of Damascus, the orange groves of Andalusia, and the olive woods of Italy, every kind of landscape, and every variation of light, are to be found here. At the lower end of the studio is a medley of rare objects, some of them placed on chairs, in very unsafe positions, and many of them concealing each other from sight. In one corner is a lovely *tazza* in black and red, of the best period of Greek vases; in the domed recess is a piece of very fine ivory carving; Persian bowls stand about, interspersed with majolica, and as the crowning charm of everything there are books.

A door at this end of the studio opens into a little antechamber which has a raised divan, looking through a screen of old Cairo wood-work into the Arab hall below (No. 36). In the centre of this screen is a Persian pot of beautiful design and colour, while the sides of the alcove have panels of blue and white Persian tiles dating mostly from the seventeenth century. This room contains some of the most beautiful pictures in the whole house. The place of honour, over the fireplace, is given to the splendid portrait of the Venetian historian, Paolo Paruta, painted by Tintoretto, and exhibited at Burlington House. Near it, is the head of a man by Bassano, probably forming part of some larger picture, from the position of the man's head. There is also a picture by Schiavone of Jupiter and Semele, and a small study, for the famous picture of the Flagellation by Sebastian del Piombo, of a naked Christ tied to a post, with two or three men behind him, on the right, and another on the left approaching him, preparing for the blow. On the opposite wall hangs a beautiful tender Madonna and Child by Sano di Pietro da Siena; a half-length figure of the Virgin holding the Child in her arms, by Vivarini, exhibited in 1881, its rich red and blue colouring relieved against a background of brown and gold. Below this stands a splendid panel of the finest Japanese lacquer, of a flight of ducks, and on an easel a piece of wonderful Persian woven work with a crimson ground, made in the fifteenth century.

On the other side of the doorway, towards the alcove, hang a Madonna and Child, by one of the rarest of painters, Michele Giovanni Bono, the Venetian, full of delicacy and soft colour; a very interesting profile of a German woman by an unknown artist; a full-length picture of a nymph by Mr. Watts; a landscape by Signor Costa, and a sketch of Sappho by Delacroix. On the other side of the room are another landscape of Signor Costa's—exhibited, with many others of his pictures, in 1882—and a very beautiful and finished study by Sir Joshua, of the head of the Banished Lord, for the picture now hanging in



the National Gallery. The head is so much turned away that only the left cheek can be seen, of a dark olive colour, set off by the coal-black hair and swarthy neck. Going down-stairs and crossing the hall, we come to three rooms, the first of which is the dining-room. Here amidst Persian tiles and pots, a great Satsuma plate, and some Venetian glass we find another Schiavone, which hangs over the fireplace. It represents Venus nursing Love, according to some critics, or Charity according to others. Anyway it is a nude female, half lying and half sitting, and nursing a child: on the left is a wood, with some figures playing on musical instruments. The colour of the walls is dark Indian red, which throws up the black sideboard with its blue china, and the oak mantel-piece. On each side of the fire is an old

canework Arab chair, to which the designer has considerably appended a step, as few people could otherwise have made use of them without the preliminary of a considerable jump. Once there, however, the occupant feels that nothing more in the way of a chair could be desired, so wide and roomy are the seats. The most singular thing about them is, that they possess looking-glasses both on their backs and arms, the maker evidently sharing the opinion 'of novelists and hansom builders, that ladies—we presume the chairs were designed for ladies

—can never see too much of themselves. At the farther end of the room is a small sketch of Sir Joshua's, a picture of Vulcan and Iris by Paris Bordone, and Bassano's painting of St. Paul in the desert. The saint is kneeling in the midst of a wide landscape, the very type of loneliness, but loses nothing of his courage and energy, even in the moment of his desolation.

Passing into the drawing-room, we enter an apartment lighted by a window occupying the end facing the door, while the wall between is broken by a recess and another window. Set in the ceiling of this recess, and deeply bordered with gold, is Delacroix's study for a ceiling in the Palais Royal. On either side of the alcove are four panels painted by Corot for Descamps, and representing the four seasons of the day; Night

and Evening hang at the end next the window, while near the door are Morning and Noon. The whole are characterized by the poetical feeling which none of Corot's pictures are ever without. The remaining wall is filled with two remarkably beautiful Constable landscapes, one of which gained a gold medal in Paris in the reign of Charles X., and was greatly admired even by the then widely different French school; a very fine Daubigny; one of the loveliest Corots that exists, of a boat on a still lake, and a David Cox. In the wall between the Corot and the door is the first picture that George Mason ever painted after he settled in England. It represents a very windy landscape, with a girl sadly blown about, driving with much difficulty a pair of calves down a hill. Above and below, trees are tossing in the violence of the gale. The

whole is full of vigour and atmosphere, as well as of the peculiar simplicity which is one of the charms of his pictures.

The principal picture in the library is a large canvas of the school of Tintoretto, representing a Doge with an ermine tippet over his robes, kneeling before an altar; he has his back almost entirely turned to us, and the deep tones of the picture, which need a brighter sun than is often to be found in England to bring them out, render much of the background obscure. However, among the crowd of men assembled to the left of the altar,



No. 38.—*The Studio Window.*

it is possible to distinguish some very finely-painted heads of a Venetian type. The picture is obviously of the same school as the large one in the outer hall. The room contains besides, a pencil sketch of Mr. Val. Prinsep, some etchings by M. Legros, and some studies by Ingres and Alfred Stevens.

In the centre of the passage leading from the staircase to the Arab hall, a copy in bronze of the Narcissus in the museum at Naples stands on a pedestal (No. 35). Doubts have been thrown on the first interpretation of the statue: some think that it is Narcissus listening to Echo, the beautiful nymph with whom he fell in love and then neglected till she pined away and died, and only her voice was sometimes to be heard calling to him. Others imagine the figure represents the Apollo Sauroktonos, and that the stone which he had been about to throw



at the lizard had slipped from his fingers. Be this as it may, the statue is full of beauty, and is here in perfect harmony with its surroundings. The walls on each side are filled with tiles of the same colour as those that line the upper staircase, chiefly copies by Mr. De Morgan of the old lustrous Cairene blue, while the pedestal on which the statue stands is of dark red marble. Even while looking at the Narcissus our eyes stray beyond him to the Arab hall (No. 37), and our thoughts to our childish favourites, Prince Camaralzaman and Princess Badoura, Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Paribanou, and all their companions. It is difficult for us, however, not being gifted with the impassiveness of the East, to imitate the stolid demeanour of Aladdin, when he beheld the garden filled with trees whose

fruit was precious stones. The most well-trained person will hardly suppress a murmur of astonishment as he enters this wonderful place. The roof rises into a dome, with eight small arched windows, each filled with coloured glass from the East, while on three sides of the hall are arched recesses. Every arch is supported by columns of the purest white marble, on bases of green. The capitals of the columns are carved with birds of different kinds by Mr. Boehm; soft cushions of green silk fill the alcove; and shutters of the old Cairo wood-work check the light at will. A band of black marble runs round the lower part of the wall, leading the eye to the black and white marble which forms the pavement. Immediately under the dome is a square basin, with a fountain playing in the



No. 39.—The Studio.

middle, and ferns and plants edging it round. Sir Frederick sent all the way to Japan for some rare fish to inhabit it, but the fish showed none of the adaptability of their nation, and pined for the artificial streams and tiny bridges of their native land. Above the black marble skirting are Persian tiles of gorgeous design and colour, the blue merging into green on the one hand, and into purple on the other. These mostly date from the seventeenth century. Even here, however, there is no stiff uniformity. On the north wall the tiles end in an inscription from the Koran, done in white on a blue ground: "Name of God be merciful." On the south the tiles, of another design, are broken by a niche, in which stands a pot

of Persian workmanship. Close by, facing the entrance, is another recess, with a low screen of Cairo wood-work in front of it, containing many beautiful jars, placed one over the other in a sort of cabinet fitted into the wall, and studded with Persian tiles, some as old as the tenth century. The upper part of the recess, above the cabinet, is occupied by a band of tiles representing a park filled with men fishing, and a river with fish in it; and above this is Mr. Walter Crane's frieze, executed on a gold ground, which runs round the hall. Over the entrance is another inscription from the Koran, also done in white on a blue ground: "Name of God be merciful. Merciful God created man, and gave him

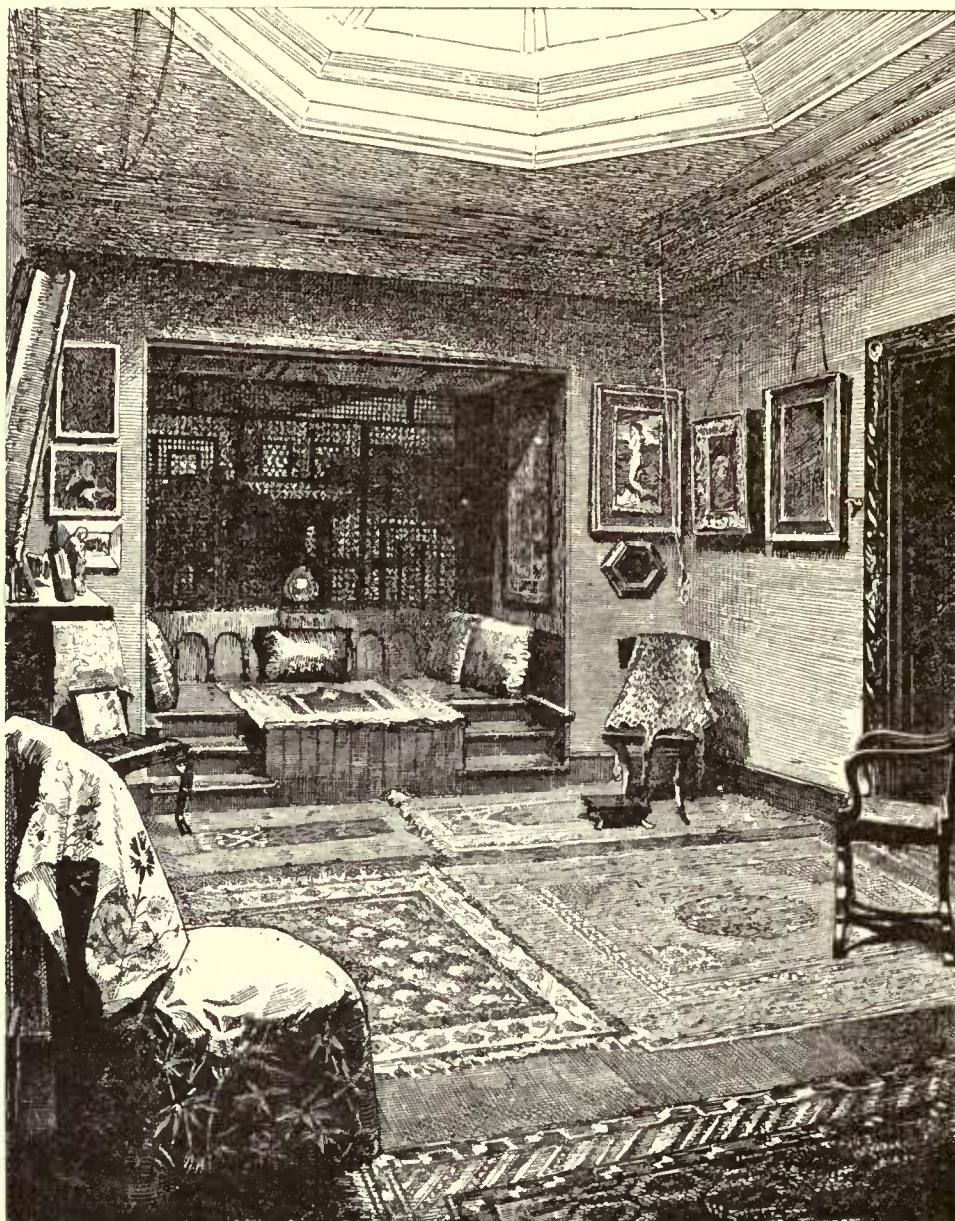


speech, and taught him the Koran. Sun and moon and stars worship Him, and trees testify to Him."

There is about the whole hall the peculiar sense of repose and stateliness, of colour and solemnity, characteristic of the true East—or characteristic of it before Western nations threw their pebbles into the lake, and caused a series of ever-widening circles and disturbances. In those Oriental lands things have a knack of arranging themselves, and harmonizing without any external effort; or at any rate, without any

discern three or four considerable dangers and temptations to which artists are apt to succumb. There is the obvious vulgar peril of painting nothing but anecdote, or illustrations of familiar passages in history, fiction, or the Bible; with such things, often clever and ingenious, our gallery walls are covered. Ophelias, Mary Stuarts, Marie Antoinettes, Jaels, Ruths, Rebeccas, can be had in any number. Domestic modern anecdote, picnics, water parties, 'the new baby,' 'the old velocipede,' 'the first pair of boots,' 'the last day at school,' are equally frequent.

As a reaction against this extreme of commonplace, there is the persistent research of the eccentric. Our English prudery, as Max O'Rell might say, prevents us from seeking to avoid the commonplace by attaining the bloodthirsty and ferocious, the unnatural and obscene. We find a safer way in violent and impossible skies, sunsets, and figures of women which have all run to a vegetable growth of long red hair, and an improbable development of jaw-bone. In addition to these mischiefs is the evil of scamped and hasty and mindless reproduction of past successes. A man paints a girl knitting stockings. The public approve, and for the rest of his life he is a manufacturer of studies of stocking-knitters. The merit of the President and of other artists of his standing is that they do not yield to the exigencies of political economy in Art. They are always searching, always advancing, always approaching the fortress of Art from every side and by every legitimate means; always, above all, such artists are unsparing of their labour. The journeyman in Art, like the journeyman in letters, is too much with us. He has entered the camp of the world, and must sell his labour, at cheapest cost to himself, in the highest market. To counterbalance his influence, Nature provides a



No. 4c.—*The Antechamber.*

such effort being apparent to the observer. This quality, one of the most valuable things man can possess, strikes one on looking at the Arab hall. It has not been invented all at once, and planned in black and white on paper. It has grown bit and bit, as one thing after another was collected, therefore there lies about it an atmosphere of rest that can never belong to the hasty creation of a day.

A disinterested observer of modern English Art cannot but

constant series of young men, new generations not yet tamed by marriage and the world on one side; and, on the other, such steady followers of Art for her own sake as Mr. Watts, Mr. Burne Jones, and the President. Their work has a kind of moral value, rising from its individuality and distinction, apart from its qualities and defects as painting or sculpture. Fortunately, the President is far from being alone, at this time, in labour and love of the beautiful for its own sake.



SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., R.A.

HIS LIFE AND WORK













THE BEEFEATER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR J.E. MILLAIS, R.A. - THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE H.H. HODGKINSON, ESQ



THE ART ANNUAL

SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, BART.

ROYAL ACADEMICIAN

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Youth.

## SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

### PART I.—HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.



IN our living school of English painters Sir John Everett Millais enjoys by far the widest fame. For thirty-five years the public has concerned itself with his work, and for more than a quarter of a century, from the year of the 'Black Brunswicker' downwards, no contributions to the Academy have excited so much interest as his. Beginning as a *préraphaélite enragé*, he promises to end a

freedom from the trammels of immediate tradition. In 1867, the first year of the Champ-de-Mars, when he was represented, among other things, by 'The Enemy sowing Tares' and 'The Romans leaving Britain,' it was "recognised that the whilom pre-Raphaelite, the painter so curiously enamoured of the smallest realities in nature as to seem an absolute devotee to detail, had liberated his hand from its slavery, and had done so without any real neglect of the expressive value of minute phenomena." Ten years more passed and he was, in the opinion of the same writer, "a great and unflinching master—a bold, masculine painter in those words' best sense." And during the seven years which have elapsed since the world was last invited to Paris, his mastery has increased and has given us a series of portraits and subject pictures which will at least hold their own with anything that went before. The progress made good may be described as one essentially from an original and arbitrary outlook upon Art to one in which the accumulated experience and the best opinion of men are allowed their just place. The boy Millais was sincere in 1849, the man is no less sincere now; but in the meanwhile he has grown into acceptance of those canons as to the unity of Art, and as to a painter's duty to select, to simplify, and to weld, from which our more logical neighbours have never swerved.

true successor of Gainsborough and Reynolds; and through the whole of his transmutations, or rather of his development—for after all the progress from the 'Isabella' of 1849 to the 'Lady Betty Primrose' of 1885 is but the growth of four centuries writ small on a single brow—he has at once preserved his own rather militant sincerity, and carried his public with him. As to his relations with a foreign public, they have consisted in a steady advance. In 1855, at the first Paris Exhibition, to which he sent 'The Order of Release,' 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark,' and 'Ophelia,' he won general admiration by the strength of the personality he betrayed, and by his

From all this the readers of these lines may guess, perhaps, the idea which is to underlie the following pages. I do not propose to weight them with a too serious discussion of the nature of the Fine Arts, but I do not wish the moral, if I may call it so, of our great painter's career to be lost. I hope to so narrate the facts of his life and activity, and so to describe his works, as to show that the great value of Art lies in its record, and that the most gifted painter, if he determines to quit the beaten road and hark back to the beginnings of things, will inevitably be led, through by-paths that are often stony, to the great and easy track prepared by ages of experience.



JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS was born at Southampton on June 8th, 1829. His father was a Jersey man, and an officer in the island militia, and in 1835, when his son was six years of age, he carried his family to Dinan, in Brittany, where the boy gave the first taste of his quality by sketching the French officers stationed in the neighbourhood. These sketches were so surprising in a lad of his years that the officers in question would not believe in their origin without ocular proof, a want of faith which cost them a dinner. In 1837 the Millais returned to Jersey, and in 1838 they went to London, mainly for the purpose of seeing what was to be done about their son's future.

In 1838 Sir Martin Archer Shee sat in the President's chair at the Academy. More, perhaps, than any other of the seven men who have risen to that position did he understand what a risky thing it is to throw in one's lot with Art. Born seventy years before, he had struggled up from penury to the official chiefship of English Art—and even that success had not brought him wealth. So far from rich, indeed, was he that a few years later than the time of which I am speaking he had to accept a "grant in aid" from the Academy and a pension from the Queen. Of course Sir Martin was not a great painter. He was a "man of many talents, of good breeding and gentlemanly manners, of business habits, an orator able to express himself well on all occasions," and it was for qualifications like those that he had been elected P.R.A. on the death of Lawrence. But it cannot be supposed that he was himself fully alive to the deficiencies in his art. Like other men, he no doubt ascribed some part at least of his want of success to the blindness of the public. He was not a fine artist, he was not even a man of peculiar and versatile talent, like Lawrence, but his portrait of the actor, Lewis, which now hangs in the National Gallery, proves that he was at least a respectable mediocrity. And yet with all the prestige of his post Art had not been with him a fruitful spring, so that when the Millais, *père et mère*, took him their infant prodigy, he could

he inflamed them. When the drawings of the nine-year-old artist were spread out before him, he at once saw that they

were out of the common way, and turned to the father and mother with words of warm approval. "The parents," he said, "of a child so gifted should do all in their power to help the cultivation of his faculties, and to speed him on the

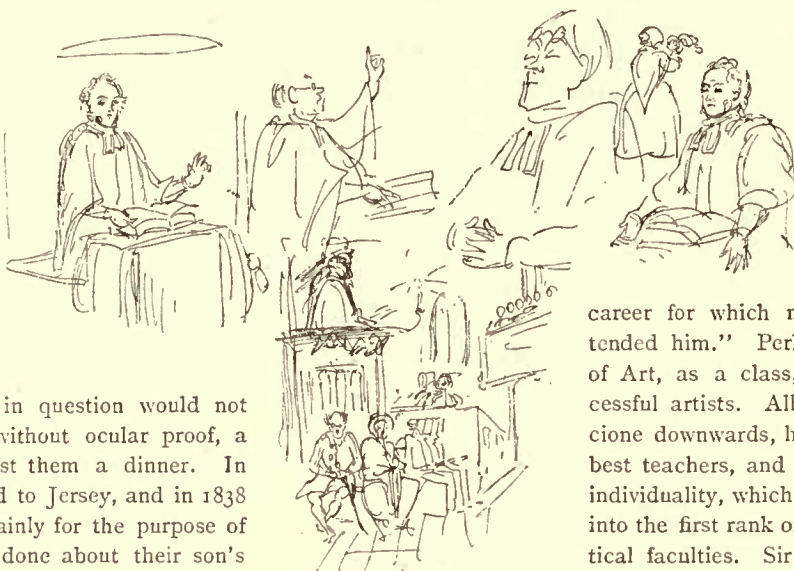
career for which nature has evidently intended him." Perhaps the very best judges of Art, as a class, are the moderately successful artists. All experience, from Squarcione downwards, has shown them to be the best teachers, and the very want of a strong individuality, which prevents them from rising into the first rank of creators, helps their critical faculties. Sir Martin Shee was no exception to the rule. His judgment was sound and his P.R.A.-ship made appeal from it

unlikely. So the career of young Millais was fixed, and the next thing to be done was to choose his first master.

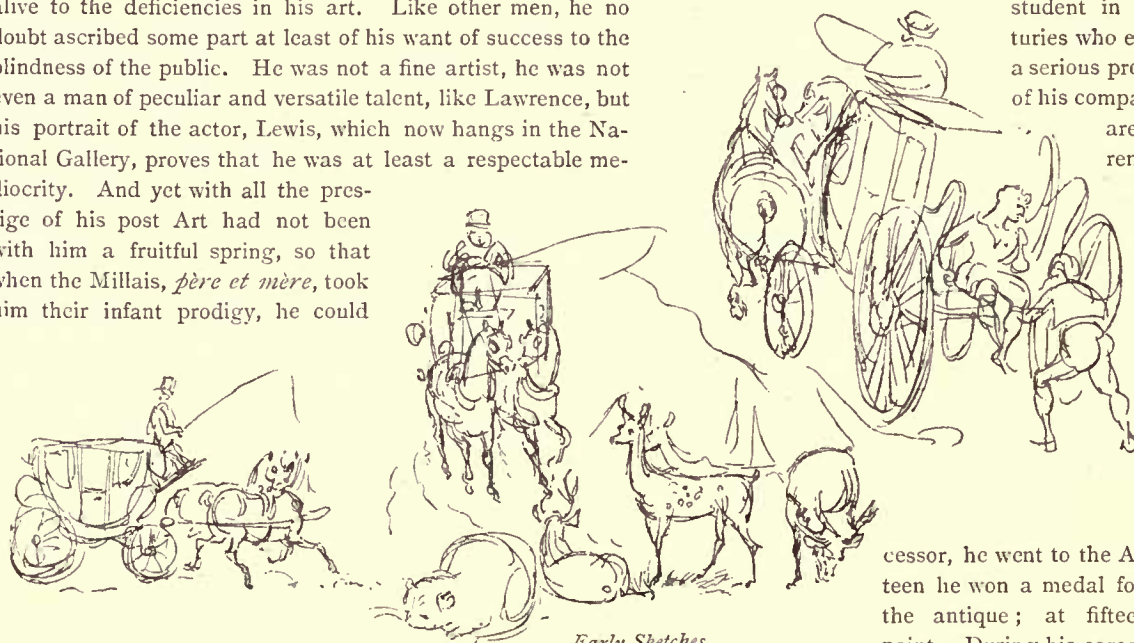
Between 1820 and 1840 the best preparatory school for the Academy was kept by Henry Sass, a portrait painter, born in 1788, who had been unable to catch the fancy of patrons or the eye of the public. A fair idea of his mental limits may be gathered from the fact that at one time of his life he began a series of seven pictures on 'The Seven Ages of Woman' (!) But Sass was a Squarcione in a small way. His pictures have disappeared—even the South Kensington catalogues know them not—but he was the first serious master of many boys who have won fame as men.

Millais was sent to Sass's academy in the winter of 1838-9. He was then in his tenth year, and perhaps the youngest student in our modern centuries who ever began Art as a serious profession. Several of his companions under Sass

are still living, and remember him as quite a little boy, with a holland blouse and a belt, and a falling collar. At eleven, younger than either predecessor or suc-



Early Sketches.



Early Sketches.

hardly have been greatly blamed had he met them with blank discouragement, no matter how good the boy's work might have been. But far from cooling down their hopes,

they had to bestow; and in 1846 he contributed to the annual exhibition a canvas which was placed by a French critic on a level with the best historical work of the year. This, you may



say, was no very high praise, but for a lad of seventeen to pass muster at all with a picture in which there was much violent action argues a very early maturity, to say the least.

This picture of 'Pizarro' was exhibited some few years ago in the galleries at South Kensington, now occupied by the India Museum. It was lent by the late Mr. Hodgkinson, Sir John Millais' half-brother, to one of those annual shows which formed a sort of aftermath to the last great Exhibition. Those who saw it will remember it as a fair example of the kind of Art turned out by such men as Hilton, Briggs, and others, who are now more than half-forgotten. With it and a picture called 'Elgiva,' exhibited in 1847, we may take leave of Millais as a boy. In 1849 he blossomed out with the famous 'Isabella,' the picture signed with the sign of the P.R.B.'s, which, after several vicissitudes, has found a last home in the Walker Art Gallery, at Liverpool.

BEFORE going farther it may be well to give a sketch—a very rapid and partial sketch—of the pre-Raphaelite movement, for of all events in the modern Art-world few have been so widely talked about or so little understood.

It appears to be commonly thought that pre-Raphaelitism was a mere sudden disconnected revolt, under Dante Rossetti, against the accepted doctrines and practice of English painters. The truth is that it was but the Art branch, so to speak, of the wave of impatience with stereotyped fashions, which swept over the country in the early part of the present reign. In the Church, in literature, in every branch of Art, the idea sprang up that the merit of a work lay rather in the painfulness of its production than in its intrinsic success. Earnestness was the new watchword, and evidence of it was everywhere asked for. In churches, books, pictures, there were to be no spaces for repose; every religious dogma was to be symbolized; every tradition recorded. In written or painted narrative every detail of act or scene was to be minutely transcribed. To those inclined to such a creed the routine convention of English painting in the 'forties' was of course anathema, and as most of them were very young and had not yet arrived at a real understanding of Art as a vehicle for personal expression, they naturally turned to a time and school in which no deliberate conventions had established themselves, in which Nature was the only guide, and the one limit want of power. The seven

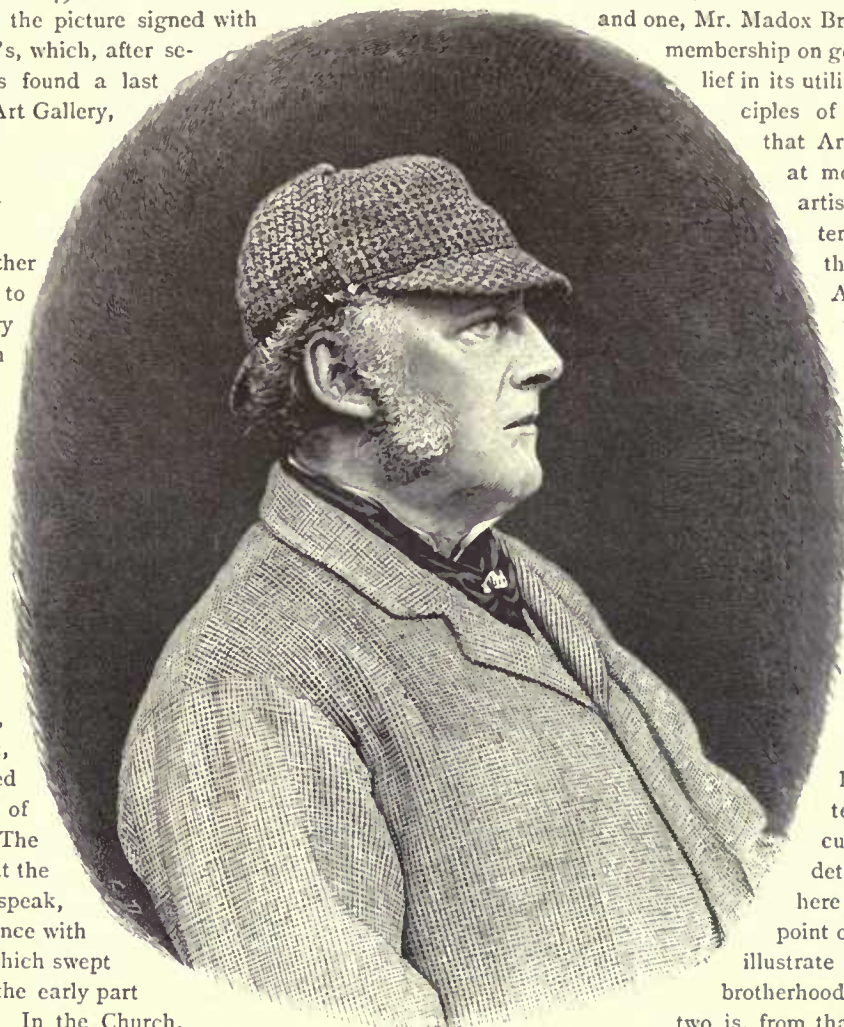
original members of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood were:—five painters, William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, James Collinson, Frederick George Stephens, and John Everett Millais; one sculptor, Thomas Woolner, and one writer, William Michael Rossetti. Several more have been spoken of at one time or another as among those who had a right to set P.R.B. to their names. Of these the most notable are Mr. Ford Madox Brown, Mr. William Bell Scott, Mr. Arthur Hughes, who was no more than seventeen in 1849, and the late Thomas Seddon, whose small picture of Jerusalem forms part of the English collection in the National Gallery. All these sympathised more or less with the objects

of the coterie, but none of them belonged to it, and one, Mr. Madox Brown, expressly declined membership on general grounds of disbelief in its utility. The two main principles of pre-Raphaelitism were that Art should distinctly aim at moral good, and that the artist should restrict his interference with Nature to the selection of his model.

A painter might choose the most likely types he could find for a Joseph or a Virgin, but having found them he might not modify their presence, he had to realise them as they stood. Of the pictures produced by Millais while under the thrall of such ideas as these, by far the most important are 'Isabella' and the work now so widely known as 'The Carpenter's Shop.' I shall discuss them both in greater detail farther on, so that here I must be content to point out how completely they illustrate the principles of the brotherhood, and how one of the two is, from that very fact, a quite impossible guess at the scene it is supposed to reproduce. This 'Christ in the House of His Parents' may, in truth

be considered the *reductio ad absurdum* of the central theory in the practice, if not in the profession, of the brotherhood.

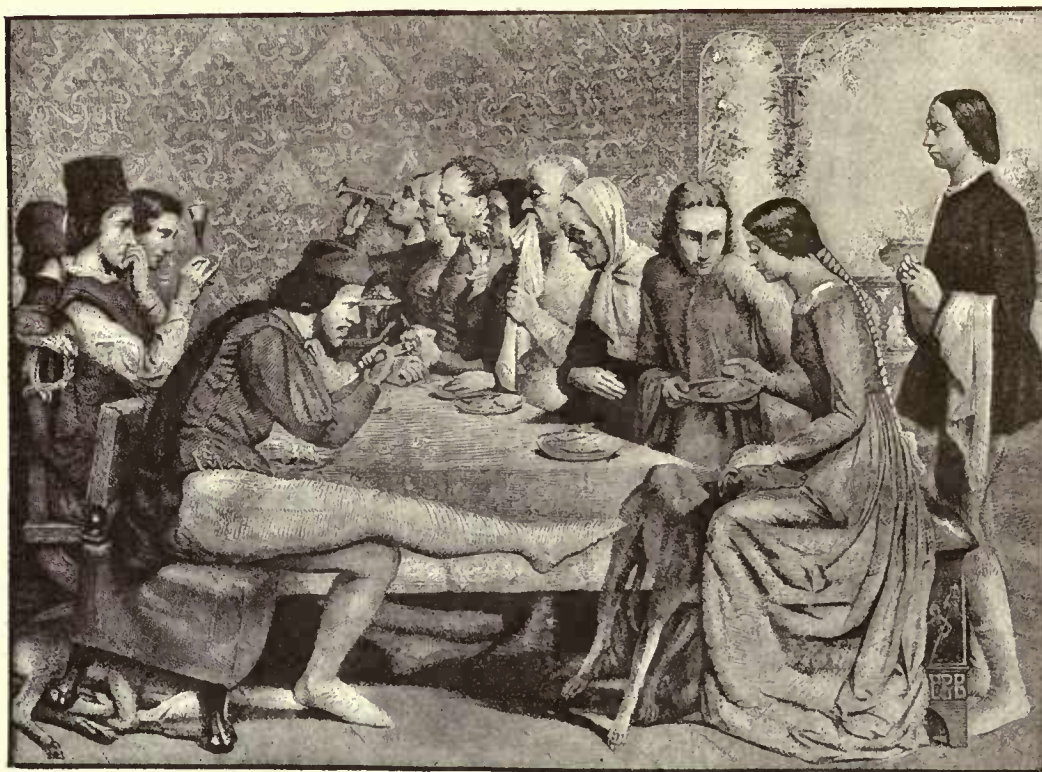
Of the seven P.R.B.'s no less than five had the pens of ready writers, so that from the first nothing could be surer than that an "organ" of some kind would be started. This, it was determined, should take the form of a magazine, in which papers in prose and verse could be published with illustrations. "So one evening in the early autumn of 1849, a small company being assembled in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's studio, in Newman Street, various plans and names were discussed; at last, a title suggested by Mr. William Cave Thomas was accepted, this title being 'THE GERM'—one considered especially applicable to the subject.



Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., from a Photograph lent by the painter.  
Engraved by Carl Dietrich.



By this name the magazine was therefore first known,"\* although two of its four issues were sent into the world labelled *Art and Poetry*, a clumsy substitution carried out by the advice of the printer, Mr. J. L. Tupper, who was also an *ami de famille*. Millais seems to have taken less part in the production of the magazine than any other of the seven, so that I can scarcely dwell upon it here at any length. Its general spirit, however, is quite in harmony with the inspiration of such pictures as 'Isabella,' 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' and such later works as 'The Woodman's Daughter' and 'Autumn Leaves,' and a glance through its scanty pages is the very best way to arrive at a right understanding of the mental condition of the band of gifted young men who were to win such a curious place in the development of British Art. The four numbers have now become exceedingly scarce, and are worth, so far as money goes, nearly their weight in gold.



*Isabella* (1849).

From one point of view the pre-Raphaelite movement has never, I think, won the attention it deserves. It was not only original in idea and bold in execution, it was practically the very thing wanted by English painting at the time. Its initiators thought it was something more. They not only believed it to be a cure for the evils that were leading our artists down into hopeless bathos, they imagined it to be intrinsically good, and to offer objective aims which would always be worth the strife of the best minds. This notion came of an imperfect conception of what Art is, and was abandoned by the whole coterie—with one doubtful exception—as its members grew older. But the pre-Raphaelites may claim all the credit deserved by one who gives up apparent progress for the sake of a sure foundation. Had there been

a master mind to do the same thing for Italy about the year 1550 the history of Italian Art in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries might have been very different from what it is.

The ruling spirit of the movement was Dante Rossetti, and indeed, if we may judge from after-proceedings, he, and perhaps Mr. Holman Hunt, were the only members of the brotherhood in real and permanent sympathy with its notions as expressed in *The Germ*. It may fairly be inferred from his later work that what attracted Millais, even though he may not at the time have been conscious of it, was the devotion to Nature, the continual deference to all get-at-able fact, which it preached, and scarcely at all its didactic pretensions. The movement took him up, as it were, when he was about to slip into the conventional prettinesses of Early Victorian Art, and forced him to test his work—such work as the 'Pizarro' of 1846 or the 'Widow's Mite' of 1847\*—by the actualities of

the world about him and by the cast-iron logic which seems so respectable to the very young. All those who remember the three Rossettis which hung on the left as one passed into Room V., at Burlington House, in the winter of '83—'The Childhood of Mary Virgin,' 'Found,' and 'The Annunciation'—will agree that, in principle, they did not differ from the works produced by Millais between 1849 and 1852, the latter the year of the 'Huguenot,' the first picture in which the elaborate and somewhat artificial balance of his middle period can be traced.

From all this it will be seen that the story

of Sir John Millais' youth is one of diverted development—of a development diverted for good; that he commenced his life's journey on the track beaten by the generation before him, and that, happily for himself, he was lifted from it and set upon new lines by a more original and wilful though a less balanced mind than his own. In discussing his work as a whole, we may, then, treat his productions before 1849 as accidents. They were not part of the strong, healthy, and not too rapid growth which gave us the painter whom we honour to-day. That growth has its root in the pre-Raphaelite revolt, and the glory of its fruition was, from almost the first, as sure a consequence of the seed sown as the flaming blooms of a cactus are of the insignificant germ which falls on a tropical housetop.

\* "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by W. Sharp

\* This picture was exhibited at the famous show in Westminster Hall.



## SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. PART II.—HIS WORK.

## PICTURES.

KEATS' paraphrase of Boccaccio's story of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" gave Millais a subject exactly to his mind when he joined the P.R.B. There was in it opportunity for Italian costumes of a good time, for primitive manners and sentiment, for show of feeling, and for plenty of portraits.

It was from two lines in the first stanza that the painter got his main idea. This was to set the company at a meal; the brothers of Isabella, Isabella herself and the household; and to paint the moment when the young lovers allowed the "money-bags" to surprise their feelings. Nothing could be greater than the contrast between the treatment as a whole and that of such a thing as the 'Pizarro.' In 'Isabella' the composition is a clever affectation of *naïveté*. The table stands almost at right angles to the plane of the picture, and the figures about it sit just as they might have sat. In the foreground, to our right, Lorenzo leans lovingly to Isabella, against whose knees a greyhound shrinks from a vicious kick aimed at him by her brother. Most of the heads are portraits. Mrs. Hodgkinson, the wife of Millais' half-brother, sat for the Isabella, Mr. Dante Rossetti for the greedy drinker on the right, and Mr. William Bell Scott for the middle-aged man with the napkin. The sense is enforced by some of those sub-incidents which no picture with a moral can do without. One brother, the dog-kicker, crushes a nut in a pair of grotesque nut-crackers; the second "money-bag" watches Lorenzo with a cruel eye over the edge of the glass he is about to drain, while a hawk behind the pair plays with the feather of some bird it has killed. Here are the lines of Keats:—

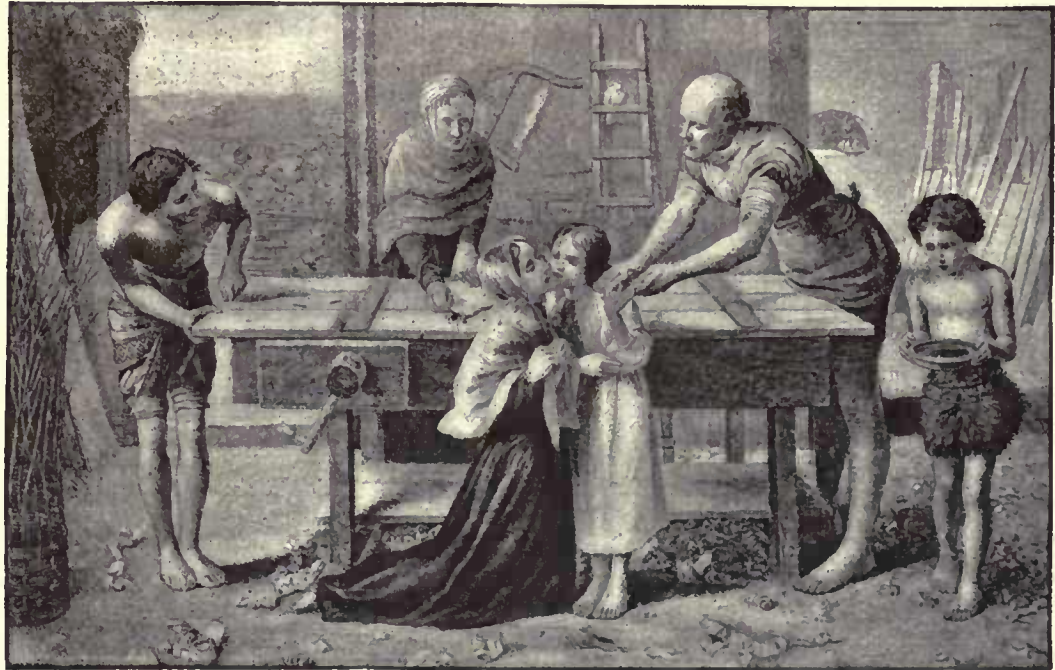
"Fair Isabel, poor simple Isabel!  
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!  
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell  
Without some stir of heart, some malady;  
*They could not sit at meals but feel how well  
It soothed each to be the other by;*  
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep  
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

"With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,  
Enriched from ancestral merchandize,  
And for them many a weary hand did swelt  
In torched mines and noisy factories,  
And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt  
In blood from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes  
Many all day in dazzling river stood,  
To take the rich-or'd driftings of the flood.

"Why were they proud? Because their marble founts  
Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?  
Why were they proud? Because fair orange mounts  
Were of more soft ascent than lazur stairs?  
Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts  
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?  
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,  
Why in the name of glory were they proud?

"How was it these same ledger men could spy  
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?  
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye  
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest  
Into their visions covetous and sly!  
How could these money-bags see east and west?  
Yet so they did, and every dealer fair  
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare."

As a pictorial conception 'Isabella' lacks the unity that experience enables Art to give to its creations. In design it is not a little incoherent and accidental. The painter has in this respect concealed Art by getting rid of it. His



*Christ in the House of His Parents (1850).*

figures are deliberately made to depend on reality for their force. The "personal equation" is left out. An endeavour has been made to imagine what might in fact have occurred, and to accept its rendering as all that the subject required to be a work of Art. Hence we are driven to its parts, and to the finesse of its brushwork, for something in the picture to admire without reserve. I question whether anything more lovely in its way, or more straightforward, has ever been done than the figure, and especially the head, of Isabella. In fusion of colour it is worthy of Van Eyck, in purity of line of Perugino, while its sweetness makes it more strictly fit for the name of pre-Raphaelite than aught else the brotherhood produced. Dramatically, the weak point of the picture as a whole is the head of Lorenzo; pictorially, the disconnected *raideur* of the arabesque.

The year after 'Isabella,' Millais exhibited a portrait of





Captain Lempriere.

read this page. The subject of the 'Ferdinand' is the first entry of the Prince of Naples on to the scene of Prospero's Island:—

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following him.*

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands;  
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,

*Fer.* Where should this music be? 't' the air, or the earth?  
It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' th' island.

This music crept by me upon the waters;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 't is gone.  
No, it begins again.

*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

[*Tempest*, Act I., Scene 2.]

Ferdinand comes towards us, half on tip-toe, his hands to his ears to catch the leading music. Ariel is a green and transparent gnome, with a grass-green garment befringed with queer elf-faces. It is not in the least the Ariel we know; neither, for that matter, is the Ferdinand; for him a brother pre-Raphaelite, Mr. F. G. Stephens, lent his face, which was not entirely Neapolitan.

In some ways this is the least satisfactory of Millais' early works. In colour it is crude and harsh, apparently through a determination to introduce the rank green of wild vegetation at all risks. It cost infinite pains to produce. Every part is minutely finished, and finished again. In the days of its production the sum, a hundred pounds, for which it was painted—for it was a commission—was of no slight importance to its author; so it may be believed that his disappointment was great when the work failed to please and was thrown, most unfairly, on his hands. But there was comfort behind. While the painter was still smarting under the blow to his self-love and the loss of his money, Mr. Richard Ellison—the real founder of the water-colour collection at South Kensington—was brought to his studio by a mutual friend. He saw the 'Ferdinand,' liked it, and asked for a sheet of paper "to write a

note," which he left behind. The "note" was a cheque for £150.

In 1849 Millais painted the picture which was sent to the Academy in 1850, with the following quotation as its only title:—

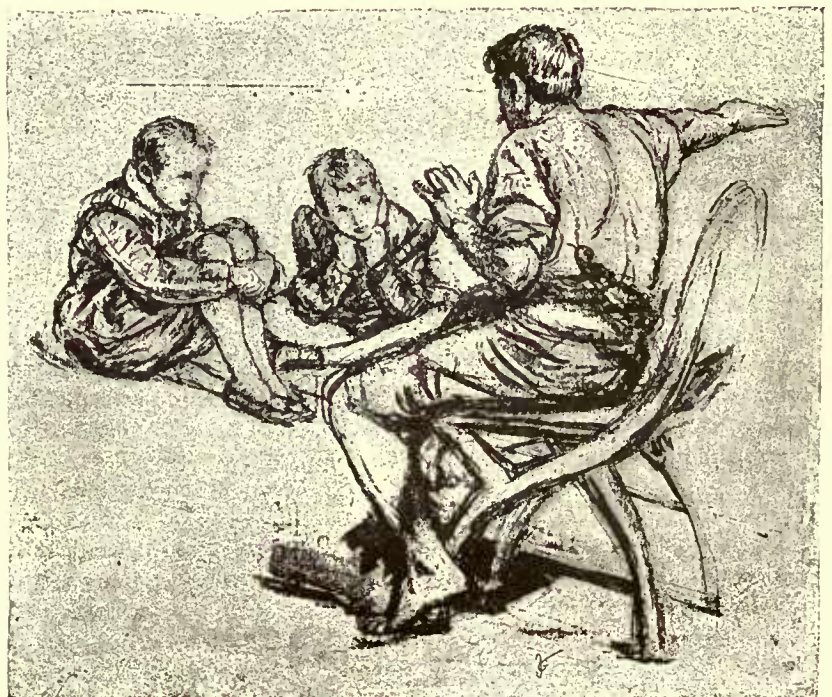
"And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."—Zechariah xiii. 6.

This picture has since been known as 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' and 'The Carpenter's Shop' (page 5). At the time of its exhibition it met with the most unmeasured abuse, the most unreasonable abuse it seems now, from almost every critic on the press. "Mr. Millais' principal picture," says the *Times*, "is, to speak plainly, revolting. The attempt to associate the Holy Family with the meanest details of a carpenter's shop, with no conceivable omission of misery, of dirt, and even disease, all finished with the same loathsome minuteness, is disgusting; and with a surprising power of imitation this picture serves to show how far mere imitation may fall short, by dryness and conceit, of all dignity and truth. The picture of Ariel and Ferdinand by the same artist is less offensive in point of subject and feeling, but scarcely less pardonable in style. We do not want to see Ariel and the Spirits of the Enchanted Isle in the attitudes and shapes of green goblins, or the gallant Ferdinand twisted like a posture-master by Albert Dürer."

From this extract it may be seen what criticism was a generation ago. Not the faintest attempt is made to divine the artist's standpoint, and to look at the theme from his side. The writer does not accept the pre-Raphaelite idea even provisionally and as a means of testing the efficiency of the work



Miss Lempriere.

Sketch for the *Boyhood of Raleigh* (1870).

it leads to. He merely lays down its creations upon his own Procrustean bed, and condemns them *en bloc* because they



cannot be made to fit. And this article in the *Times* is a fair example of the general welcome the picture met with. Its obvious intrinsic shortcoming, which I take to be the combination on a single canvas of the externals of Syrian life with models clearly picked within the sound of Bow bells, is never referred to. It is condemned entirely for its neglect of those asserted principles against which it was a deliberate protest. Such criticism is mere scolding. When an artist of ability denies and contemns your canons, to call him names is to confess their futility.

The scene in which the incident passes is a wooden carpenter's shop with many openings, through which the sheep browsing under the Syrian sun on the scanty Syrian herbage can be descried. A bench stands squarely in the centre of the canvas. The half-naked carpenters ply their trade with tools that differ little from those of to-day. Joseph is at one end of the bench, an apprentice at the other. Beyond it the aged St. Anne leans across to draw a nail with which Christ has wounded his hand. His mother hangs over him yearningly, and Joseph too expresses gentle concern. John brings water in a wooden bowl. The only hint of Judæa in the whole six figures is in the apprentice, who seems to have been painted from a Semitic model. The other five are Londoners. This is a mistake in Art, for it puts an inconsistency on the surface of the story which destroys all possibility of illusion. A copy of the picture, made by Miss Solomon and touched upon by Millais himself, has hung for some time in the Bethnal Green Museum. The original, too, was worked upon by Millais, and its colour modified, some few years ago.

In 1851 Millais sent three pictures to the Academy: 'Mariana,' catalogued under the quotation:

"She only said, 'My life is dreary,  
'He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am weary, weary,  
I would that I were dead.'"

'The Return of the Dove to the Ark,' and 'The Woodman's Daughter.' 'Mariana' was not liked, so far as I can discover, by a single critic who has left his record. But the strangeness of the second picture seems to have daunted the critics. They were reticent about it, as one is reticent about a book he thinks too deep for his plummet. But the French writers had more temerity, and the appearance of this 'Return of the Dove' at the Exhibition of 1855 raised a little storm which gave an European notoriety to its author that he has never lost. The

picture was bought by the late Mr. Combe, of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, whose portrait Millais painted about this time. In his will Mr. Combe left 'The Return of the Dove' to the University gallery, with the proviso that it should remain in his wife's possession until her death. Mrs. Combe has reached a patriarchal age and is still living.

The third picture of 1851, 'The Woodman's Daughter,' is one of the more immediate results of the brotherhood. It



*The Huguenot (1852). Engraved by R. S. Lueders.  
(By permission of Messrs. B. Brooks and Son.)*

was painted in illustration of the following verses from Mr. Coventry Patmore's story of the love of a high-born boy for the unattractive daughter of a woodman on his father's estate. (Though never of it, the poet was a sympathizer with the P.R.B.)

"She went merely to think she helped;  
And, whilst he hacked and sawed,



The rich squire's son, a young hoy then,  
For whole days, as if awed,  
Stood by, and gazed alternately  
At Gerald and at Maude.

"He sometimes, in a sullen tone,  
Would offer fruit, and she  
Always received his gift with an air  
So unreserved and free,  
That half-feigned distance soon became  
Familiarity."

The full bloom of poesy is scarcely on the verse, and it is certainly not on the picture. But the latter contains some of the very finest rendering of fact ever achieved by its painter. The stems of the trees, the undergrowth, the strawberries in the boy's hand are given with unsurpassable reality. In Mr. Andrew Lang's notes to the exhibition held in Bond Street in 1881, he tells us that the late Mr. Hodgkinson (whose death took place just before I began collecting materials for this sketch) remembered well the purchase of the strawberries the boy is offering to his little friend. They were bought in Covent Garden thirty-five years ago, in March, when strawberries were rare. "This little trait," he goes on, "is very characteristic of the young men who represented Art as never having joyed since Raphael decorated the Vatican for Julius II. Some dabs of red would have been good enough to stand for strawberries in the eyes of the painters of 1850. But Mr. Millais painted the real article with extreme and loving care; and afterwards the strawberries were eaten in a devout and thankful spirit!" Within recent years Mr. Millais has taken up this picture again and repainted one of the heads. The result is, at present, not all that could be wished, but time may do much to weld the new work with the old. Under the terms of Mr. Hodgkinson's will its final resting place is to be the South Kensington Museum.



*Forbidden Fruit (1876).*

his most famous subject pictures, 'The Huguenot' (page 7) and 'Ophelia.'

Few pictures of the English school are more famous or more familiar than 'The Huguenot.' It was painted for a dealer, Mr. David Thomas White, and the price agreed upon was £150. To this a further £50 was afterwards added by the buyer, as the picture brought him a handsome profit. For these sums, however, Millais had to wait many weary months, and meanwhile he had to listen to a chorus of fault-finding from the press which seems strangely perverse to a modern reader. Even nowadays Art criticism in this country amounts too often to nothing more than the assertion

of personal likes and dislikes, but in 1852 it scarcely ever rose to anything higher. The critic of that time refused to stand at the painter's point of view; he declined to accept his conventions and his aim, and through them to determine how far he had succeeded in his self-imposed task. He claimed the right at every turn to tell the artist what to paint and how to paint it, and in all this he had the support of one who had suddenly risen to a pitch of influence undreamt of by any previous writer on Art. Mr. Ruskin, and with him the crowd which had been fascinated by an eloquence which had never before been reached in English prose, had taken up an objective theory of Art, and with it the notion that all Art should be didactic, that its deliberate

and immediate aim should be to become a sort of handmaid to religion—almost to dogmatic religion. In all probability, if Mr. Ruskin had waited till his ideas had become more mature before committing himself, he would have seen that Art as a whole has far more unity than he guessed when he wrote "Modern Painters;" he might have recognised not only that the greatest picture or the greatest poem ever made has a certain something in common with the curves of an architectural moulding or with the shapes of a chair-leg; he might also have come to acknowledge that it is in that very "certain something" that Art lies; that Art is, in fact, nothing more and nothing less than personal expression through the forms and colours of things and their combination

IN 1852 Mr. Millais exhibited a portrait of Mr. Coventry Patmore's first wife, the lady who has a second chance of immortality in 'The Angel in the House;' and two of



one with another, and that the greatest artist is he that so expresses the finest personality with the fullest skill.

That being so the word "ought" should scarcely have a place in the vocabulary of the Art critic. At most it should be applied to those grammatical mistakes, the signaling of which is his most useful function. His conclusions should be arrived at entirely by weighing results. Where would the

fame of nearly all the greatest pictures in the world be to-day if they were judged by such canons as those we apply to contemporary work—the 'Syndics,' or 'Dr. Tulp,' of Rembrandt; the 'Entombment,' or the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' of Titian; the 'Bebedores,' of Velasquez; the 'Paradise,' of Tintoret; the 'Raising of the Cross,' of Rubens? The defects of to-day are to-morrow seen to be personal marks



*Effie Deans* (1877). Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.  
(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.)

of the master, and vital parts of the language with which he enforces his thought. All Art works to harmony through contrast, and many things which to the ignorant critic seem faults to be cured, are shadows to reinforce a neighbouring light.

To go back to 'The Huguenot.' The chorus of abuse that was raised against it fastened upon such things as the minute finishing of the wall at the back, the hiding of the man's right leg, the possibility or otherwise of his getting his right hand far enough round his lady's neck to reach the white



scarf she tries to bind about his left arm.\* One or two writers abused the model for the man, one or two more said the lady

would conquer by its truth, by truth to its author's thought, to nature and Shakespeare.



*The Marquis of Lorne (1884).*

was plain; not one of them all, except Punch (alias Tom Taylor) had the slightest glimmering of the place the picture was to win for itself in the hearts, I may say, of the people. It is now the property for life of Mrs. Miller, of Preston, who is precluded by her late husband's will from allowing it to leave the walls on which it hangs; on her death it goes into the picture gallery of the town. Before passing on, I may mention that Millais' model for the Huguenot's anxious love was a Miss Ryan, long since dead; for the "Huguenot" himself, Mr., now General, Arthur Lempriere.

The Jersey family of the Lemprieres were among the most intimate friends of Sir John Millais' youth, and it was to amuse some of its youngest members that the sketches facsimiled on page 2 were made. As I write I have before me a sheet of creamy paper, stained a little with age, on which he has drawn the whole family, and it was a large one, busied over some such function as the cutting of a twelfth-cake. The sheet has a date, 1844, and the drawing is carried out with a combination of freedom in the subordinate parts and care in the heads—the head of Captain Lempriere, the "Huguenot's" father (page 6) is one of them—which is very rare indeed in the work of a lad.

The third picture of 1852 was 'Ophelia.' Like the 'Pizarro,' this was exhibited some twelve or thirteen years ago at South Kensington, where some of my readers must have seen it. If they did so their eyes may have been hurt, just at first, as mine were, by the want of tone in its colour, by the crude greens of the water-weeds, and the rather sharp transitions in the painting of the flesh. Thrust new into a gallery of old masters it would stare like a discordant spot, but in time it

"There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;  
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:  
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indu'd  
Into that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death."

*Hamlet, Act iv., Scene 7.*

The picture is wide and low. That shape fits into and helps the significance of the overhanging trees, in whose shadow Ophelia floats to her death. Her face with its half-open singing lips, and her hands with their "weedy trophies," alone rise above the water. Her smooth, ballooning draperies are just losing their last reserve of buoyancy; and presently, when she has cleared the sandy shallow which seems to lie so near the surface, she will sink and yield her life with scarcely a struggle.

In all the pictures I have so far described we find one of Millais' chief principles embodied, namely, to *leave the drama unfinished*. Neither in the 'Isabella,' 'The Huguenot,' nor, of course, the 'Ophelia,' is the real moment of tragedy touched upon. The actors are presented to us while still under the shadow of a great danger. By this their passion is dignified and the softness of it prevented from making the male lover ridiculous, as he, at least, is apt to be in melting moments. Look down the list of Sir John Millais' pictures of love, and you will see that in nearly every case this element of danger, or at least of uncertainty, is made use of. The 'Order of Release' is, perhaps, the nearest to an exception; but even there we are left a loophole for dread lest the paper the wife hands to the gaoler may not turn out quite so commanding as she thinks it. In 'The Huguenot,' 'The Black Brunswicker,' 'The Proscribed Royalist,' and the 'Escape of a Heretic,' the danger is very real and very close; in 'Effie Deans' and the 'Bride of Lammermoor' it is more remote and of a different nature, but upon it those pictures depend almost entirely for their moral effect; and the same may be said still more strongly of some later works, such as 'The Princes in the Tower.'

In 'Ophelia' and 'The Huguenot,' and, perhaps, in the 'Mariana,' another essential characteristic of Millais' Art, and of modern Art as a whole, is conspicuous—I mean the notion of woman as a thing to be loved. "It is only since Watteau and Gainsborough," says Millais himself, "that woman has won her right place in Art. The Dutch had no love for women. The Italians were as bad. The women's pictures by Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Velasquez, are magnificent as works of Art; but who would care to kiss such women? Watteau, Gainsborough, and Reynolds were needed to show us how to do justice to woman, and to reflect her sweetness." With some of this it is difficult to agree. To me it appears that woman as man's complement has never received finer justice than on one or two of Titian's canvases—the 'Bella,' for instance, of the Pitti, the 'Flora' of the Uffizi, or the 'Lady with the Mirror' in the Salon

\* One minute fault-finder fell foul of the picture because it contained a blooming nasturtium, the date of the St. Bartholomew being the 24th of August. It happens to be the 24th of August as I pen this note, and beneath the window at which I write a nasturtium bed is still in undiminished blaze!



Carré of the Louvre. But as a whole there can be no question as to its truth. The peculiar "divinity that doth hedge" a lovely woman, the blend of sweetness and distinction, has never been rendered by a *group* of painters until we reach our own national school.

IN 1853 Millais painted a picture in which both his dramatic power and his eye for the lovable in woman are superbly shown, and shown under some difficulties. This is the 'Order of Release,' now the property of Mr. James Renton. It was originally painted for Mr. Joseph Arden, who gave



*The Bride of Lammermoor* (1878.) Engraved by J. D. Cooper.  
(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.)

the commission for it through Thackeray. As a piece of realistic painting it may challenge comparison with anything else in the world. The scene takes place not outside a prison, as more than once has been absurdly supposed, but in a bare waiting-room, into which the young clansman has been ushered to his wife, while his gaoler takes the "order of

release," which will have to be verified by his superior before it can result in final liberty. "The stamp of actual truth is on it, and if ever such an event happened, if ever a Highlander's wife brought a pardon for her husband to a reluctant turnkey, things must have occurred thus. The work is saved by expression and colour from the realism of a photograph.



The woman's shrewd, triumphant air is wonderfully caught, though the face of the pardoned man is concealed, like that of Agamemnon in the Greek picture, but by a subtler artifice. The colour of the plaid and the gaoler's scarlet jacket reinforce each other, but do not obliterate the black and tan of the colley. The good dog seems actually alive. The child in the woman's arms is uncompromisingly 'Hieland.' The flesh painting, as of the child's bare legs, is wonderfully real; the man's legs are less tanned than usually are those of the wearers of the kilt. Perhaps he has grown pale in prison, as a clansman might do whose head seemed likely soon to be set on Carlisle wall. As a matter of truthful detail observe the keys in the gaoler's hand, the clear steel shining through a touch of rust. The subject and the sentiment, no less than the treatment, made this picture a complete success." Every word of this may be endorsed, but Mr. Lang has hardly, I think, laid sufficient stress on the mastery of expression shown in the painting of the woman's face. In it we can read the subtlest mingling of emotions ever achieved by the artist. There is not only shrewdness and triumph; there is love for the husband, contempt mixed with fear for the power symbolized by the turnkey's scarlet, pride in her own achievement, and the curious northern satisfaction at the safety of one's own property; a Jeanie Deans, in fact, with meekness ousted by a spice of pugnacity. Millais painted this head from the lady

who was, a year later, to become his wife. The 'Order of Release' had for sub-title '1746;' it was accompanied to the Academy by another subject of the same kind, dated nearly a hundred years before. This was the 'Proscribed Royalist, 1651,' in which a cavalier hiding in a hollow tree kisses the hand that daily brings him food. The whole picture lies, however, in the graceful trembling figure of the young wife or mistress, who admits the caress with terror, lest the trees about should have watching eyes. The 'Proscribed Royalist' is now the property of Mr. John Pender, M.P. With 'The Huguenot,' the 'Order of Release,' and a subject painted six years later, 'The Black Brunswicker,' it forms a sequence of four pictures, all about the same size and shape,

each of which is a page from a more or less unfinished story of love, and each a panegyric on woman.

Down to the date we have now reached all the pictures Millais sent to the Academy came from 83, Gower Street (where his studio had been ever since he began to paint), and his name had been unadorned. Before he next appeared in Trafalgar Square he had taken a wife, and had been elected "to the minor honours of the Academy." In 1854 he married Euphemia Chalmers, the eldest daughter of Mr. George Gray, of Bowerswell, Perthshire, by whom he became the father of the many children whose faces have been immortalised in his work.

From 1855 to 1857 Millais' studio was in Langham Chambers, and then, till 1862, we find his pictures sent to the exhibition from South Cottage, Kingston-on-Thames, which for a time was the home of his parents. In the latter year he removed to 7, Cromwell Place, South Kensington, where he was to stay until he came to the *palazzo* he now inhabits.



*A Souvenir of Velasquez (1868).  
From the picture in the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.  
(By permission of Messrs. Seeley & Co.)*

THE first pictures Millais exhibited after his marriage were 'The Rescue,' a 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' and a water-colour portrait of John Leech, which was afterwards stolen from his studio and never traced. The subject of 'The Rescue' is a fireman bringing two children down the staircase of a burning house, to place them in the arms of a distracted mother below. The

picture was much discussed on its appearance. Those who are always so ready to question the facts of an artist, who must, as a rule, have studied them far more closely than his questioners, found fault with the contrast of colour and tone; and yet they need not have gone far for proof that Millais was right; any kitchen fire, with its contrast of red coals and those which are just not red, would have shown them that. Mr. Ruskin welcomes 'The Rescue' enthusiastically in his notes on the chief exhibitions of the year. "It is the only *great* picture exhibited . . . but this is *very great*. The immortal element is in it to the full. It is easily understood, and the public very generally understand it. Various small cavils have been made at it, chiefly



by conventionalists, who never ask how the thing is, but fancy for themselves how it ought to be. I have heard it said, for instance, that the fireman's arm should not have looked so black in the red light," and then he goes on to explain how near black is always black when contrasted with other colours.

In 1856 Mr. Millais sent to the Academy a picture suggested by the lately concluded peace with Russia. An officer has come back wounded to his family, and, in invalid costume, sits out on his lawn with wife and children. The children play with toys, among which the Russian bear, the Gaulish cock, and the British lion are conspicuous. It is not a work that its author looks back upon with any great pleasure, and I have been unable to come at its present whereabouts. But Mr. Ruskin welcomes it enthusiastically in his "Notes" for 1856. "I thought some time ago that this painter was likely to be headed by others of the school, but Titian himself could hardly head him now. This picture is as brilliant in invention as consummate in executive power. Both this and 'Autumn Leaves' will rank in future among the world's best masterpieces, and I see no limit to what the painter may hope

in the future to achieve. I am not sure whether he may not be destined to surpass all that has been done in figure painting, as Turner did all past landscape." He adds a note to call our attention to the fine modelling of the bear and lion, as "a hint for bringing more of nature into our common work."

The 'Autumn Leaves' here alluded to was another child of this year. It was painted for a Mr. Eden, who, when he got it home, had his satisfaction in it so much shaken by his

friends and by its author's brothers of the brush, that he changed it away for something more surely in the common groove. Many years afterwards—fifteen or twenty years—he walked up to Mr. Millais at the Academy dinner, introduced himself, and confessed that he had come to a full knowledge of the crime he had committed when he parted with 'Autumn Leaves.' For it is one of the great things of its maker. In colour and in depth of expression nothing, so far as I know, in our modern Art can be put before it. It was exhibited at

The Fine Art Society's in 1881, when I wrote of it:—"It is a work of sentiment and effect. It tells no particular story, though it conveys strong emotion. Four girls—two of gentle blood and two children of the people—are heaping up withered leaves for the burning; behind them is a twilight sky, bathing everything in its gorgeous tints and absorbing what little there is left of day. In colour this is one of the finest of Mr. Millais' works—some might call it the finest of all—and its undefined intensity of sentiment is a complete reply to those who deny a poetic imagination to its author." For myself, I have nothing to add to this, but I may quote the opinion published by Mr. Ruskin:—" 'Autumn Leaves' is by much the



*New-laid Eggs (1873). Engraved by Carl Dietrich.  
(By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.)*

most poetical work the painter has yet conceived, and also, so far as I know, the first instance existing of a perfectly painted twilight. It is as easy as it is common to give obscurity to twilight, but to give the glow within its darkness is another matter; and though Giorgione might have come near the glow, he never gave the valley mist. Note also the subtle difference between the purple of the long near range of hills and the blue of the distant peak emerging



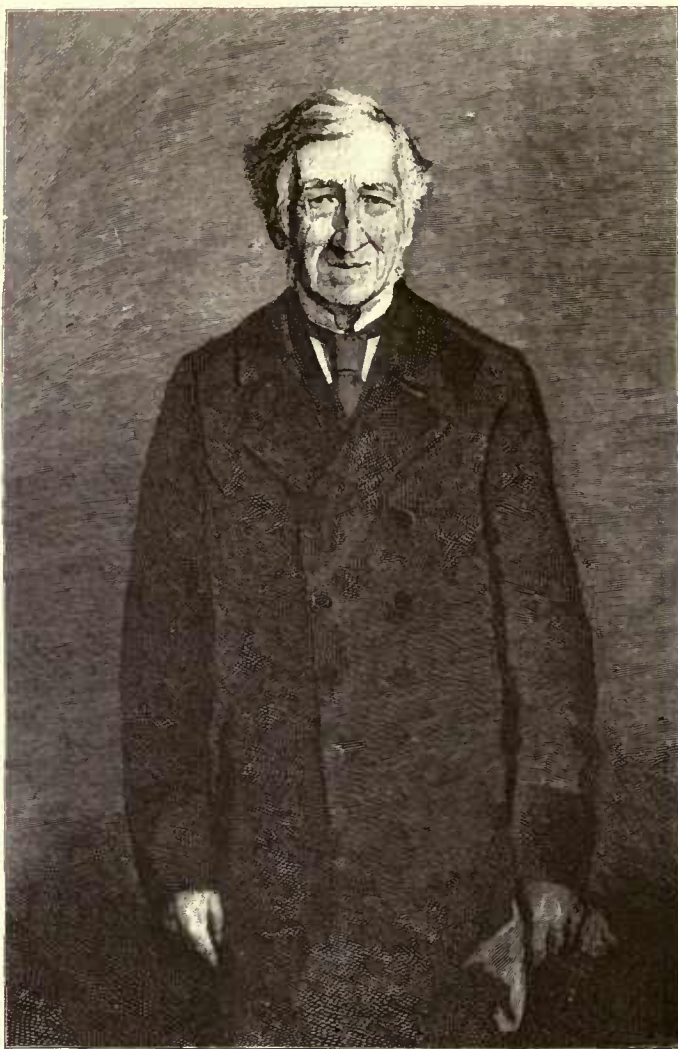
beyond." The spiritual note of the picture lies in the contrast between the carelessness of the young girls who are heaping the fire for the fun of it, and "the serious whisper of nature, which you can hear in the twilight, as Poe fancied he could hear the stealing of darkness over the horizon." Mr. Andrew Lang, whose words these are, records that, when 'Autumn Leaves' appeared, one "critic of extraordinary dulness and pomposity" said—"It might be interpreted by admirers of pre-Raphaelite Art as an essential sign of the divine afflatus." The pre-Raphaelism of which this critic complains is confined to the group of young girls, but is certainly not in other parts of the picture.

A third picture of the same year was the 'Enfant du Régiment,' now in the possession of Mrs. Miller, of Preston, the life-owner of the 'Huguenot.' A wounded child lies upon a tomb in a church interior, while soldiers fire from the windows. The subject is one of those rather scattered narratives in which complete success is so difficult. In that it is a contrast to yet another work exhibited in 1856. This is the 'Blind Girl;' two figures in a landscape with the long ridge of Winchelsea and a splendid double rainbow as background. The blind girl sits facing straight out of the picture; a child beside her turns to look at the bow. Millais was so delighted with Winchelsea that he was not content with putting it into a picture; he persuaded Thackeray, too, to spend a few days there, and so made the deserted port the background for a second work of Art, the unfinished 'Denis Duval.'

In 1857 Sir John Millais sent to the Academy 'News from Home,' 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' and 'The Escape of a Heretic.' The first is a not very important canvas—a Highlander in the Crimea reading letters from home. The second was much disputed while it hung in Trafalgar Square. Like so many of its author's creations, it has an alternative title, 'A Dream of the Past,' under which it appears in Mr. Ruskin's "Notes" for 1857. It is a splendid subject. An old knight is riding home in the June twilight, with the dust of his day's work on his golden armour. He has come to a ford, and found two children, whom he has taken up on his saddle to carry through the water. The landscape is lovely, and the painting of the figures gives, perhaps, the first hint of the breadth and balance which was to characterize

the work of fifteen years later. Sir John Millais himself looks back upon this picture with extreme affection, and is fond of recalling the abuse it met with when it first appeared. "I see with consternation," says Mr. Ruskin, "that it was not the Parnassian rock which Mr. Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian. The change in his manner from the year of 'Ophelia' and 'Mariana' to 1857 is not merely fall—it is catastrophe—not merely a loss of power but reversal of principle." Mr. Millais was beginning, in fact, to show that he was sure in time to become a convert from the "external fact theory" to that of subjective truth, and to exemplify the principle that the first truth for the artist is truth to his

own sensations. This, of course, was a disappointment to the writer whose gospel it was, and is, that a great picture is great nature upon canvas: "His excellence has been effaced," he said, "'as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.'" Condescending to particulars, he declared "the primal error in pictorial grammar" to be the "painting of figures in twilight as bright as yellow and vermillion could make them, while the towers and hills far above, and far more exposed to light, are yet dark and blue." Now, it is certain that in the early twilight things at even a short distance are far more affected in their colours than things close before us; and it may be that, even from his own point of view, Mr. Ruskin here fell into a mistake. Perhaps, too, he fell into another when he read deep meanings into the work of which its author was unconscious. 'Sir Isumbras' was bought after the exhibition by Mr. Charles



*Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart. (1881). Engraved by R. S. Lueders.*

Reade. He paid £300 for it, and soon after sold it for £700. A few years later it again changed hands at a still larger price, viz. £1,200. A third picture of 1857 was the 'Escape of a Heretic,' a Spanish lover, disguised as a monk and confessor, rescuing his mistress at the door of her cell, when she had already been robed in her fiery gaberdine for the *auto-da-fé*. In 1858 he sent no picture to the Academy; in 1859 he exhibited the 'Vale of Rest,' late the property of Mr. William Graham; and in 1860 the famous 'Black Brunswicker,' which is in a way a pendant to 'The Huguenot,' as a French critic has said, "Those two mute and almost motionless dramas," the one patriotic, the other religious. In both the lover is endowed with unloverlike dignity by



the danger in which he stands, and in both interest is insured by leaving the *dénouement* uncertain. I have been unable, either from Sir John Millais or any one else, to get at the present whereabouts of 'The Black Brunswicker.' The

girl in it was painted from Mrs. Perugini, then Mrs. Charles Collins, the second daughter of Charles Dickens.

Looking down the list of Sir John Millais' pictures, I think the change which led him at last to devote his genius to the



*Her Grace the Duchess of Westminster (1876). Engraved by Carl Dietrich.*

life of his own day, began about the year 1862. Up to that time the romantic prevailed in his choice and treatment of subject and the particular in its execution. From 1862 onwards, we find him taking far more pains to select, to

conceal his art, and to give his work *vraisemblance*. Romantic themes are still frequent, such as the 'Ransom,' the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' 'Joan of Arc,' 'The Romans leaving Britain,' and 'The Crown of Love.' But as the years pass



on they become fewer in number and more modern in their carrying out. In the whole of the painter's career there has been neither abrupt change nor moment of stagnation, so that it is not easy to divide it into what used to be called "manners." Every year has had a manner of its own, and the difference between the manner of to-day and that of 1860 is marked enough; but to put one's finger on a joint between one style and another will only be possible when time shall have sifted the painter's work, and picked out the things on which his fame will rest at the end.

SO far I have traced Sir John Millais' activity as a painter step by step. The early years of all men are the most important to those who would understand their lives. But now I must be content to skip—to jump from one notable success to another, and to leave the intermediate stones untouched.

In 1862, the Exhibition year, Millais painted 'The Parable of the Lost Piece of Money' for Baron Marochetti, a picture which is now only to be seen in reproductions, for not long after it went home it was destroyed by a gas explosion in Marochetti's house. In 1863 he exhibited 'My First Sermon,' the first of those now numerous canvases on which he has set himself to simply realise some familiar fact of our modern society. There is no picture-making of any shape or kind; the little maiden sits straightly on a straight bench, and looks up in awe and wondering at the preacher. She was Sir John Millais' eldest daughter, Effie, now Mrs. James. The 'Eve of St. Agnes' belongs to the same year. The picture and the lines of Keats are in such harmony that when I have quoted the first I shall have described the second:—

"Full on this casement shone the wint'ry moon,  
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon.

Her vespers done,  
Of all her wreathe'd pearls her hair she frees;  
Uncasps her warm'd jewels one by one;  
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees  
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;  
Half hidden like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees  
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind or all the charm is fled."

It is a poetic and artistic work, bold and broad in treatment, with a beauty in its white transparent shadows and a subtlety in the gradations quite enchanting.

In 1864 Mr. Millais was elected a Royal Academician. To the Exhibition he contributed 'My Second Sermon' and four other pictures, two of them portraits. In 1865 he sent seven things altogether, but two were etchings. Among the others were 'The Romans leaving Britain' and 'The Parable of the Tares;' these belong respectively to Sir Lowthian Bell and Mr. John Pender, M.P. In 1866 he was absent altogether. In 1867 he sent 'Sleeping,' painted from his daughter Caroline; 'Waking,' from his daughter Mary; and 'The Minuet,' one of his most delightful creations, for which Miss Effie again posed. A year later the same three little people were painted together, on the canvas now in the collection of Mr. C. P. Matthews. I am inclined to think that in this 'Sisters' Sir John Millais reached for the first time the highest level as

an executant he has ever touched. In conception it is delightful, and in the painting of it there is a richness of impasto, a depth of colour, and a breadth of brushing that have only come together in the very best of his works. The same year saw the production of the brilliant Diploma Picture, 'A Souvenir of Velasquez' (page 12), of which I need only say that it justifies its name; and the year after, 'The Gambler's Wife,' 'Vanessa,' and 'Miss Nina Lehmann;' this, the portrait of a little girl sitting on a china tub, we saw once more eighteen months ago, when the little girl had become Lady Campbell, and had again been painted by the same hand.

The "Gambler's Wife" is another of a long series of beautiful women. It is as beautiful as Millais could make it, and is, perhaps, fresher just now in our minds than it might otherwise be from the presence of a work with the same



Mrs. Stibbard (1878). Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

title by a fellow Academician, in the last Royal Academy Exhibition. We might have questioned the advisability of Mr. Marcus Stone's choice of title, but a glance at the two works shows from what different standpoints the two artists have treated the same subject.

In 1870, the first year of the new galleries in Piccadilly, he sent four subject-pictures to the show—'A Flood,' 'The Knight Errant,' 'The Boyhood of Raleigh,' and 'A Widow's Mite;' none of these are among his great successes. The first was suggested by a real occurrence which took place in the flood at Sheffield in 1864. The painter's intention to use it is noted in Mr. Charles Reade's novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," where the tragedy of the broken dam is forced to do yeoman's service. In 'The Boyhood













CHILL, OCTOBER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, R. A. - IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR WARMSTRONG







of Raleigh' (page 6) the story is charmingly told, and the picture is full of air and sun, but in minor matters of execution it is not of its author's best. It has a pathetic interest of its own in the fact that the two boys in it, the dark one and the fair, are portraits of the painter's two sons; for the fair boy died before he grew into a man, and his death has been the grief of his father's life.

The next year is a "record" in Sir John Millais' activity, because it saw the first of his landscapes, pure and simple, the famous 'Chill October,' one of the very best-known creations of English Art. It now belongs to Sir William Armstrong, and our reproduction is so faithful that no words of mine could help it. The scene is a backwater of the Tay, near Perth, at a spot known in the vernacular as

Seggy (*anglicè* Sedgy) Den. To the same year belong 'A Somnambulist,' 'Yes or No,' and 'Victory, O Lord!'—

"And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. . . . And Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun."—Exodus xvii. 11, 12.

To 1872, 'Flowing to the River' and 'Flowing to the Sea;' three portraits, 'Master Liddell,' 'Sir J. Paget,' and the 'Marquis of Westminster;' and a portrait group, 'Hearts are Trumps.' Few of Sir John Millais' pictures, perhaps none, made a greater sensation on their appearance at the Academy than this group of three young girls. The arrangement is, of course, not a little reminiscent of a famous Sir Joshua, but there is a bravura in the execution, and a union



*Hearts are Trumps* (1872). Engraved by J. D. Cooper.  
(By permission of J. H. Secker, Esq.)

of respect for the minutest vagaries of fashion with breadth of hand and unity of result, which has never been excelled since the days of Don Diego Velasquez.

And here I may pause for a moment to contrast the modern painter's way of going to work with that of his forerunners of a few generations ago. In the picture last mentioned there are many accessories: a tall Chinese screen; a bank of red, white, and yellow azaleas; a card table; an Oriental *guéridon* with an empty tea-cup; and all these, as well as the wide-spreading draperies of the three girls, were painted entirely by the hand of the master, which, moreover, had previously designed the grey dresses with their pink ribbons and yellow lace. In all this the distance is wide enough between the

work of Millais and the "Waldegraves" of Reynolds, in which, as Walpole tells us, *the journeyman* had finished the table, etc., with the minuteness of a Dutch flower painter. During the lifetime of the late Lady Waldegrave a small copy of Millais' picture used to hang at Strawberry Hill, near the group of Walpole's nieces. It served, at least, to show how slight was the fancied debt from the modern to the little less than modern master.

From about 1870 onwards we find Millais devoting much less inventive effort to his subjects than in his earlier time. The slightest incident that gives a chance to make a picture of a pretty woman or child is enough. Of this, 'Yes or No,' 'Forbidden Fruit' (page 8), 'New-laid Eggs' (page 13), and



'No,' are examples. 'Forbidden Fruit' and 'New-laid Eggs' are idyllic portraits of two of his own children. Even in Millais' *œuvre* they are remarkable for the skill with which

imitation to become labour, nothing in Millais' work could be put before some parts of this; the bunting, for instance, which hangs over the screen at the back, the glass of rum with its

slice of lemon, and the diaphanous complexion of the girl. The head of the man is that of Trelawney, the hero of a more audacious exploration than any in the Arctic circle.

In 1876 Sir John Millais exhibited 'Forbidden Fruit' (page 8), painted, as I have said, from one of his younger children; 'Over the Hills and far away,' a Perthshire landscape, with a wonderful foreground; and a full-length portrait of the first Duchess of Westminster (page 15). In 1877 came the 'Yeoman of the Guard' (Plate I.), and the 'Sound of many Waters.' The 'Yeoman of the Guard' is in every way one of his finest creations. It required no little courage to take up such a subject. To paint an aged face with its frame of white hair, and to set it above a blaze of scarlet and gold, was about as stern a test of colour-mastery as could be conceived. Of all the pictures sent by Millais to the Paris Exhibition, this made the strongest impression. It solves a problem few, if any, French artists would care to attack. The most intractable of tints is



*Doing Royal Errands. From "Once a Week."*

the freshness of the English skin in youth is rendered. Portraits now increase enormously, and, with landscapes, take up the place filled twenty years before by creations which, with all their charm, were now and then more poetic than pictorial. The painter's aim becomes truth of impression. This he sets himself to win by absolute fidelity to the shape, place, and colour of every detail, *and to its relative importance in the impression left*. In 1850 he treated details impartially. If he had then painted such a thing as the 'North-west Passage' (Plate III.), every texture of every accessory would have been realised as fully as if it alone had been the picture. As it is we recognise the head of the man as the centre to which all the rest is incidental. The change may be described in very few words. The twenty years between 1850 and 1870 had convinced Millais that the real aim of Art is not to register the facts of nature, but to record the sentiments, and therefore the individuality, of the artist. The supreme place which the world, by common consent, has given to Art is justified by its unique power to record the inner life of man, to register the powers and feelings he has enjoyed since he first appeared in the world. Were the objective, imitative, canon-ridden notions which underlie most English Art criticism well founded, the painter would have no sort of right to the place immediately below the poet that has so long been his. He would be no more than a chronicler, and his *métier* scarcely to be distinguished from that of a mechanic.

The 'North-west Passage' was painted and exhibited in 1874. The subject has only a general reference to arctic discovery, for the North-west Passage—that is, the mere possibility of getting sea-wise from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the north—had long been proved when the picture was painted. In the matter of *rendering*, of imitating without allowing

treated with perfect frankness, with perfect acceptance of its self-assertive clangour, and yet compelled to keep its place with the more silent hues about it. "Gravely seated, the yeoman, whose breast glitters with a crowd of medals, looks as dignified as he can in the quaint, half-comic uniform of a 'beef-eater,' one of those old-world dresses which survive only at Windsor and the Vatican. . . . Mr. Millais has rendered the unmitigated blaze of red with extraordinary effect. . . . The gold and dark blue of the belt and baldrick, the ruff, the buckskin gloves, the black hat, the brownish background, and the steel-blue of the halberds looking over the partition, all help the scarlet. The old man's face . . . is executed in a manner which seems clumsy beside the skilful manipulation of our French painters. But the execution, which at first sight appears wanting in firmness, shows, on close inspection, a knowledge of the tones of ancient flesh, and a power to reproduce them which may well amaze us."

I think, however, in spite of his saving clause, that M. Chesneau, whose words I have been quoting, has here put his finger on a weak point, not only in this particular picture, but in Sir John Millais' art as a whole. He is insufficiently alive to the expressive power of "brushing." He too often seems to think that if the effect be true, it does not matter much how it is won. It is only in a few of his pictures that the brush marks are governed by that obvious unity of intention, which gives such individuality to the work of men like Velasquez, Rembrandt, and, above all, Frans Hals. There is in this country—in the Dulwich gallery—a picture by Velasquez, in which the same pictorial motive is treated as in the 'Yeoman of the Guard,' I mean the portrait of Philip IV. There the red is managed with fine skill, though scarcely with the boldness of our English master; but if the organization of the brush strokes be looked to, it will be seen how much they



contribute, by their obedience to a clearly marked system, to the unity of the result. This indifference to the actual *marche* of the brush is characteristic of English painting, and seems to be an offshoot of our deficient sympathy with line.

In the Academy of 1878, we saw 'The Princes in the Tower;' in 1879, the first 'Gladstone;' in 1880, Millais' own portrait for Florence, and the half-length of 'Mr. Bright,' at the R.A.; the portrait of 'Mrs. Jopling,' at the Grosvenor; and 'Cherry Ripe,' in the *Graphic* gallery. In 1881, 'Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.,' perhaps his most spontaneous creation (page 14); 'Cinderella,' 'Mrs. Perugini,' whom he had painted twenty years before in the 'Black Brunswicker,' the unfinished picture of Lord Beaconsfield, one of whose last acts was to write about his interrupted sittings to his "Dear Apelles," and 'Sweetest Eyes were ever seen' (page 23) were exhibited. The best things in 1882 were 'Sir Henry Thompson,' and 'Cardinal Newman,' at the Academy; and the 'Children of Moulton Barrett, Esq.' at the Grosvenor. The next year gave us 'J. C. Hook, Esq., R.A.,' perhaps on the whole the finest of Millais' portraits, 'Une Grande Dame,' 'Lord Salisbury,' and 'Charles Waring, Esq.' In 1884 we had 'An Idyl, 1745,' and the portrait of 'Mr. Henry Irving,' at the Academy; 'Lady Campbell' and 'The Marquis of Lorne' (page 10) at the Grosvenor Gallery. To the last-named hangs a pleasant tale. When the vice-royalty of her husband in Canada was approaching a close, the Princess Louise asked Mr. Millais, as he then was, to give a sketch to the newly-formed Canadian Art Gallery. The painter replied with this portrait, which, from the executive standpoint, is one of his broadest and most masterly productions. It has now, I believe, been hung at Ottawa. In the season just past, 'Lady Peggy Primrose,' and 'Simon Fraser, Esq.,' appeared at Burlington House, and the second 'Gladstone,' at the Grosvenor.

Sir John Millais has of late years painted not a few things which have been seen at neither of the chief exhibitions. Of these the more notable are 'Effie Deans' and 'The Master of Ravenswood,' for the Messrs. Agnew; 'Calder Herrin' and 'The Captive,' the latter a fancy portrait now permanently placed in the Sydney National Gallery, for The Fine Art Society; 'Olivia' and 'Pomona' for the Messrs. Tooth, and a series of child pictures for Mr. Charles Wertheimer. Dramatically the best of all these is the 'Effie Deans,' (page 9). It is a comment on Scott's story rather than an extract from it; no such interview between the lovers is actually described, but readers of the "Heart of Midlothian" will remember the evening when it had "chappit eight on every clock o' the toun and the sun

had gaun doun ahint the Corstorphine Hills," when Jeanie Deans saw her sister part from the young man at the stile in the wall about the "King's Park." Millais has painted the meeting itself, and never even by him has a story been more completely told upon canvas. The one fault I feel inclined to find with it, from this point of view, is that neither from the face, nor the attitude, nor the gesture of Staunton is there to be gathered a hint of the fact that he was, after all, really in love with Effie, and that, in his own fashion, he was faithful to her to his death. The solicitude in his face seems all for himself, and this the coldness of his caress confirms. The collie in the corner is, I think, the best of Millais' dogs.

In the 'Master of Ravenswood' (page 11) the passage selected is that where the moody Edgar restores Lucy Ashton to her father after the bull episode. He has brought her back to life with the water from the fatal well of his family, and now appears before Sir William Ashton, who, in "his joy at seeing his daughter safe, overcame the surprise with which he would at another time have beheld her hanging as familiarly on the arm of a stranger as she might have done upon his own." The picture is, in fact, a study of costume and physiognomy; without a name it would tell no kind of story, and even named as it is, it hardly rises to the height demanded by the first step in so tragic a tale.

I HAVE hastened over many of these latter things partly because they must be so well known to the majority of



Farmer Chell's Kitchen. From "Once a Week."

my readers, partly because they are the outcome of one principle and one phase in the artist's development. For fifteen years Sir John has restricted himself to the life of his own



time, and has put unity of effect in the forefront of his art. I say his own time advisedly, because in the few instances in which he has gone to a past century for a subject he has not in the least tried to make it a serious restoration. He has treated it on the lines of the novelist. He has given enough archæology to satisfy our sense of fitness, and not an atom more. He has come to a full acceptance of the principle that Art should be content with the people and the life of which it knows the innermost thought. The painter who sets to work to produce the manners of a bygone age handicaps himself. Granting that he is a man of ability he will turn out works of Art in spite of the weight he elects to carry; but inasmuch as his thoughts must be greatly given to matters not of Art, but of archæology, he must lose some of the spontaneity and complete sincerity in which the strength of Art lies.

The most careful restoration of a life we only know from books and *débris* can never be quite the real thing. There is nothing more difficult than for the outside observer to catch even such details of look and action as seem obvious to those to the manner born. To take a familiar example: Who, until the days of De Neuville and Detaille, ever saw an English soldier, on a foreign canvas, who would pass muster? In the South Kensington Museum there is a screen of drawings by Eugene Lami.

Of these many are sketches made in the Camp at Chobham, just before the "route" came for Varna. Like all Lami's work of that time they are clever, vigorous, and full of observation up to a certain point; but the real British soldier shines in them only by his absence. And so we may be sure it is with the most elaborate attempts to breathe a new life into a dead generation. If Hadrian, or Addison, or even Madame Recamier, could stroll through the rooms of Burlington House, is it not certain that they would find much to smile at in the pictures in which they are supposed to walk in their

habits as they lived? It may be said that such shortcomings do not affect the artistic value of a picture, and in a sense of course that is true. But on the other hand any hindrance to the free expression of an artist's individuality is sure to weaken his art; and the constant study and watchfulness required for archæological sufficiency form just such an hindrance.

And from the standpoint of posterity all this research is thrown away. Who cares whether the classical restorations of a Mantegna or a Poussin are correct or incorrect? Is not their art weighed without reference to its encumbering archæo-

logy? The final qualities on which a picture must depend for immortality are those of expression. Beauty, in the strict sense, is an accident. A picture may reach unshakeable fame as well without it as with it. But without truth, vigour, and sincerity, its repute never soars clear of fashion; and those qualities are reached far more easily by one who is content with his own time and with himself as part of it, than by those who are artists with one eye and antiquaries with the other.

Sir John Millais carries his respect for his age to its logical conclusion. He even believes that the dress of to-day will in time come to be thought picturesque. Judging by his practice he does not go quite so far as to include in his charity the garments in which we male creatures clothe our two ex-

tremities. He shirks the "stove-pipe" and the leg-masks. The "stove-pipe," indeed, has now and then been brought into a picture with success, as, for instance, in the 'Three Jolly Post-boys' of Mr. Marks, the best instance I know. In that the hats are white and fluffy, and who knows but the painters of the future, when they want to treat events of our time, may not put us all into post-boy hats? I suspect the liberty would not be greater than those we unconsciously take with the fashions and etiquettes of our fathers.

In a recorded conversation Sir John Millais says, *apropos*



*Dolly. From "Good Words."*



*de bottes*:—"I am not sure that opinion has not always abused the costumes of its time. . . . My impression is that the costumes we think superbly picturesque were laughed at when they were worn. I know that the ruff we admire was the prime butt of contemporary satire, like the puffings and slashings of Henri II. and Henri III. In the latter reign there was a great outcry against it, and there are pictures in which people are painted with yellow ruffs. Again, the wigs of the Louis XIV. and Queen Anne period were thought ridiculous while they were worn, and were held up to derision like other articles of dress. The wigs of his time were roughly treated by Hogarth, and the Directory and Empire costumes have only just of late grown old enough to be thought picturesque, while crinolines still make some of Leech's drawings of pretty girls seem grotesque.

A thing which is just old-fashioned without being old enough to have been refined by the touch of time is apparently always thought hideous, while the fashion of the hour is generally laughed at. It is quite possible that the textures and colours we are now obliged to paint will not in the future seem either commonplace or hideous. There is infinite variety in modern shooting or riding dress, and even black itself is not a bad colour for a portrait. It was held in high esteem by Velasquez, Vandyck, and Rembrandt. Rough tweeds, velveteen, and corduroy look ordinary and perhaps mean to our eyes, but two hundred years hence they may possibly be admired, as we admire the costumes called after Henri II., Henri III., and Louis XIII."

Much of the difficulty in treating contemporary costume springs from the simple fact that fashion will stand no liberties. A painter who introduces a frock-coat into his work has to be faithful to the vagaries of the tailor, and even to the way such a garment is worn at the moment. When he paints a costume of two hundred years ago he can modify it in details, and arrange the folds with no thought but for the coherence of his result. But imagine a frock-coat wrinkled up like the doublet and breeches of the 'Blue Boy!' Those wrinkles were necessary to Gainsborough; without them the warm shadows and reflexes which break the coldness of his blue would have been unattainable, but in all probability they would have looked very queer to a native of 1640. This may seem an argument in favour of going to other

times for our themes; but in reality it is not so. For the same end may be reached by fighting a little shy of the more intractable garments of to-day, and that without any of the loss to direct sincerity which must attend a restoration.

But after all the essential difference between the present phase of Sir John Millais' art and those which have gone before, lies in the fact that he has deserted objective for subjective truth. If you fix your eyes upon a living person from the distance, say six feet, at which a half-length life-size portrait looks best, you will be unable to see more than the head in detail, and hardly that without shifting the eyeballs. The rest of the figure and the background will lack definition; they will be clouded and blurred. Any positive deformity, like a misshapen hand, will make itself felt, but its exact shape

will only become visible when you look straight at it. The mobility of the human eye is so great that most of us go through life without suspecting how very small its field of accurate vision really is. But it is partly by recognition, often unconscious, of this, that an artist brings his work into focus. In a portrait definition need be perfect only in the face; from there to the edge of the canvas it may be finely and continuously reduced, and the skill with which this is done is no bad test of a painter's mastery. While a hand held up to the head, to support a cheek or a chin, requires to be carried as far as the face itself, one left upon the knee may be little more than a sketch. But sketchy or not it must be right so far as it goes, for a practised eye can at a glance discriminate be-



*Limerick Bells. From "Once a Week."*

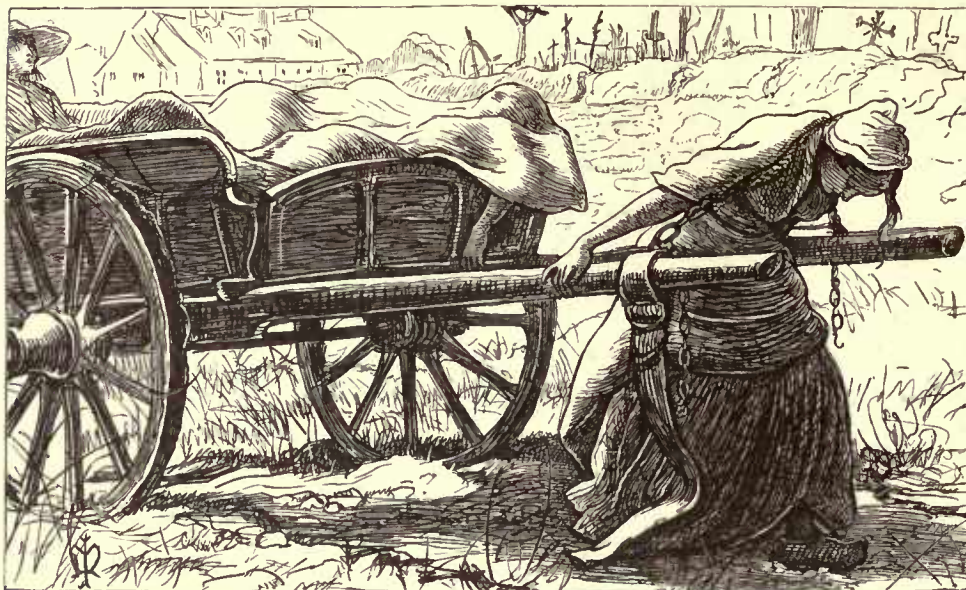
tween pregnant and empty sketchiness. To the painter there can be few things more exasperating than to hear the artless critic abuse some passage for its want of finish and its author for carelessness, when in truth it has been left vague with intention, sometimes with regret, but ever with the knowledge that to carry it farther would impair the effect as a whole. In trying for unity Sir John Millais has often had to work in a fashion which must of course seem flippant to those who hang on the skirts of the early Florentines. But the one great lesson that Art has learnt from the centuries, is what to leave out. Art is selection and distribution, selection of fact and distribution of pains. And before a picture can be made to look its best in its right place, these two operations must be carried out with a fine instinct and a fine courage, both of which are rare.



## "BLACK AND WHITE."

SO far I have confined myself to Sir John Millais' doings with brush and canvas. But he has also been a prolific draughtsman on wood. For several years his designs in *Once a Week* had no rivals, except, perhaps, some of those by Frederick Walker. *Once a Week* began in 1859, and from that year down to 1864 not a volume was issued without some six or eight drawings signed with Millais' monogram. The first of the series was an illustration to some lines of Tom Taylor's on Magenta. A girl lies weeping heart-brokenly on a sofa, while through an open window behind her we catch a glimpse of an illuminated, flag-bedecked Parisian street. The second design in the volume is one to Tennyson's "Grandmother's Apology;" and the third the "Plague of Elliant," here reproduced. This accompanied a few stanzas by Tom Taylor, dealing with a Breton legend of the plague—

"Nine children of one house they were  
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear:  
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare.  
Their father whistling walked behind,  
With a careless step and a mazy mind."



*The Plague of Elliant. From "Once a Week."*

Note the cart and the thoroughness with which it is drawn. This is another instance of the "bringing more of nature into our common work" to which Mr. Ruskin calls attention in speaking of the 'Peace concluded' of 1856. 'Farmer Chell's Kitchen' (page 19) and 'Doing Royal Errands' (page 18) belong to two novelettes by Harriet Martineau. Another lady writer, Miss Christina Rossetti, comes in for her share of his pencil; and Mr. George Meredith's poem, "The Crown of Love," is illumined by a drawing afterwards amplified into the picture exhibited at the Academy in 1875.

"O! might I load my arms with thee,  
Like that young lover of romance,  
Who loved and gained so gloriously  
The fair princess of France!

"Because he dared to love so high,  
He, bearing her dear weight, must speed  
To where the mountains touched the sky:  
So the proud king decreed.

"Unbaiting he must bear her on,  
Nor pause a space to gather breath,  
And on the height she would be won—  
And she was won in death!"

This is not the only instance of a picture being foreshadowed, years before it was painted, by a woodcut in the pages of *Once a Week*. In the seventh volume there is a sketch called 'The Mite of Dorcas' (it is 'The Widow's Mite' of 1876 with a difference, for in the drawing the widow has her back to us), and in the sixth volume 'A Fair Jacobite' (page 25), which blossomed into the 'Charlie is my Darling' of 1864. Many of these designs are extremely slight, slighter even than the 'Doing Royal Errands;' and nearly all are as simple as could be in device. Now and then, however, we come across one in which the balance of mass and flow of line betray no little thought, as, for instance, the 'Limerick Bells,' given on page 21. This old monk might be expanded as he stands into a life-size picture.

But the finest series of designs produced by Sir John Millais are those in illustration to Anthony Trollope, and of these by far the best are the forty-one in "Orley Farm." In his autobiography Trollope says: "I am fond of 'Orley Farm,' and I am especially fond of its illustrations by Millais, which are the best I have seen in any novel in any language." And this verdict seems to me to be just. To begin with:

they absolutely respect the text; secondly, the dramatic quality in them is strong, and it is won without any kind of violence to the fashions of the day in which the action passes; thirdly, they have movement and life in quite supreme degree. For this last quality look at the figure of Sir Peregrine Orme, in the drawing 'Why should I not?' As an example of dramatic force it will be hard to conceive anything finer than 'Lady Mason after her Confession,' or 'Footsteps in the Corridor;' while for skill in combining pathos with truth to the externals of life in the unlovely period of 1858, or thereabouts, commend me to the picture of two women em-

bracing at the end of the book. Even crinolines and spoon-bonnets cannot destroy its mournful effect.

The plates to the "Small House at Allington" are not nearly so good, but there is one picture of ladies in a carpet shop which is excellent. Those in "Phineas Finn" are better, two or three, indeed—"You don't quite know Mr. Kennedy yet;" "The fact is, Mamma, I love him!" and "So she burned the morsel of paper"—are as delicate and suggestive as anything in "Orley Farm." "Framley Parsonage" is so quiet a tale that it gave little scope for Millais' peculiar talent, and a vein of sleepiness runs through all the designs he made for it. The best, perhaps, is the simplest of all: Lucy Roberts on her bed in tears, after she has said her faithless 'No' to Lord Lufton.

For Moxon's 1857 Edition of Tennyson's *Short Poems* Millais made eighteen drawings. Some of these are in a hard, dry, outliny manner, reminiscent not a little of the German "Little Masters;" it seems to have been an experiment, for it is scarcely recurred to. Of the rest there is but one perhaps which quite reaches the higher levels, the death



of the Lord of Burleigh's Bride. Two of the drawings in the volume, the 'Mariana,' and the 'Two Sisters,' are backgrounded on bits of Haddon Hall.

Between 1857 and 1863 he produced nineteen drawings for a volume on the "Parables of our Lord," published about Christmas, 1864 (it has no date), by Routledge. So far as elaboration goes, these may be looked upon as forming his chief series of illustrations, and many of them, such as 'The Unjust Judge,' on this page, are full of the finest dramatic quality. In three or four, as, for example, in the two belonging to the "Wise and Foolish Virgins," he has accentuated the universal application of the parable by bringing it down to our own time. Among the other drawings in the volume are two which seem to be studies for 'The Lost Piece of Money'—Marochetti's burnt picture—and for 'The Enemy Sowing Tares,' as the chief work of 1865 is often called. The latest doings of Sir John Millais in this direction are to be seen in his drawings for "Barry Lyndon," in the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray. For delicacy of hand and *finesse* of conception he has never done anything

to surpass them. Look, for instance, at the pose of the girl in the first of the two we reproduce (page 24), at the background, and at the self-contained expression in the features of the amiable Barry himself. Our second woodcut deals

with the episode of the intercepted letters and the sympathetic ink. In a third drawing, 'Barry Lyndon waiting for Death,' there is besides this extreme refinement of eye and hand, a power of tragic suggestion which is not surpassed even by Cruikshank.

Of course many examples of Millais' work in black and white are to be met with, and that sometimes in very unexpected places, beyond those I have here alluded to. But these are a fair sample of the rest. The distinctive quality of his work with pen and pencil may be said to lie in the skill with which he combines reality with Art and with dramatic force. He never shirks the facts, but he bends them to his purpose with

an instinct that seldom errs. Unhappily, with the exceptions of "Orley Farm" and "Barry Lyndon," he has scarcely ever been engaged on a story which gave his dramatic powers a fair chance.



*The Unjust Judge. From "The Parables of Our Lord."*



*"Sweetest Eyes were ever seen."*  
(By permission of Humphrey Ward, Esq.)



## SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. PART III.—HIS OPINIONS.

IN the course of the foregoing chapters I have often had occasion to refer to Sir John Millais' Art beliefs, taking them sometimes from his pictures, sometimes from his spoken words. Unlike most painters, Sir John is an excellent and willing talker upon all that concerns Art, and, again unlike not a few of his brethren, his speech accords completely with his practice. I need not again insist that his faith rests upon three things: sincerity of feeling, truth of statement, and unity of result. As to the duties of a painter, the first, he believes, is to paint. So far as a man is prevented from putting this or that into his work from inability to paint it, so far, in Millais' judgment, is he an amateur. By this, of course, he does not in the least mean that realistic imitation should be the aim of Art, but only that a painter should never feel his thought confined by the incapacity of his hand. The mind of the artist cannot express itself so long as his fingers lag behind it. "It is very difficult," he says in the conversation we have already quoted, "to understand where the mind of the artist comes in. His work has to be painted, and the highest intelligence is useless unless the man can produce with his fingers what his eyes see, which, with a certain mental distillation, should be at the end of his brush. What the precise nature of this distillation is it is not

easy to say, nor can I understand how men whom you would call almost dumb are sometimes wonderful painters. Fred Walker, for instance, was rather a listener than a talker, and never had much to say upon any subject, yet the tender grace and delicate sentiment of his work were matchless, and, I remember well, astonished the French in 1878, who had never seen anything like his water-colours. Drawing and painting have their grammar, which can be taught and acquired to a certain extent like the grammar of speech and music; but beyond this there is little to be done for a painter—everything by

him." He to whom all this was said allowed, apparently, a kindness for the French method of teaching to peep out. "You are evidently taken with the atelier system," Millais goes on to say. "Now if I had a dozen young men painting in this studio of mine, the chances are that they would imitate my faults, as a certain French set do those of their master, who himself, however, imitates nobody. You would have a quantity of young men painting alike, and turning out work of the Millais pattern of a kind of average quality. Who are the influential men? The very ones who have worked almost alone."

The whole of this conversation—it appeared last December in the *Daily News*—deserves to be carefully read by all who care to understand a painter who is sure to be looked back upon as one of the glories of our time and nation. "You ask my opinion," he says, "on Art education at this moment. It has never been so ample since the world began. Everything that has been done is to be seen in some form or other at the South Kensington Museum or in the National Gallery—a splendid collection, especially for education—and in the museums of the Continent. So much has been learned and done since these grand old masters lived and worked that the educational course of Art has been greatly widened. It is the



*Barry Lyndon's Courtship (1879).*  
(From the Edition de Luxe of Thackeray's Works.)

old story of the dwarf on the shoulders of the giant. The modern student sees farther and knows more because he has before him not only the work of the ancients but that of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, of their predecessors and of their successors down to to-day. Access to all this is very easy just now. The collections of Holland and Belgium are just across the road, as it were, and it costs less trouble and less money to see the Dresden Gallery and even the Uffizi, or to study Tintoretto at Venice, or Velasquez and Murillo at Madrid and Seville, than it did fifty years ago to see the



Louvre. Railways have helped students and young artists as they have helped others. . . . Raffaele and Michael Angelo had comparatively little to study from compared with the modern student. All that previous work can teach him the latter can learn if he likes, and at the Academy we show him how to draw and paint. So far as my experience goes, it is of little use *telling* a student how to paint. The teacher must take the brush in hand and show him how it is done. Painting is up to a certain point so purely technical a thing that it must be learnt like sewing or sawing, filing or turning, from actual instruction and by great attention and practice. This manual dexterity can be acquired, like some knowledge of colour, composition, and so forth, but only up to a certain level, beyond which, painting, worthy of the name, is too subtle a thing to be passed from hand to hand or from mind to mind. I have read most of the best books on Art, and I do not see it explained.

I quoted Walker just now, whose poetry seemed to be in his fingers only, and who, apparently, did exquisite work as a violet has a sweet scent, naturally. Some students acquire manual skill far more rapidly than others, but nearly all may become so far proficient in time as to copy and sometimes fairly to imitate. But I need not tell you that painting of a high kind begins where all this leaves off. It is when the student has assimilated the knowledge of others and has acquired the power of using his brush freely that he has a chance of becoming a genuine painter. The strength to make this bound over the limits of teaching is not given to all, but it is this which marks the painter's work as original. Probably very few good painters

could exactly define the moment of their emancipation, which is often slower than we might guess from their pictures. This process, however, has little to do with the actual technical teaching we are now giving our students at the Royal Academy. They have done wonderfully well at the competition this year (1884); many of their paintings show extraordinary proficiency. The average of skill is, I know, immeasurably higher than it was thirty or even twenty years ago. Whether from this high average artists of great and original power will spring is more than we can tell. It seems reasonable to expect a great result, although we must not forget that Turner, like Walker, owed little to teaching."

In answer to a query relative to the scarcity of figure pictures in such exhibitions as that of the Institute, he says: "We are living in an age of transition. The old order of

things is giving place to what is newer, if not better. There seems to be a demand for truth, for actuality. The reason that historical and large genre pictures are now less painted than formerly is, it seems to me, that there is much less heart in the work. Probably the painter does not believe in it, nor the public either, so much as they once did. Would anybody now buy, much less paint, any of those friends of our childhood, 'Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut,' 'Canute and his Courtiers,' or 'The Finding of the Body of Harold'? The painter might laugh at his own work." Here, I think, Sir John loses sight of what seems to me to be certain, viz., that the public, or at least the narrower public of picture-buyers, has made vast strides in the appreciation of Art within the last decade or two, and that it now recognises very generally how slightly the artistic value of a picture depends upon its subject.

"There is still an interest," he goes on to say, "in works of a devotional character; but the 'passionate, intensely realistic, and Dante-like faith and worship which inspired the old masters is extinct, or nearly so. It is the difficulty of giving agreeable reality to sacred subjects which daunts the modern artists, living in a critical age and sensitive to criticism. I should like very much to paint a large devotional picture, having for its subject "Suffer little children to come unto Me," I should feel the greatest delight in painting it; but the first question that occurs to me is, what children do we care about? Why, our own fair English children, of course; not the brown, bead-eyed, simious-looking children of Syria. And with what sense of fitness could I paint the Saviour bare-headed under the sun of Palestine, surrounded by dusky,



*A Fair Jacobite (1864).*

gipsy-like children, or, on the other hand, translate the whole scene to England? The public is too critical to bear this kind of thing now, and I should be weighed down by the sense of unreality in treating a divinely beautiful subject."

It is curious that at the moment that Millais was saying these words to his interviewer, a picture on the very lines he suggests only to condemn, was being made in a Munich studio. Frederick Uhde was painting the 'Laissez venir à moi les petits enfants' which created such a sensation at the last Salon, and was putting into it not the "brown, bead-eyed, simious-looking children" of Palestine, but the flax-haired, heavy-limbed little maidens of Bavaria, and was setting them not against the blue skies and yellow plains of the East, but under a German cottage roof, among German fathers and mothers, and with every surrounding Teutonic except the



figure of Christ himself. Recollecting how deeply this picture impressed me last May, I can only feel the keenest regret that Sir John Millais should never have treated the subject, and treated it in the same way.

TO go back to the interview :

"The world is much older than it was thirty or forty years ago. It not only knows more in reality, but is more knowing in its attitude."

To a suggestion that the world now cares little for the past facts of history, and wants such actuality as Dumas the younger, Sardou, and Ohnet give it, he says: "I cannot help thinking that a great deal of confusion arises from the use of the adjectives 'historical' and 'real.' They have no scientific precision. Historical painting means different things, at different times, and in different months. Raffaele and other great painters of his time illustrated sacred history by their work; but in another sense the portraits of Titian, Velasquez, and Vandyck are historical pictures of the highest value. And Hogarth is a true historical painter, as well as a great satirist, for he has painted his time with marvellous strength and exactness. Realism, again, is understood to signify all kinds of things by different people. One will understand it as a mere literal transcript of nature, another the same thing after being distilled or smelted in the artist's mind."

"Nothing is easier than to ridicule any large composition now existing. But it is better to see what is good in such work than to laugh at what to very modern eyes appears ridiculous. It is quite possible to appreciate both Hogarth and Tintoretto."

"It is difficult to make comparisons between painters, but the fathers of the brush may fairly be compared with the early poets, both as to the sincerity of their work and the necessity for studying it in its proper light, and, so to speak, in its own language, with a glossary. There is much to admire in them, much to honour, although their work is entirely different from that of Velasquez and Titian, Rembrandt and Vandyck. The portraits by those great artists are marvellous, alike in realism, in dignity, and in superb technical execution."

"Portrait painting has until just lately hardly been given its proper rank in England. A good portrait is an historical picture in the most exact sense. It is not the portrait of a model in clothes which do not belong to him, but a picture of a more important person, who forms part of the history of his time, and it is always real for centuries on centuries. The brushwork of Titian and Velasquez, their superb skill and realistic but dignified transcript of their time, may endure for ever."

"I do not know any more encouraging sign of the condition of Art in England than the generally high quality of illustrations in newspapers and periodicals. The improvement in the general goodness of such work has been extraordinary. Take up any one and look at it—the drawing, the composition, in many cases the admirable refinement and elegance with which the subject is handled.

All this excellent Art is not made common or vulgar by its multiplication to an enormous extent, but its goodness is hardly so much appreciated as it would be if it were rare and costly. Much of the work in illustrated papers is now of a very high class, and judging from the work of our present Art students, is likely to still further improve."

The business of the artist is to provide a fine ground-work for time to work upon. All genuine works of Art improve with age, and many a painter has deliberately sacrificed part of his immediate glory to the chance of fame in the future. Rubens and Titian especially must have gained much by time, and Sir John Millais is fond of recurring to one instance in which a

great artistic result has been brought about almost entirely by the centuries that have passed. "The interior of St. Mark's," he once said to me, "must have been ghastly when the mosaics were first put up, and the outside could not have been much better. If such a thing were done now every one would call the man a Goth who did it. But time has glazed it down into a chord of the fullest harmony. And time and use do that to everything, I don't know why, and you will be a clever fellow if you can explain it, but use and the passage of years seem to enhance enormously the artistic value of anything that is artistic to begin with." A curious instance of the truth of this came under my notice some time ago when I paid a visit to Etruria, the famous pottery of



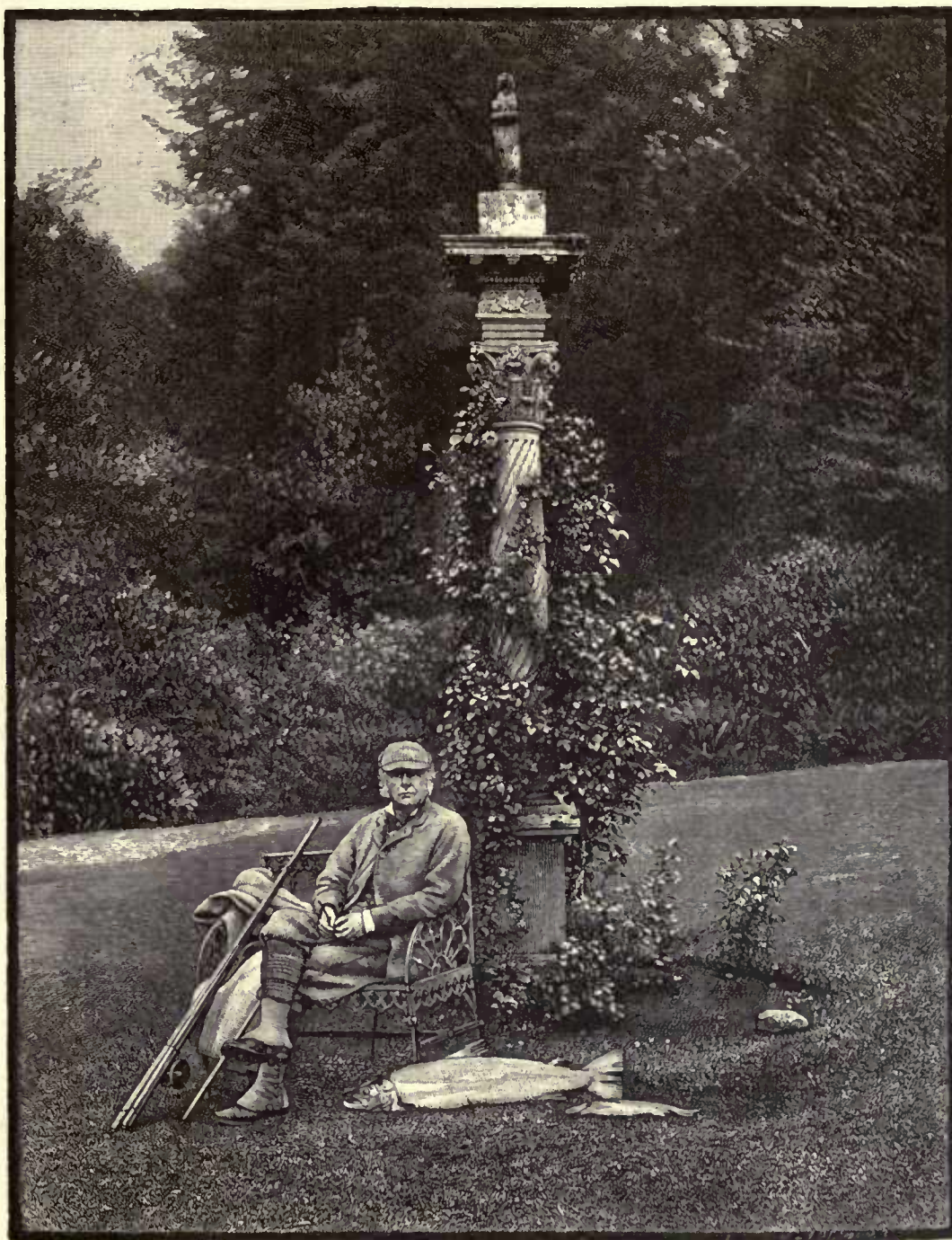
*The Intercepted Letters. From the Edition de Luxe of "Barry Lyndon."*



the Wedgewoods. I was shown many pieces, especially of the black basalt ware, which had been in existence since the days of Flaxman, and being used as patterns and models, had been continually handled by careful hands. The result was a polished, warm, and transparent surface, almost like that of basalt itself, and a look of human warmth which gave a strange perfection to the beauty of the ware. To trace the reason of this, step by step, would take too long, but it is

clearly connected with the notion of Art as essentially the expression of life and feeling.

A talk with Sir John Millais leaves the same final impression as an interview with his pictures. "All Art," he says, "is great so far as it is a working Art. But it too often becomes mere *blague*, a cover for emptiness." Listening between the words of his speech we can divine his belief to be that the best Art in a picture is unconscious; that the painter



*Sir J. E. Millais in Scotland. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.*

must go to nature and put down the ideas he gets from her with sincerity, trusting that, when set forth by a trained hand, they may amount to fine Art.

With notions like these upon painting, it follows naturally that Sir John Millais has no sympathy with much of our present doings and sayings. The dogmatism that attempts to reduce the practice of Art into a kind of superstition, a

religion with laws as obscure as they are absolute, seems to him a thing to pass with a shrug. His taste in architecture and in the minor adornments of life leads him to frankly accept the results of civilisation. So long as the end achieved is good, theory, in his opinion, has no right to go behind it and to call it bad because some arbitrary law has been disregarded in bringing it about. A work of Art may be condemned,



of course, for some practical defect; a stucco statue, for instance, for the visible poverty of its material; but the condemnation has nothing to do with Art.

Truth for the artist is truth of Art, not of fact. Unless his Art suggests its own want of truth, or at least allows it to be discovered, it is not to be blamed. Seeing what a picture or a statue is, it is strange that the notion of architecture as a sort of commentary on construction should ever have made such head as it has. The artistic merit of the dome of St. Paul's, for instance, is not in the least affected by the fact that it is not exactly what it seems to be. It might as well be said that a picture sins in not being what it seems to be. Wren's

dome completely satisfies the eye. We cannot tell by looking that it is of wood, and that the work is really done by a brick cone within it, and so with other questions of the same kind. A great architect is one who combines a fine scientific creation, a thing to be used, with a great artistic creation, a thing to be looked at and spiritually enjoyed; and unites them without showing the joint too much.

This is the principle upon which the domestic Art of France and Italy proceeds, and it is to such Art that Sir John Millais inclines. There is no severity in his taste. The accessories in his pictures show him ready to accept anything that bears the mark of man's conscious activity. Now and then, perhaps,



*Millais Hunting. By Leech.*

as in one of his latest works, 'The Ruling Passion,' now at Sydney, he sinks into ugliness. In this instance he did so deliberately, wishing to be strictly true to the facts of a decidedly middle-class English home in the decade at which we are arrived.

But as a rule the furniture of his pictures is combined with the finest skill. Look, for example, at the old-fashioned *meubles* in the 'North-west Passage,' or at the combination of marquetry table, Chinese screen, Turkish *guéridon*, with a bank of azaleas in 'Hearts are Trumps.' Not only are these things painted with a discriminating reality which could be

equalled, so far as I know, by no other living man with the one exception of Adolph Menzel, but they are so placed and separated as to convince any one who looks with a seeing eye that the painter who wrought them could bring harmony out of the most discordant objects, provided each were good in its way.

To conclude this long discussion, I may say that Sir John Millais' attitude to Art as a whole is above all things catholic. The activity which displays itself in devotion to some theory which cannot be proved, gets none of his sympathy; but his admiration is ready for every human work which bears the mark of real feeling and of more than average ability.









## SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

of course, for some practical defect: a mere statue, in sculpture, has the visible poverty of its substance. But the sculptor has nothing to do with Art.

Truth be the matter, truth of Art, not of fact. Unless his Art suggests its own want of truth, or at least allows it to be discovered, it is not to be blamed. Seeing what a picture of a statue is, it is strange that the notion of architecture as a sort of commentary on construction should ever have made with him as it has. The artistic merit of the dome of St. Paul's, for instance, is not in the least affected by the fact that it is not exactly what it seems to be. It might as well be said that a picture sins in not being what it seems to be. When's

dome completely satisfies the eye, it is not a matter of looking that it is of wood, and that the dome is really a black cone within it, and so with other great works of the kind. A great architect is one who could make a thing his creation, a thing to be used, with a great sense of its being a thing to be looked at and spiritually enjoyed, and not to be looked at without showing the joint too much.

This is the principle upon which the art of France and Italy proceeds, and it is to which Sir John Millais inclines. There is no severity in his style, his accessories in his pictures show him ready to accept of the world as it bears the mark of man's conscious activity. Now and then, perhaps,



*Millais Hunting. By Lynch.*

as in one of his latest works, 'The Ruling Passion,' now at Oxford, he works with accuracy. In this instance he did so deliberately, wishing to be strictly true to the facts of a decidedly middle-class English home in the decade at which we are arrived.

But as a rule the texture of his pictures is combined with the finest skill. Look, for example, at the old-fashioned interior in the 'North-west Passage,' or at the combination of tapestry table, Chinese screen, Turkish *guelion*, with a look of elegance in 'Theatre Tramps.' Not only are these things painted with a discriminating reality which could be

equalled, so far as I know, by no other living painter. The one exception of Adolph Menzel, but they are so placed and separated as to convince any one who looks with a seeing eye that the painter who wrought them could bring harmony of the most discordant objects, provided each were good in itself.

To conclude this long discussion, I may say that Sir John Millais' attitude to Art as a whole is above all things calm. The activity which displays itself in devotion to some one which cannot be proved, gets none of his sympathy. His admiration is ready for every human work which bears the mark of real feeling and of more than average ability.







PAINTED BY SIR J.E. MILLAIS, R.A.

REPRODUCED BY A. S. M. G. R.









*Sir J. E. Millais' House, from Kensington Gardens. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.*

## SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. PART IV.—THE MAN HIMSELF.

THE French termination of his name and his Jersey birth, have led many people to look upon Sir John Millais as half a Gaul. And now and then in his work we encounter a passage which strikes us as French; in the *tournure* of the girl, for instance, on page 24, and in the pose of more than one of his portraits. But in the painter's presence all such notions vanish.

Artists and editors are proverbially hard of access, but the visitor to Sir John Millais who rings at the right hour at Palace Gate, has no difficulty in reaching his sanctum. But before he puts his hand on the bell he will stand a moment to examine the home Sir John has raised for himself. It is characteristic of the man. None of the thought-out quaintness of the Anglo-Dutch revival, but a great plain, square house, with an excrescence here and there where demanded by convenience. The ornamental details are Renaissance of a rather severe type, the few columns introduced being Roman Doric and Ionic. From the side towards the park the most conspicuous thing is the great studio window. The whole of this façade is rather shapeless and unsightly, no doubt because it was thought that the open ground to the north would soon be occupied by masking houses. But the main front is an excellent piece of design, especially in the details. The credit for the work has often been given to Sir John Millais himself, but as a fact he did no more than sketch out a general notion of what he wanted, for the use of Mr. Philip Hardwick, the responsible architect.

And now we may ring the bell. The front door opens directly into the hall pictured on page 31. This is a room about five-and-twenty feet square, with a marble pavement and dado.

It is divided into two parts by white marble columns, beyond which the wide staircase rises in three flights to the first floor. The white marble gives the keynote to the decoration both of hall and staircase; except that the doors which open all around are of dark polished mahogany, the whole is as high in tone as London air will let it be. The ornaments are a few busts on *gaines*, and the general effect is that of a Genoese *palazzo*. To the right of the hall is the dining-room, and the walls of both are almost hidden under etched, engraved, and photographed reproductions of Sir John Millais' pictures.

On the first-floor landing we find the famous fountain with Boehm's black marble seal. Behind the fountain hangs a piece of tapestry, and on either flank stand busts. On three



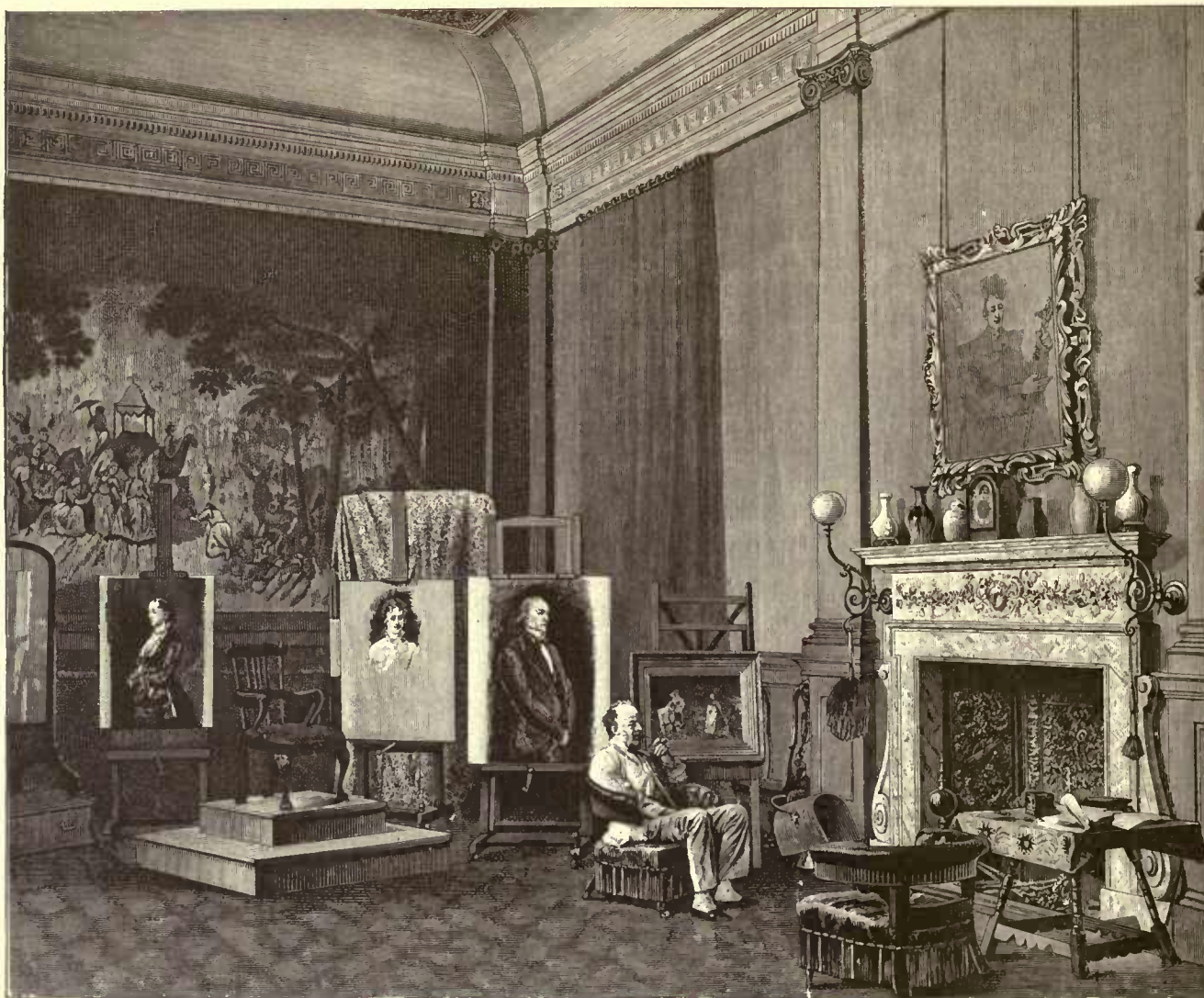
*Sir J. E. Millais' House. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.*

sides of the landing are drawing-rooms; on the fourth, beside the staircase, we reach the door into the studio.



The studio (on this page) is a room about forty feet long by twenty-five wide, and twenty high. It is distinguished from most of the studios lately built in London by its simplicity. There are no cunningly devised corners, or galleries, or inglenooks or window-seats; the severity of Mr. Hardwick's architecture prevails here as in all the rest. The only ornaments are a few oak pilasters running up to the cove of the ceiling and the finely proportioned mantelpiece. For an active and popular painter a large studio is a necessity, and even this spacious room Sir John finds none too spacious. Many pictures are in hand at once, and each has its easel, so that it is sometimes a difficult matter to keep elbow-room enough beneath the window for artist and model.

As we enter the studio Sir John Millais turns from an easel which faces us, and as he stands for a moment in the light streaming down from the great window, and peers into the darkness about the door, we receive an impression which we may try to record, for it is characteristic of the man. He has a great palette on his left thumb, and in his left hand a sheaf of brushes; in his right hand he holds the short briar pipe which has just left his lips. His dress is a white linen jacket, for it is a hot morning in July, and his whole attitude denotes that instant of inquiry which, in an eager, impulsive nature, precedes either a warm welcome or a no less hearty repulse. The cool north light falls on his high brow and sharply chiselled features, and, as he steps forward, on such a figure



*Sir J. E. Millais' Studio. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

as we English have come to associate rather with field sports and high farming than with the Fine Arts—a tall, well-knit figure with capability in every line; a personality from which we might expect to hear that Art was its pastime, and “thinning the birds” or riding to hounds its serious business.

And as a fact Sir John Millais has always been an enthusiastic sportsman. The spirit with which he entered into the most distinctively English of sports, finds an echo in the drawing by John Leech, which we reproduce on page 28; and in the elaborate initial by Mr. Linley Sambourne, which heads these pages, the attentive observer will see that the wreath Britannia

is about to throw to her famous son casts its shadow upon a little heap of implements which hint at his bye-tastes—a gun, a fly-rod, a salmon leister (I don't see a gaff!) and a salmon, a couple of pipes, a “creel,” and, lurking modestly in the background, a packet of Bristol bird's-eye! Sir John Millais is a good horseman, a good shot, and a first-rate fisherman. For many years he has been in the habit of going north early in August, generally to the neighbourhood of Perth, and on at least one occasion he has pulled the fish of the year out of the drumly waters of the Tay.

Our woodcut on page 27 is from a photograph. The



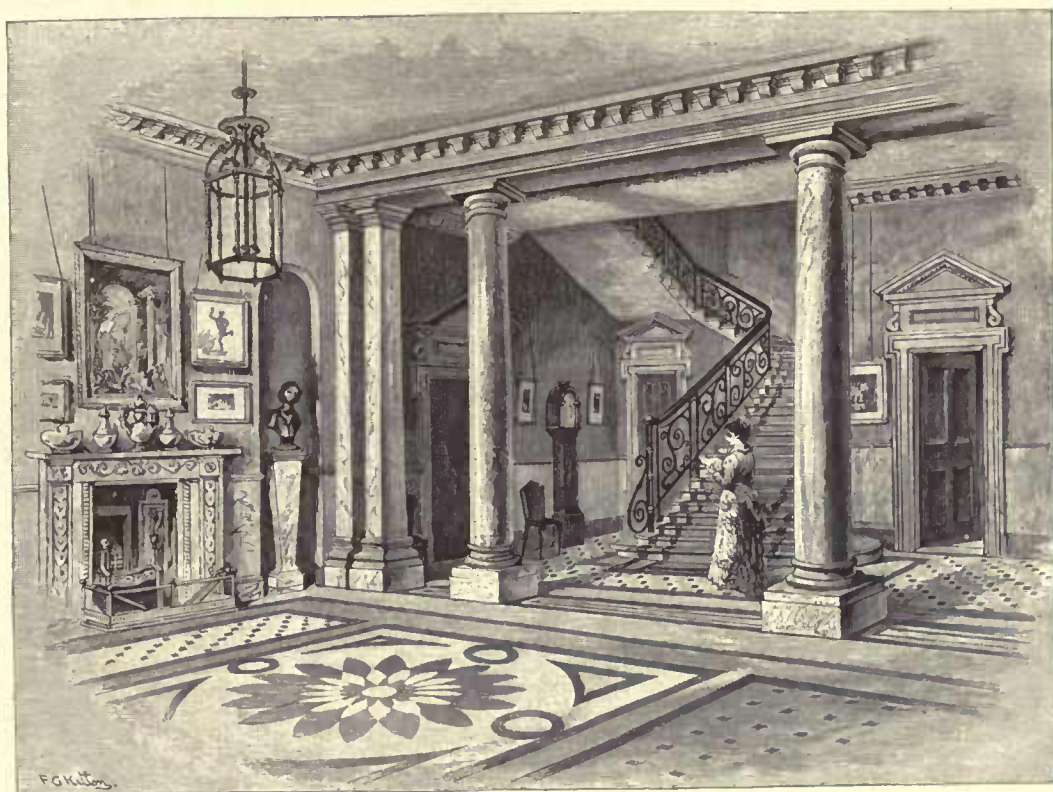
scene is the garden at Dalguise, Mr. Rupert Potter's place in Perthshire, and the salmon, which cannot be far short of fifty pounds, shows how the gentleman on the uncomfortable and horribly inartistic iron seat has been spending his day.

The nationality of his wife may of course have something to do with Sir John Millais' love for Scotland, as in all probability it has been a chief cause of his fidelity to its lochs and rivers for his autumn holiday. But I have heard him express his enthusiastic admiration for most things Scotch, and Mr. William Black, in a paper upon the Western Highlands,\* quotes him as saying that "three hours' sunshine in Scotland is worth three months' sunshine at Cairo," and that "Scotland is like a wet pebble with the colours brought out by the rain." This is neat and true, but it does not find so strong an echo in Millais' landscapes as in those of some others who go over the Border for sketching ground.

It is only by a visit to that part of Scotland which lies north, and especially north-west, of the Forth and Clyde valleys that the landscapes of not a few of our painters, besides Sir John Millais, can be understood and believed in. In these days most people have made the journey, but for the benefit of those who have not, I may quote Mr. William Black's description of the country in which 'Over the Hills and far away,' 'The Sound of Many Waters,' 'Winter Fuel,' etc., were conceived and painted: "Certainly the vividness of the colours one finds in the Highlands, especially in changeable weather, the dazzling whiteness of the clouds, the purple gloom of islands in shadow, the brilliancy of the scorching sunlight on the silver grey boulder, the yellow lichen, the crimson heather, and the clear tea-brown burn, all this is at once the delight and the bewilderment of the landscape artist, and must arise chiefly, one would think, from the fact that the atmosphere, instead of being loaded with the haze of continuous fine weather, is being continually washed clear by Atlantic squalls. This must account too for the intensity of the blue of the sky, which is a deep germander-speedwell sort of blue, and has nothing in common with the pale turquoise blue of countries where better weather prevails." Autumns spent in a country like this, and spent not in painting solely or mainly, but in those manly pleasures which compel the most intimate communion with nature, are a fine corrective

to the months passed in a London studio, to the wear and tear of the countless small worries that even the finest artist has to go through before he gets his work to his mind, and to the danger that dogs the painter more perhaps than most men, the danger of becoming self-centred and of erecting his own work into a standard for his neighbours.

It is a considerable time since Sir John Millais has given us a landscape, and in the meanwhile his hand has undergone that loosening which characterizes the maturity of most painters. If he were again to turn to such a subject as 'The Sound of Many Waters' or 'Chill October,' he would most likely give us something altogether different, few as the years are which have elapsed since those pictures were painted. If I had to choose any old master to whom Sir John Millais' outlook upon landscape might be compared, I should choose Vermeer of Delft. In the Hague Museum there is a marvellous picture of Delft, which many of my readers must have seen. It is, perhaps, the least artificial picture in the world. In that



*The Hall. Engraved by J. D. Cooper, from a Drawing by F. G. Kitton.*

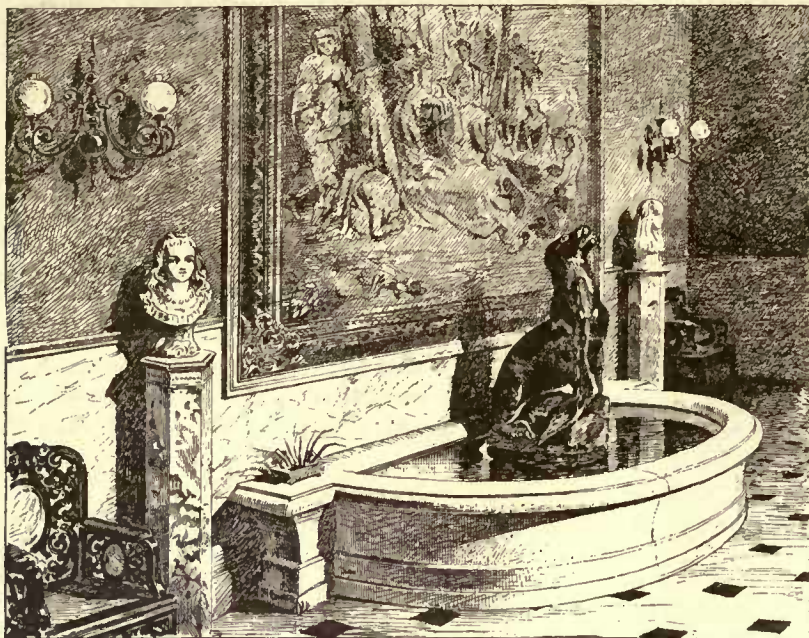
respect nothing I know can be compared with it except, perhaps, one or two more things by the same hand. The first time I was in Holland I walked all round Delft by the avenue which runs on what was once the glacis, that I might identify Vermeer's choice of view. I found it at the Rotterdam Gate. The painter established himself—at a window, perhaps—on the south bank of the great canal round the town walls, and transferred to his canvas the quaint gables, the truncated spires, the passages of warm brilliant colour, and the lofty sky rolling over all, which make a Dutch city so superbly picturesque. In fidelity his work is a photograph; its place as a work of Art is won by the unapproachable frankness of its colour, by its fine selection of a point of view, and by the simple but effective arrangement of its light and shadow. It is only, perhaps, in a town landscape—if I may use such a phrase—that work on such principles would win so great a

\* "A Gossip about the West Highlanders," *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1883.



success. The variety of shape, and especially of tint, afforded by a number of buildings crowded into a narrow space, gives

reached a point where the houses of the fishermen nestled closely beneath the dune, like chicks beneath a hen. A narrow street



*The Fountain on the Stairs.*

opportunities which are not so easily found in the open country. But in Sir John Millais' pictures of Scottish landscapes the same regard for the facts of the scene, the same careful choice of standpoint, and the same unswerving fidelity are to be traced. The world—the modern Art-world—is now so old, it knows and demands so much, that the naïveté of Vermeer must not be looked for in any of those who paint its pictures.

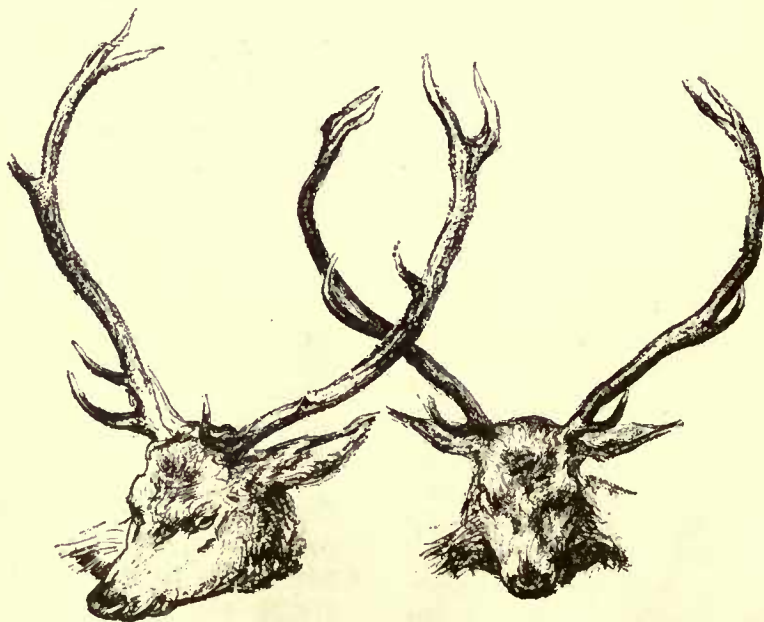
Not long ago I was at Scheveningen. It was late in the afternoon of a September day. I walked along the top of the dunes southwards until I passed the break in the sand-hills at the top of the village street, the miniature pass with the church tower behind it which figures in so many Van de Veldes and Van Goyens. Wandering inland from this, I

came to an abrupt conclusion about 30 feet beneath the point of pile-supported earth on which I found myself standing. On either side of it lay the small timber cottages. Mystery crept into the darker corners; the women's caps told as brilliant spots which helped to hold the lower tones together, and at last there came a moment when one might have held the scene in a frame, and declared that Art and nature had become one. In the landscapes of Sir John Millais we have something of the same fusion. As we look at them we are convinced that they are faithful transcripts of their originals; that the conscious picture-making of the artist has been very small, has been much too slight, indeed, to allow of definition or description; that it has, in fact, consisted in that simplification of tint and selection of detail without which it would be physically impossible to paint at all. In his Scottish holidays, which have been passed for the last year or two at a place of his own, at Murthley, in Perthshire, Sir John Millais must often come

upon scenes as worthy of his brush as those before which he sat to paint 'Chill October,' or 'Winter Fuel,' or 'Flowing to the River.'

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

The Publishers wish to thank the following gentlemen for their kindness in placing their copyrights at their disposal, and for other valuable aid: Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A., His Grace the Duke of Westminster, Mr. G. D. Stibbard, Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart., Mr. Secker, Mr. Everett Gray, Mr. Henry Blackburn ("Academy Notes"), Messrs. B. Brooks and Son, and especially Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons, to whose courtesy they are indebted for permission to reproduce 'Chill October' and other important subjects.





L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

HIS LIFE AND WORK

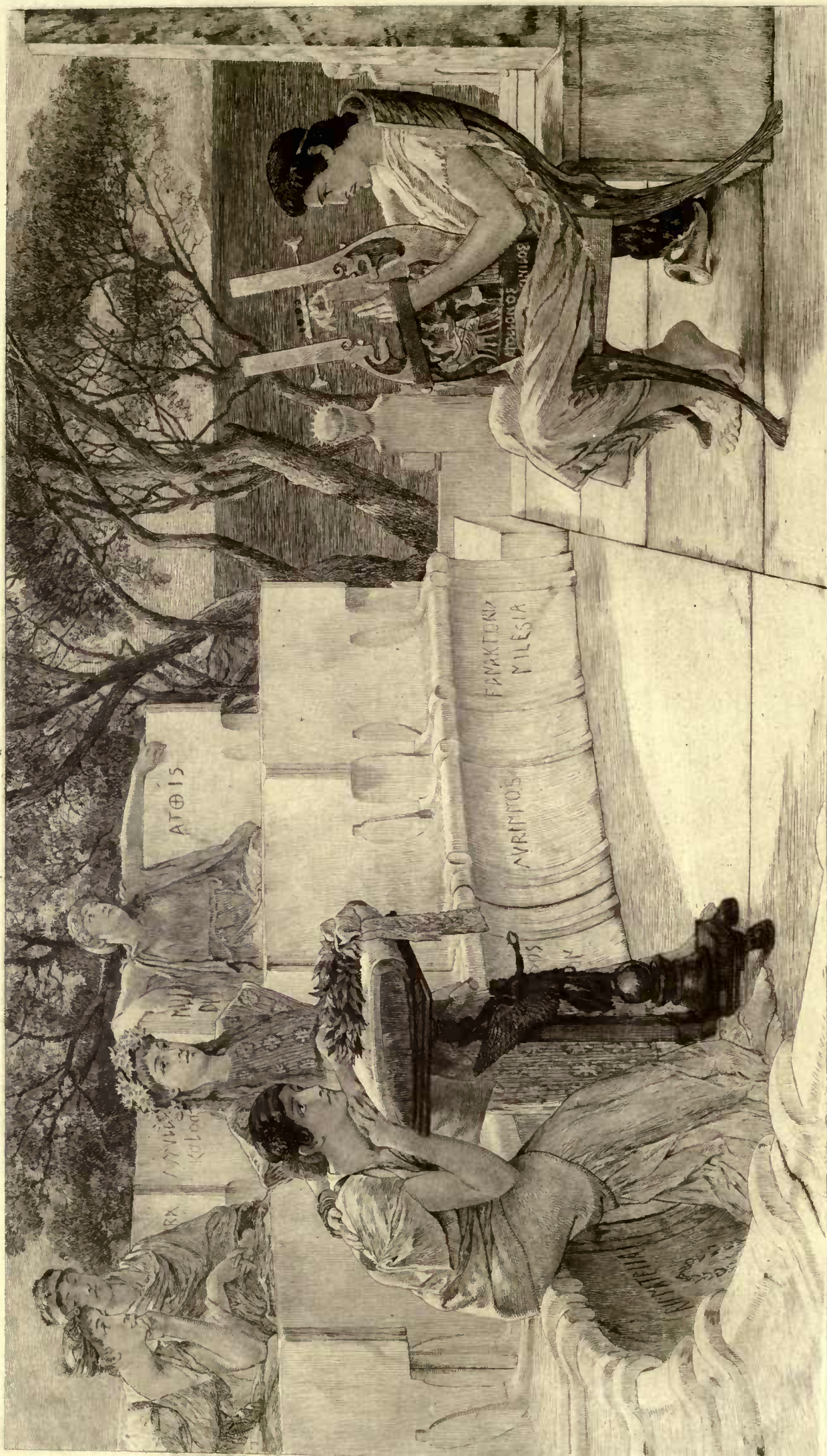












PAINTED BY I. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY

## SAPPHO



THE ART JOURNAL

# L. ALMA TADEMA

HIS LIFE AND WORK

BY  
HELEN ZIMMERN

With Numerous Illustrations

LONDON: ART JOURNAL OFFICE, 25, ABchurch Lane, PRINCE GEORGE'S ROAD







THE ART ANNUAL

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*ROYAL ACADEMICIAN*

## HIS LIFE AND WORK

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## L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

ONE of the greatest ornaments of the Royal Academy at the present time is beyond question the painter Alma Tadema. This distinguished artist has resided in England so many years that the public is apt to forget that he is not truly an Englishman, and that his great fame cannot be altogether laid to the credit of his adopted country. Still it is nothing unprecedented for a distinguished foreigner to become so thoroughly naturalised in this country that only the unfamiliarity of his name reminds us that he is not by birth an Englishman. Herschel and Handel are two

famous examples, and in the walks of imitative art we may mention Roubiliac, Kneller, Fuseli, and more recently Herkomer. It is but natural that instances should become more numerous as the impediments to national intercourse disappear, and the world becomes more cosmopolitan. Never, probably, were there so many noteworthy foreigners settled in this country, and whether formally naturalised or not, become, to all intents and purposes, her adopted citizens, as at the present moment. That artists should be largely represented among them might be expected, for the man of letters finds diversity of speech a more or less serious hindrance, while the language of

Art is universal. In the case of Alma Tadema the obstacles to complete adoption into the ranks of English artists are still further mitigated by the character of his work. If his subjects are not English, they are no more un-English than similar themes would be in the hands of an English painter. Since coming among us he has, with rare exceptions, devoted his pencil to the delineation of the life of antiquity, a pursuit in which distinctions of country are obliterated, and the painter's nationality is rather determined by his residence than his birth on this or the other side of the German Ocean.

Certainly no Englishman will be anxious to disclaim a man of whom the country of his adoption, as well as the country of his birth, may be justly proud.

Laurens Alma Tadema was born on the 8th of January, 1836, in the little Frisian village of Dronryp, near Leeuwarden, in Holland. Like the Hobbemas, Dotingas, Ozingas, and other well-known Dutch clans, the Tademas have been natives of the place from time immemorial, and their name is a familiar one in the legends relating to the formation of the Zuyder Zee. The evolutionist can trace with interest not a few of

Tadema's qualities as a painter to his Frisian origin, evidences of which appear again and again in his work, often in the most unlikely manner and places. The prefix "Alma" is peculiar to the painter, who received it from his godfather. This is also a Frisian family name, and the painter joined it on to his own for the sake of distinction from other members of his family.

By birth he is of good Dutch burgher origin. His father, Pieter Tadema, was a notary, and seems to have been a man of considerable intelligence, whose æsthetic proclivities showed themselves in a great love for music, a taste inherited by his son. The mother was a woman of rare energy and intellect, adding

one more to the long list of remarkable women who have borne great sons. Left early a widow with a large family of small children, two her own, the rest her husband's by his first marriage, frail of body, poor of purse, the brave woman yet held her own nobly. There was no faltering or failing in her struggle with the battle of life. Difficulties were faced calmly, resolutely, never shunned or weakly ignored. In much of the son's work we seem to see the mother's informing spirit, and if from his father Alma Tadema inherited his musical tastes, his mother gave him a yet more



*L. Alma Tadema, R.A., from a Painting by Himself. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.*

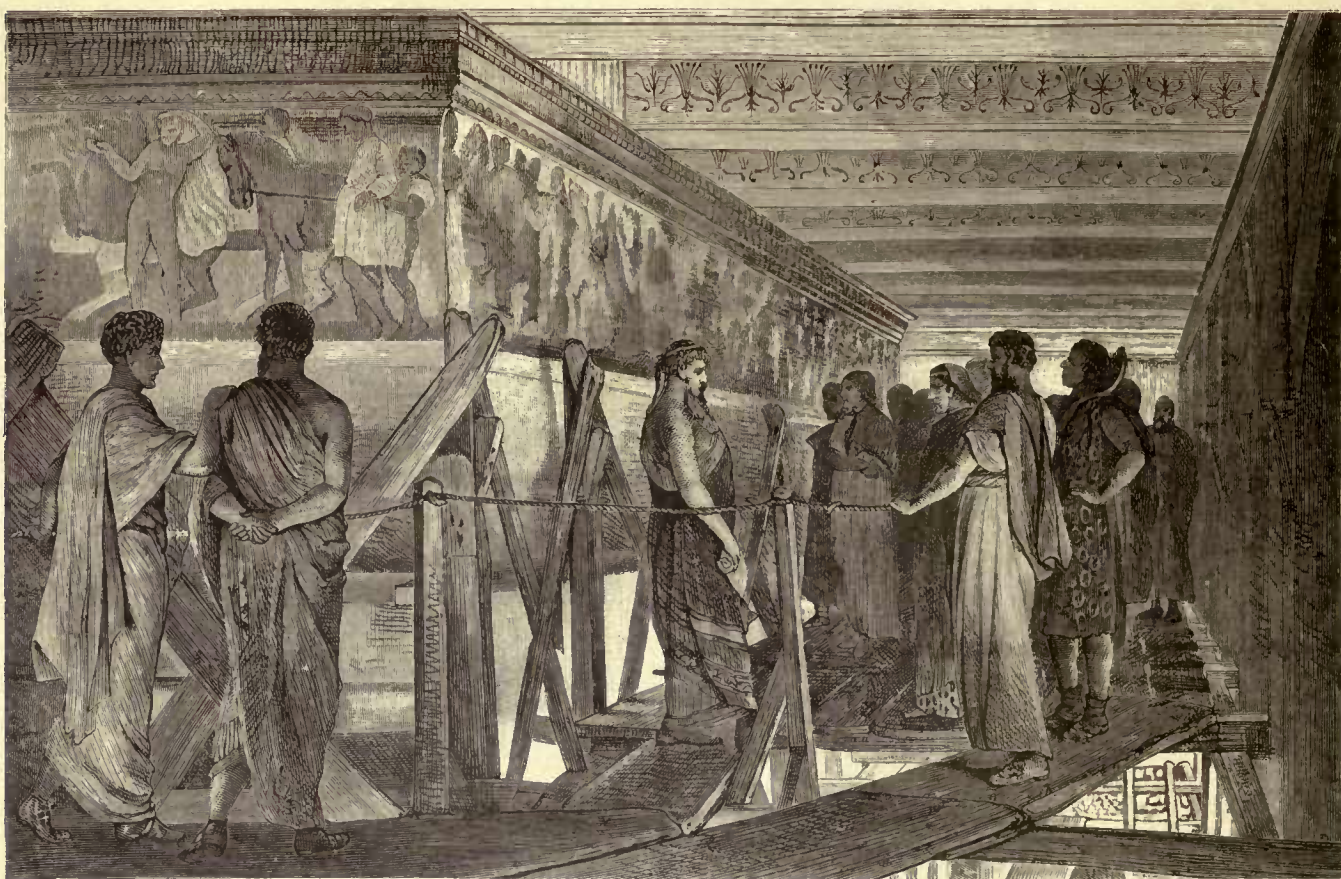


precious heritage, that of quiet perseverance, of marvellous energy, of infinite capacity for taking pains, as well as of a high and strenuous sense of duty. Our painter was but four years old when his father died. He was the youngest but one of the family, his mother's darling, and he watched her struggles with his youthful eyes, and the lessons to be learnt from them sank deep into his soul.

Early impressions are the strongest, and it is interesting to know what were the outer surroundings of the future painter's boyhood. We all know Holland as a flat, monotonous land, not without a certain charm, perhaps, but somewhat tame and dull. Tadema's early home lay in one of the flattest of the flat portions of that level land. In his boyhood many of the women of Leeuwarden still wore the quaint Frisian dress, with its brilliant colours, stately caps, and the veils that gave such a quaint distinctive character to both

the inhabitants and the landscape in which they moved. It is also worthy of note that the province in which the painter was born and lived as a boy is one of the many in Holland where Merovingian antiquities, such as coins and medals, are found; and it was the Merovingians, we shall find later on, who first attracted him in history. It would seem that, owing to the alluvial nature of the soil, these old Franks were in the habit of making artificial hills for the tombs of their chiefs. On one such hillock tomb, called *terps*, stood the church of Dronryp, for the Frisian constantly built on these mounds to avoid the floods, and hence this little village also possessed such ancient remains.

From his very babyhood Tadema gave unmistakable evidence of the artistic bent of his nature. His favourite toy was a pencil. There is an anecdote preserved in the family that relates how the future painter, before he was five years



*Phidias at Work on the Parthenon. (See page 12.) Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

old, had detected and corrected an error of drawing in the work of a master who was teaching a class of older boys. But unmistakable as was the artistic aptitude of the lad, earnestly as he pleaded to be allowed to study Art, the course of his true love was not to run smooth. Many difficulties had to be faced and overcome. The mother and the boy's guardians did not look upon Art as a profession in which to make a career; it was needful in their position that the boy should select a more certainly bread-winning profession, and it was decided for him that he should become a lawyer like his father. To-day we hardly know whether it is more touching or more comic to think of the painter of 'Sappho,' of 'Phidias,' of the 'First-born,' of so many masterpieces, as destined for the dry, dusty, unpoetic profession of the law. The first thing, of course, was to educate him, and to this

end the boy was sent to the public school at Leeuwarden, and passed through the usual school routine. It was all irksome to the lad, who in Greek and Latin never got much beyond the declensions, and who, while this lesson was going on, was usually occupied in drawing the old classic gods. Roman history, however, attracted him, a fact worth noting in relation to his afterwork. Tadema is always more Roman than Greek; his Greeks are generally somewhat Romanised.

But studying could not satisfy the artistic instincts of the youth, and every moment that could be spared from his regular work was spent in drawing and sketching. At one time young Laurens induced his mother to wake him at day-break, by means of a string tied to his great toe, that he might secure the early morning hours to follow his favourite occupation. The story is as characteristic of the mother as



of the son. That the lad had<sup>o</sup> worked to some purpose, albeit alone and without the help of any master, appears from the fact that as early as 1851 Tadema had painted a portrait of his sister, which was exhibited in a Dutch gallery. About this same time he also painted a portrait of himself. It is still in his possession, and reveals in a dim, inarticulate way, many of the qualities that distinguish his later work.

This period of early life was, however, a difficult one for Tadema; for between the desire to abide by his brave little mother's wishes, and his own overwhelming longing to devote himself to Art, he passed through that "hell of time" which makes or mars men. In Tadema's case it made the man. But the struggle between inclination and what to the inexperienced lad seemed duty, was too great for the body. The spirit had borne up undauntedly, but the physical health collapsed completely, so completely that the physicians declared the young man was not long for this world. To have thwarted the wishes of one doomed to an early grave seemed cruel to the guardians' mind, so the idea of the law was abandoned, and Laurens was allowed to take up the brush, much as a patient whose case is hopeless is told he may eat what he likes. The mental strain thus removed, the illness soon disappeared also. Still the doctors were probably right enough: where the bent of genius is so strong as it was in Tadema, to thwart it means death.

This illness was the turning point in the artist's life, and certainly one of the happiest things that could have happened to him. To it he owed what is worth more than life—mental enfranchisement, personal liberty. That this collapse had been due to the mental struggle through which the young man passed, no one who knows the painter now will doubt. The mere idea that this strong man should have been condemned by physicians to an early grave seems almost incredible to those who have ever seen his sturdy, healthy form. For Tadema, as we shall have occasion to point out later, is in all senses of the word healthy. Whether we see in him the supreme genius that he appears to many, or merely the man of extraordinary talent that he appears to others, one thing at least is clear, his work is wholesome and pure, as only the work can be of a man physically as well as mentally healthy. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

Having wrung the somewhat unwilling leave to study Art from mother and guardians, the first problem that presented itself to the young painter was where should these studies be carried on. In Holland, strange to tell, he could gain admission into no Art school or studio. Perchance the worthies who directed them thought the Frisian country lad wanting in

talent. He therefore decided to go to Antwerp, choosing that city because the son of a family friend was also studying there. This town had the double advantage of being not very far from his home, and at the time one of the artistic centres of Europe. It was then the battle-ground of two schools absolutely opposed one to the other, both in principle and practice. The one was the French school of pseudo-classicism inspired by Louis David; and the other the so-called Belgian-Flemish school, whose aim and object was to revive the best traditions of the native Art as it had been in its most flourishing period. No one who has seen a work by Tadema will be in doubt as to the school to which the young man inclined; and his first step on arriving at Antwerp was to enter the Art Academy and study under Wappers, the leader of what may be termed the national movement. That the youth who had managed to work hard at his art under the most difficult and discouraging circumstances, should put forth redoubled energy under these happier ones, goes without saying. "He did not



*The Education of the Children of Clovis. (See pages 4 and 7.)—Engraved by R. S. Lueders.*

work," says a friend of the painter, "he slaved in his efforts to make up for all the precious time that had been lost." The subjects of these early works (the first of his larger ones was taken from Goethe's *Faust*) were for the most part selected from half-mystic, half-historic times; but of these efforts nothing remains. With rare insight, and rarer courage, the young painter ruthlessly destroyed works which his critical mind told him had not attained the ideal of their creator. To this day Tadema exercises the same critical judgment over his pictures. Anything, even some slight archaeological detail, which probably not half-a-dozen people would notice at all, which seems to him not quite perfect, he will paint over and over again till he himself is satisfied. And is not this after all the characteristic of every true artist, that he works to satisfy himself, to satisfy the need of his own soul? Those who see Tadema's pictures in an Art gallery see the result of incredibly hard and earnest work; but few save his intimate



friends know how that very picture probably hides another beneath it which the painter has painted out. Those who, like myself, have seen this process have grieved sorely as some beautiful figure, some dainty little detail, has been, as it seemed to them, barbarously removed. Yet, in the end, they must confess he is right. For, as Gleyre once remarked about a similar matter, "L'art se compose de sacrifices." Even where something exquisitely charming in itself is taken away, the gain to the work as a whole is generally unquestionable.

But if Tadema worked hard and learnt not a little at the Academy, we have to look elsewhere for the master whose influence was deepest and most lasting. From the Academy Tadema entered the atelier of the famous Belgian historical painter Leys, and in him found exactly what he then needed. To that master he owes much that distinguishes all his work

mother, to whom the son owed so much, was taken from him, before, alas! her boy had made a world-wide fame, but happily not before she had the satisfaction of seeing some great works by him, among them that to which he first owed his reputation, 'The Education of the Children of Clovis' (see illustration, page 3), exhibited at Antwerp in 1861. She also lived to see him the recipient of his first gold medal at Amsterdam in 1862.

The next few years were spent in Antwerp. In 1863 he married a French lady, and two years later he removed to Brussels, where he remained till the death of his wife in 1869, when he came to London, a date that may be said to close an epoch in his life's career. English life and English ways suited the Frisian, who in 1873 received letters of denization from her Majesty the Queen. In 1871 he married an Englishwoman, Laura Theresa Epps, whose beauty we have ad-

mired again and again on her husband's canvases, and of whose talent as a painter we have had proof on her own. In explanation of the fact that Tadema has since his earliest years lived and worked everywhere save in his native land, his Dutch biographer points out that between the years 1856 and 1880 Tadema had not earned more than six hundred guildens in his own country, and he adds, "praise is well, but an artist cannot live on air." But although Tadema has lived so long away from Holland, he is in many essential qualities Dutch to the very core. His fame may be said to be world-wide; almost every



*The Visit. (See page 13.) Engraved by Carl Dietrich.*

—his historical accuracy, his attention to detail. His earlier productions naturally also reflect some of the mannerisms of that master, they have something of his hardness and precision. But the influence of Leys was practically of short duration; Tadema's individuality was too strong for plagiarism, conscious or unconscious.

In 1859 Leys was painting his frescoes for the Antwerp Guildhall, and he allowed Tadema to assist him in the work. For these services, however, he never accepted a penny from the great artist. His mother, seeing that her beloved son was settled for some time at least in Antwerp, yielded to his solicitations that she and his sister should come and live with him, and the two, leaving Leenwarden, where they had resided since 1838, rejoined the beloved son and brother, who now seemed likely to make a career even in so unprofitable a profession as that of a painter. Four years later, the adored

country has heaped honours upon him; to give a list of these would be to take up more space than we have at our command. Art lovers buy up his pictures eagerly, and orders for more come in with such persistency that even this hard worker cannot supply the demand; the more that success, far from making him careless, has made him only more careful to work up to his ideal. To sign his name to a work that does not seem worthy would be impossible to this conscientious artist. Hence, while some of us may find fault here or there, while such a picture may appeal more to one and less to another, while we are able perhaps to point to certain weaknesses of conception or imagination, slovenly or scamped work we should happily look for in vain in any canvas, large or small, by Alma Tadema. He knows that to be true to Art a man must first be true to himself.



## HIS EARLY WORK, 1852—1862.

THE Tadema Exhibition, held at the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1882-83, although it did not include all the painter's works, for the prohibitive American tariff hindered the presence of many important pictures from over the water, was nevertheless a thoroughly representative one, and afforded Art lovers a rare opportunity for studying not the works only, but the manner of Alma Tadema. They saw side by side the earliest and latest of his creations; they could compare the efforts of the boy (the first painting exhibited was produced at the age of fifteen) with the mature productions of the man. Such an exhibition, while invaluable for purposes of study, must necessarily be a cruel ordeal even to the greatest painter. That all these numerous works, seen thus together as they were, did not kill each other, that they gave instead unmistakable proof of steady advance in the artist, is so eloquent a fact that it speaks for itself, and needs no further comment.

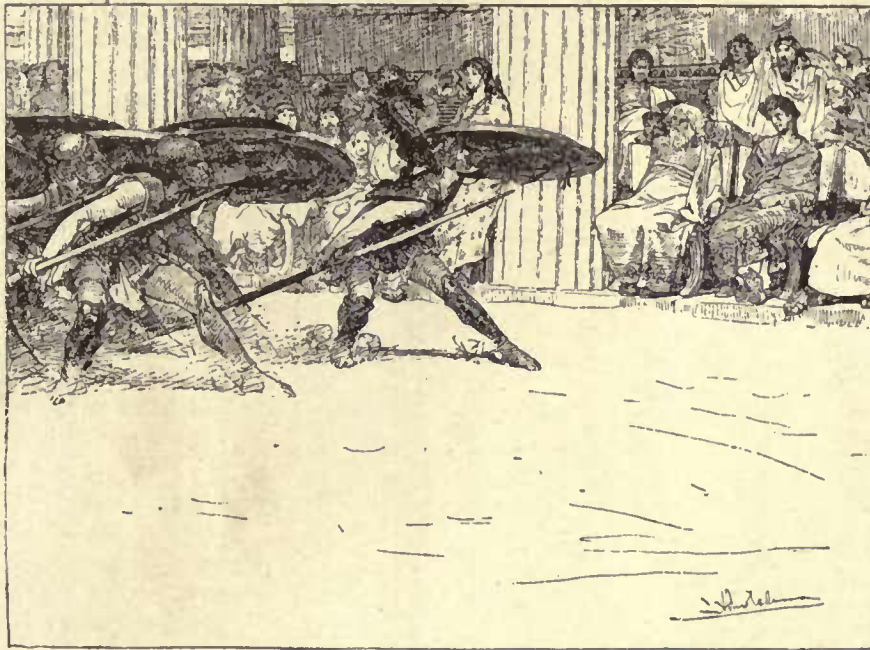
To see all a man's pictures together, to read all a man's books straight through, where there is not genius, or at least great talent, is likely to be a task wearisome in the extreme, and is almost certain to end in disappointment and disillusion. What may appear touches of genius when seen in one or two instances, if repeated again and again are likely to look very much like clever tricks and no-

thing more. Tadema would be more than human if in the one hundred and fifty pictures so brought together there had been no traces of mannerism, or if their proximity, while impressing us with the painter's many qualities, had not also forced out more sharply certain limitations and shortcomings of his art. But of trickery there was nothing. This denotes the high standard of solid workmanship ever maintained by this painter.

Probably the first impression upon looking round the galleries in which those pictures were collected was the marvellous finish, the completeness of each work, the rapidity with which the painter had found his ground, and the comparatively short period of tentative effort. Then after a while, almost imperceptibly, there stole upon us a vague impression, a sense as of something wanting: and we asked ourselves what it could be. Everything seemed so perfect, and yet it left a sense of incompleteness. Then gradually it became clear. It seemed as if most of those men

and women were beautiful truly, often very beautiful, but only physically so, and that they were too frequently devoid of spiritual life. It was not that we wished to see Greeks with the morbid self-consciousness of our modern times written on their faces, or Romans with the introspection and self-doubting of this nineteenth century. But these men and women must have had some manner of soul, and very rarely does Tadema show it to us. We find freshness, grace, infinite charm of colour, gaiety, strength, but little tenderness, or pathos, or dramatic intensity. Were we convinced of Tadema's incapacity to reach what may, perhaps, be an even higher level, we should not refer to this lack. In a man who gives us so much, we should be worse than foolish and ungrateful to ask for what was not his to grant. But there are certain pictures of Tadema's that seem to point to the conclusion that he has not yet given all that he might. There are a

few of his canvases (we shall refer to them in detail farther on) so full of tragic power, of dramatic conception, and of pathos, that we feel justified in pointing to where the qualities are wanting. As a rule, it is Tadema's marbles and silks, his stuffs, his textures, his silver and gold and bronze, and occasionally his flowers, in a word, his inanimate objects that live in our memory, and we not infrequently think of



*The Pyrrhic Dance.*

his men and women as mere accessories to these. But the artist who could give us the life-like blending of tragedy and humour of his 'Roman Emperor,' the infinite pathos of the 'Death of the First-Born,' the exquisite tenderness of 'The Question,' has not spoken his last word. We have the right to expect something from him that he has not yet bestowed. Further, work like this seems lacking of late years, and we regret to notice him wasting his marvellous powers upon repetitions, with trifling variants, of some little subject, producing wonders of colour and beauty that fascinate our eyes and brain, but which, nevertheless, fail to reach our hearts.

The earliest specimen of Tadema's skill at the Grosvenor Gallery, the one that has survived the elimination already referred to, was the portrait of himself dated 1852. As the production of a lad of fifteen, it has wonderful qualities; there is a simple straightforwardness about it that has in it a world of meaning, and its undoubted hardness and dryness



of tone are more than atoned for by the vigour and earnestness of the drawing. The next work of note belonging to this early period is the well-known 'Clotilde at the Tomb of her

the young man had come across Gregory of Tours' "History of the Franks," and the quaint old chronicles had completely fascinated him. This is hardly to be marvelled at, for the work is a very treasure-house for artistic purposes, as stirring in its way as any of the old Sagas. As an historian Gregory would hardly satisfy modern requirements, but as a story-teller he is inimitable. He snaps his fingers at objective impartiality, takes sides with his heroes, and deals out poetic justice with refreshing disregard for probability. Above all he introduces his heroes dramatically and makes them speak for themselves. The use made by Tadema of this old book is of the utmost interest, for it throws light upon his whole method of work.

Nor did he content himself with such hints as could be gathered from this volume. The archæological truth of his later work is already foreshadowed in this first historical canvas: no possible means of obtaining information was lost; every little coin found near his home was studied, and the result is a wonderfully powerful picture which in its smallest detail was the outcome of earnest study. It affords a perfect insight into his method of work. In Gregory's *Chronicles* there is no word that tells of "Clotilde at the grave of her grandchildren," but he narrates the following story. Clovis, the great king, had married Clotilde, daughter of the King of Burgundy, and she had borne him three sons. The eldest had fallen in battle with the Burgundians, but his mother had sent for his children, two sons, and had them educated at Paris. Then her second son became jealous of the love and care lavished on his nephews and he sent secretly for his younger brother, and the two together determined to slay the children. To get them into their power they said they wished to raise them to the throne, and Clotilde, pleased thereat, for the grandchildren were the sons of her first-born, sent the lads to their uncles, but these, as behoved wicked uncles, murdered them and their attendants and teachers. Then "the Queen placed the dead bodies of the children on the bier, and amid the singing of choirs and indescribable grief, she herself followed them to the church of St. Peter, and there buried them side by side. The one was ten, the other seven years old." Such was the story, and the painter at once beheld all its true meaning, and the scene Gregory had not described became a reality to him. He saw the grandmother grieving at the grave of the little ones, doubly loved for themselves and for their



"Ave Caesar! ð Saturnalia!" Engraved by T. Roberts.

Grandchildren,' one of a whole series of paintings that deals with Merovingian times and modes of life. While studying in the Antwerp Academy under the Professor of History, Detaye,

dead father, and as he saw her in his mind's eye so he has depicted her for us. The execution of this picture shows less perfection perhaps than any other of his early works.



Next followed the picture to which Tadema owed his really great success, 'The Education of the Children of Clovis' (see page 3), and in this remarkable painting we already find most of the characteristics that have made him famous; in less marked degree, of course, than in later pictures, but still all there. We discover in it the Dutch minuteness of detail, the careful adherence to facts, the determination to give historical accuracy as well as accuracy of accessories, the purity of colour and skill in grouping of figures. The influence of Leys is distinctly felt; indeed, it was the first picture the pupil painted under this great master, but this influence was not sufficient to mask the painter's own individuality of conception and treatment. Altogether it is an immense advance upon the 'Clotilde at the Tomb,' especially in the greater energy of conception, in the more varied draperies

and in the movement of the whole. This painting, as already stated, was also inspired by the old Frankish story, and, like most of the pictures dealing with these mythic times, requires some explanation. Indeed, it is a peculiarity and often a drawback to Tadema's work that it is in inspiration and source too frequently remote from the knowledge and, at times, the interest of the general public.

The story runs that Clotilde's uncle had caused her father to be stabbed and her mother to be drowned with a heavy stone hung about her neck. She married the great King Clovis, and after his death sent for her little sons, and telling them not to "make her rue that she had brought them up with love and care," bade them think with bitter hate of the foul wrong that had been done her, and "avenge the death of her father and mother." In his picture, Tadema shows us



*At Lesbia's. Engraved by W. Hecht.*

the Queen superintending that education which is to fit them to carry out the revenge. She gazes with pride at her boys: the eldest is hurling the axe, the second standing by waiting his turn, while the youngest nestles by his mother's side, watching his elder brothers. She looks on with pride, and yet there is infinite sadness in the set face, that speaks the foreboding at her heart. The design of the eldest child is singularly spirited and original; the other figures are, for the most part, not so bold and firm as accessory figures in later productions, but that of the boys' instructor, bending forward to watch the prowess of his charge, is full of life. This remarkable painting, which assured the position of its painter, is now the property of the King of the Belgians. It, in the first instance, was bought by the Antwerp Society

for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts for the small sum of 1,600 francs, a price which at that time seemed acceptable to the artist.

'Clovis's Children' was followed by yet a further series of works inspired by the Merovingian chronicles. We can here but mention 'Venantius,' 'Fortunatus and Radagonda,' now in the Museum at Dordrecht, and the highly interesting 'Gonthram Bose.' This last picture is full of movement, the colouring superb. It affords also an admirable example of Tadema's method of filling out every inch of canvas. Here the intention is still, perhaps, too obvious; it was not yet within the powers of the young painter to fill his canvas quite naturally, and without any sense of overcrowding.



The next pictures still dealt in large part with the Merovingians. One depicted Fredegonde at the death-bed of Prætextatus (see illustration), Bishop of Rouen. The canvas can again be best explained by Gregory's story. This tells how the Bishop, attacked by assassins hired by Fredegonde

that she should rejoice at his recovery, and that she should seek out the guilty and punish them. "Then the Bishop, who saw through her deep cunning, said, 'Who has done this? The same who has killed our kings, who has so often spilt innocent blood, and has been guilty of so many crimes in this

kingdom.' Then spake Fredegonde, 'I have many experienced physicians, let me send them to thee.' 'Me,' he replied, 'God would now call away from this world, but thou, who hast caused all these sins, wilt be cursed to all eternity, and God will avenge my blood upon thy head.' Then she went forth, but the Bishop put his house in order and departed thence."

Here we no longer find Tadema taking a picture merely suggested by circumstance, but actually portraying a written scene; and how admirably it is on the whole portrayed, those who have seen this canvas will bear witness. Beneath the outstretched and denouncing arm of Prætextatus we see the death-dealing wound, and we feel its blood will be upon her head, upon the head of that bold bad woman who sits beside the bed. There is nothing mild or forgiving in the wounded priest; energy, fierce passion look out of his face. This, as well as the arm, are cursing deep, loud, and long. And how strangely powerful is the calm of the Queen in its contrast to the passion of the man! The slightly ironical mouth seems to be saying, "Provided you be called away, out of my way, I reckon little who calls you." And if the form is a little hard, the beauty the painter probably wished to portray somewhat hidden beneath the sternness of the face, we can forgive it for the sake of the power of this head and figure. There is character too in the two dukes on the left, and there is fine meaning in the five other figures that compose the

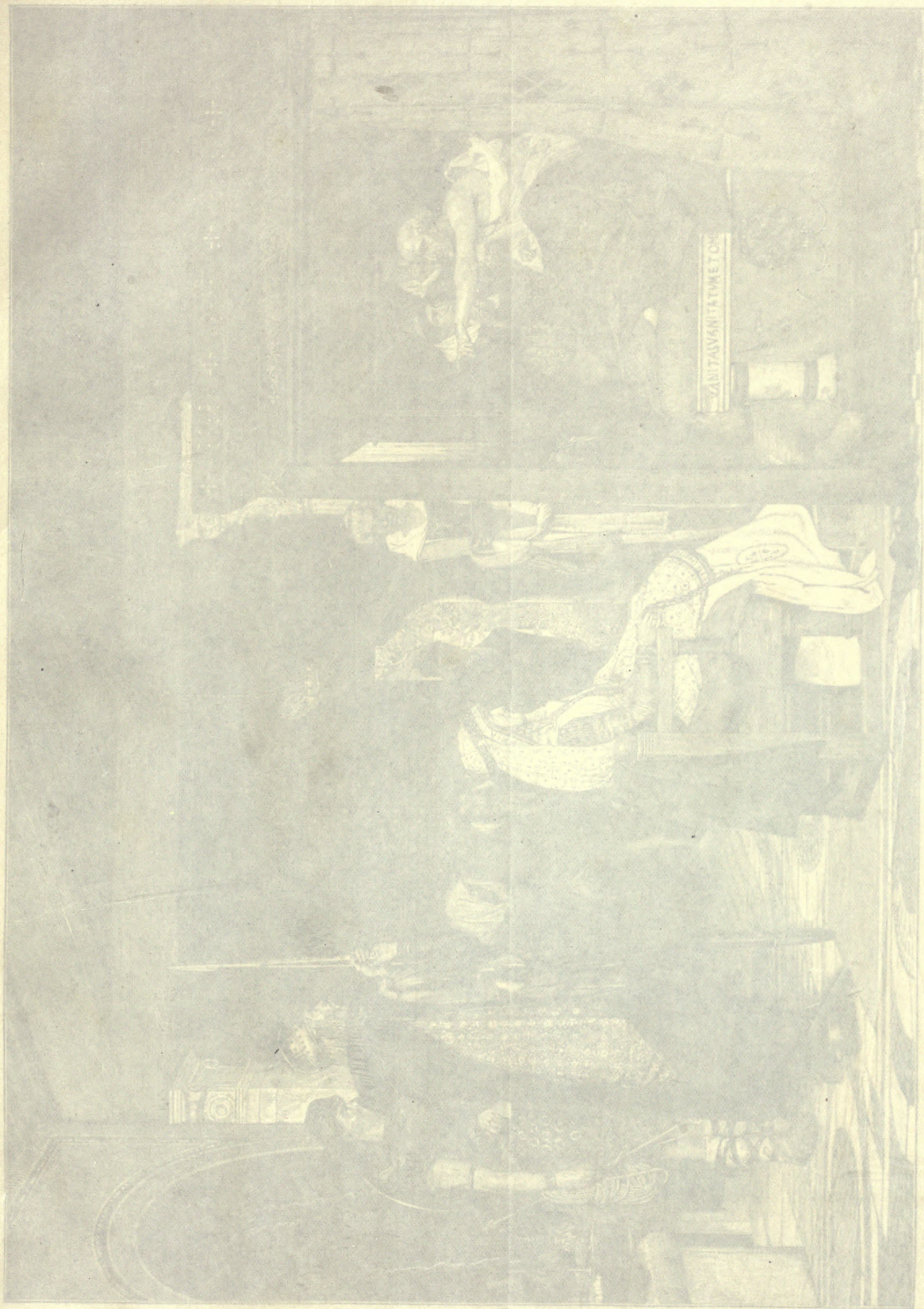


*Tarquinius Superbus. Engraved by A. Bellenger.*

even as he celebrated mass on Easter-day, was sorely wounded under the arm and was carried by his attendants to his room and laid upon his bed. And soon after Fredegonde, accompanied by the Dukes Beppolen and Ausolwald, came to him, and she pretended to be angered at what had happened, and

group. In this work too we have all the attention to detail which, with Tadema, is proverbial. The bed, the mosaic of the floor, the chair in which the Queen is sitting, the dresses of all the personages represented, all these are reproduced with marvellous care and painstaking.



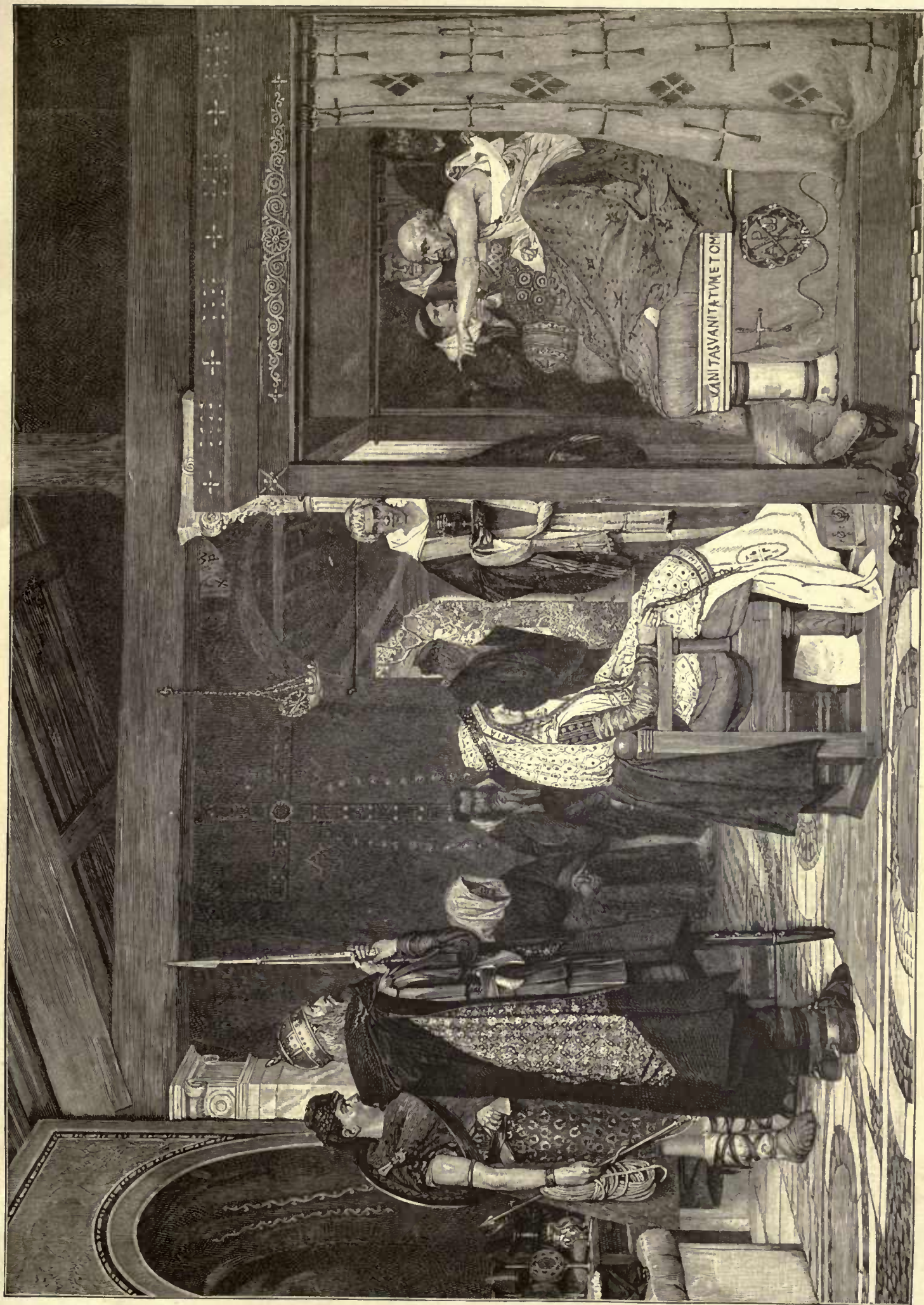


FREDECONDE AT THE DEATHBED OF PRÆTEXIATUS. Engraved by Dug and Brown 1801.









FREDEGONDE AT THE DEATH-BED OF PRÆTEXTATUS. Engraved by Bong and Hönemann.







## HIS SECOND PERIOD, 1863—1869.

THE time had now come for Alma Tadema to turn from portraying splendid barbarians to painting those nations which not only are the source of all our own culture, but the embodiment to us of Art and beauty. It is characteristic that Tadema should first have turned to the land which has fascinated so many poets and artists, the land of mystery and wonders, the birthplace of science, the land of Isis and Osiris. Asked by the well-known Egyptologist, George Ebers, how he had been led to study Egyptian life and customs, and to portray them in his pictures, Tadema replied: "Where else, when I began to make myself acquainted with the life of the

ancients, should I have begun? The first thing the child learns of ancient times is about the court of Pharaoh, and if we go back to the original source of Art and the science of ancient nations, how often, then, do we not go back to Egypt?"

The result of this going back to the source of Art was the production, in 1863, of 'Egyptians Three Thousand Years ago,' with which picture what may be termed Tadema's second period commences. His method of approaching the subject was absolutely original; here were no longer the conventional landscape, the conventional figures, and mere



*Entrance to a Roman Theatre.*

archæological correctness. It must have come with something of a shock to many persons, that there could be a side to Egyptian life of which they had not dreamed, that behind these strong forms were living human beings; that the stolid fixed exterior hid men and women who had laughed and wept, rejoiced and grieved, even as ourselves. Indeed the great aim of Tadema's Art is to bring his Egyptians, Romans, and Greeks, within the scope of our sympathies, or at least of our comprehension of them as men and women, not as simply Romans, or Greeks, or Egyptians. That he occasionally fails may be granted, that frequently we have an irritating

sense that there is more soul in the marble and silver of his pictures than in his human beings; that his perfection, as Ruskin has said, is sometimes in inverse ratio to the value of the thing portrayed, that we occasionally miss a certain dramatic intensity and spiritual loftiness of conception, cannot be denied; but at his worst Tadema is never merely an archæologist reproducing classical remains and no more. When he is at his worst, and the painter of three hundred pictures cannot always be perfect, "or what's a heaven for?" as Browning would ask, Tadema's creations are redeemed by many admirable qualities, and when he is at his best—and he



is at his best when dealing with Egypt and with Rome—he is in many respects unique among living painters, and altogether unapproachable. It is worthy of note that on the whole, excepting of course some very charming pictures, Tadema is far less successful with his Greeks than with his Romans. We cannot avoid a conviction that his Greeks are Romans in disguise. Even the Phidias, which we shall consider presently, despite much that is exquisite, despite the fascination of the subject, has not the subtlety of many of the Roman works, and we could hardly imagine a Hellenist saying what an Egyptologist has said of his Egyptian pictures: "These works say much to the connoisseurs that the uninitiated cannot understand. This is a true resurrection of Egyptian life. Here is nothing that does not belong to the time of Pharaoh; just like this wall, were the walls of the Palace of Rameses III. . . . All here is true, and as if the master had anticipated what was only discovered ten years after the picture ('Death of the First-Born') had been painted, he placed at the feet of the dead a wreath of flowers that are strikingly like those found in the royal tombs at Derel-Bachri."

'The Egyptians Three Thousand Years ago' was followed by the 'Chess-players' (so full of the quaint humour of which the artist displays much in private life, and of which he lets but little overflow into his works), 'The Egyptian at his Doorway,' and the 'Mummy.' In the 'Egyptian at his Doorway' we have Tadema's first distinct application of genre painting to antique subjects, and apart from the merits of the work in itself, it is of interest as the forerunner of innumerable other pictures conceived in the same spirit. In this original use of genre may we not again trace something of the painter's nationality? The 'Mummy' too is a wonderful piece of workmanship. It depicts the family of the defunct bringing

offerings to a mummy that stands on end at the right of the spectator. A somewhat similar theme was treated in 1873 under the title of 'The Widow,' where, in a small Egyptian temple, on the bier, lies the mummy by the side of the sarcophagus where he is to be laid to rest. Crouching at his feet kneels his sometime wife, while priests sit round singing the funeral psalms. Between columns we behold the palm-trees that grow without, whose shadow falls almost caressingly over the dead and the mourner.

Besides these works there belong to the years 1865—1868 many important canvases, among others: 'A Roman Family,' 'The Honeymoon,' 'Lesbia,' 'The Discourse,' 'Claudius,' 'Tarquinius Superbus,' 'A Roman Dance,' 'Visit to the Studio,' 'Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus,' 'Tibullus at Delia's,' 'Entrance to a Roman Theatre,' 'The Preparations for a Feast in a Pompeian House,' and various portraits. 'Lesbia' is worth mentioning if only to show that the insight of the artist is often more trustworthy than that of the *savant*. This Lesbia is mourning over a little dead bird, and a Berlin critic declared it a ridiculous mistake to paint a Roman woman, "who knew no pity for animals," weeping over a dead bird. Of course Tadema had simply to refer this hypercritic to Catullus, and re-



*The Convalescent. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

mind him of the maiden who wept her eyes red over the dead sparrow. The 'Visit to the Studio,' lacking though it does some of those qualities of refinement that are characteristic of Tadema, is interesting as a study in light and shade, and for effects of chiaroscuro that are as pleasing as they are novel. The harmonizing of the lady's dark cinnamon and the gentleman's white dress with the surroundings is admirable, just as in 'Agrippina' the red toga and the golden chiton are made to produce a wonderful result.



The 'Entrance to a Roman Theatre' (see p. 9) shows us Romans going to see a play by Terence. The picture is full of life, and has a touch of humour. The grouping too is admirable, the effect of space being wonderfully conveyed despite the number of figures crowded together. The figure of the woman is perhaps a little wooden. She is one of those women that this painter often introduces, and in whom, do what we will, we cannot feel the slightest interest. 'The Roman Family,' 'The Roman Dance,' and 'The Discourse' are remarkable for the infinite care bestowed upon them, while in the Pompeian scene we feel the painter had a subject after his own heart. But the greatest picture of those produced during these three years is unquestionably the 'Tarquinius Superbus' (see p. 8) a truly magnificent piece of work. We see Tarquin cutting off with his sceptre the heads of the tallest poppies that fill the garden court. The sun is streaming in upon the gay flowers, while the wall is kept in sombre gloom. This entire canvas is instinct with tragic power. There is a strength in the figure of Tarquin such as Tadema has given us all too rarely, and that fascinates; you would fain turn away (for there is something almost oppressive in these sun-bathed flowers, contrasting with the stern evil face of the king, that is not without beauty), but you cannot, and as you gaze at each flower, each leaf stands out, and the figures seem living, breathing. Such a work as this clearly proves that Tadema has tragic power, and can paint the soul when he chooses. This same tragic power is put forth, though in an entirely different way, in the pictures that deal with 'Claudius proclaimed Emperor after the Murder of Caligula.' This is evidently a subject which has strongly taken hold of the imagination of the painter, for he returned to it three times. First he treated it as 'Claudius,' then as 'The Roman Emperor' and finally as 'Ave Cæsar! Iò Saturnalia!' Admirable as is the second of these works, the finest version of the story is to our thinking the last, 'Ave Cæsar!' It is the finest because more truly dramatic than either of the others, and because in it the tragedy is more completely maintained. Thus while the two soldiers of 'The Roman Emperor' are very finely conceived, the crowd is less happily rendered. There is no emotion in these faces.

But with the 'Ave Cæsar!' (see p. 6) this is not so. Here there is meaning not alone in every face, but in every line of every face. The obeisance of the soldier who draws away the curtain, is in its way as characteristic as the attitude of Claudius, as livid, his face distorted by fear, his hand grasping the drapery in an agony of terror, he stands revealed to the populace, half

reeling in his abject fear. The murdered men and women lying in a heap to our left, and the group of greeting soldiers and women to the right of the picture, as they ironically salute Cæsar, are equally admirable. And not less admirable is the subtle, delicate, indescribable touch of humour. The introduction of this humorous element, insisted on just enough and not too much, adds to the tragedy of the whole, as the drunken porter adds to the terror of the murder scene in Macbeth. There are critics who have held the introduction of this porter so opposed to all preconceived ideas of tragedy, that they roundly declare the scene is not Shakespeare's. In



*Portion of the 'Vintage Festival.'*

like fashion some critics have been shocked at the comedy that goes hand in hand with the tragedy of this picture. But this blending of humour and horror heightens the effect of the whole work. There is a reality in it which Tadema has rarely equalled. The accessories have all the perfection we are accustomed to in works by this artist, but here the interest in the human beings is so strong we hardly notice them. Here we do not look at the marbles and mosaics, the hangings and decorations first, and from them to the human beings, frequently to return to these again. Here we, indeed, feel



satisfied that every detail is beautiful and correct, but it is a detail, and serves only the single purpose of enhancing the tremendous effect of the central figure. The painter who could produce two works so essentially dramatic as Tarquin and Claudius, the dramatic effect being produced in each case by entirely different causes, might surely, had he so willed it, have been one of the greatest painters of that very quality which we too often miss in him, the quality of tragic expression.

The next pictures of importance painted by Tadema were, 'Phidias and the Elgin Marbles' (1868), 'The Siesta' (1868), 'A Roman Amateur' (1868), 'The Convalescent' (1869) (see p. 10), 'Confidences' (1869), 'The Pyrrhic Dance' (1869), 'The Juggler' (1869), 'The Chamberlain of Sesostri' (1869).

In Phidias we see the sculptor after he has completed the Parthenon frieze, the greatest artistic achievement of all time. He has just concluded the work and is showing it to Pericles, Alcibiades, and Aspasia. For a moment, perhaps, it is a little difficult to realise that this is a sort of Greek "Show Sunday," but let us once admit the possibility that Phidias did invite such Art-lovers to see his work (it is not improbable in itself), and we can admit that it must have been much as Tadema has imaged it. The frieze to the left of the canvas shows us a line

of horsemen on the cella of the temple, coloured in full tints, and this colouring, it must be confessed, is somewhat heavy. The management of light is singular, for it is reflected from beneath the figures, and broken here and there by the great columns and the tympanum. The visitors are separated from the sculptor by a rope. The big bearded man, a scroll in his right hand, is Phidias himself. Perhaps he is not quite our ideal of the divine sculptor, but that the figure is full of strength and character is undeniable. There is pride in the bearing of the artist. The great ones of Athens have come to

see his work, but is he not greater than they? This is what his attitude seems to say. And there is rightly more awe in the faces of the onlookers than in his. The noble form immediately opposite Phidias must be Pericles; and the woman clad in the graceful saffron-coloured garments must be the beautiful Aspasia; while the white-robed youth to the left can be only Alcibiades. Phidias, Pericles, Alcibiades, Aspasia! How much the names mean to us! That their embodiments here should fall a little short of our expectation, that these men and this woman who represent a whole age to us should

here appear rather less interesting than we expect them to do, is but natural. Not even the greatest painters can always succeed in realising for us our ideals. But the subject of this painting is singularly fascinating, and our slight sense of disappointment soon gives place to admiration of the painter's marvellous technique.

The 'Siesta' is a charming picture, full of quietness, repose, and truly classical serenity. An aged man and a youth are resting together in calm enjoyment while they listen to the strains of a flute.

In 'At Lesbia's' (see p. 7) Tadema has returned to his old love, and he now shows us Lesbia as Catullus reads her his verses. Poets reading their verses to their beloved is a favourite theme with Tadema. He has dealt with it at least three times, in three distinct man-



*The Improvisatore. Engraved by A. Gloss.*

ners, and it is curious to observe that it is the poet who is always the central figure, though we know not whether it was the artist's intention or not that this should be. This 'Lesbia,' amid all the beauty of her surroundings—and how beautiful they are! how full of light and air, as she listens, quietly resting with a far-away abstracted look in her large eyes!—she is in the centre of the picture, the full light illuminates her, seems to be about her as if it was in love with the graceful limbs, and yet it is the reading poet we shall remember when we turn away from the picture. There



is a yearning earnestness in this somewhat gaunt figure, a sort of passionate meaning in the outstretched arm, a tension about the face that is full of strength, and not without a certain pathos. We also bear away a very vivid memory of the two attendants, the one looks at Lesbia, the other gazes up with something like pity in the eyes. Has the thought of Catullus reading to this Lesbia brought it there?

The 'Convalescent' (1869) (see page 10) takes us again into a Roman interior, an *atrium*. The figure of the convalescent herself is not particularly attractive; the pose is ungraceful; but the old Roman woman who is reading to her and the slave are cleverly individualized. The roses round the marble bust, the column on which hangs a portrait of her lover, and the curtains are singularly beautiful.

'The Chamberlain of Sesostrius' (1869) is a fine work; and 'The Juggler' (1869), one of exceeding cleverness. It is, however, somewhat hard. As an example of its cleverness we note the manner in which it is shown that the juggler does his tricks with his hands only, the arms are almost motionless. The onlookers are of greater interest than the juggler himself.

'The Pyrrhic Dance' (1869), of which a sketch is given at page 5, is one of the many dances, and certainly the most original, that Tadema has painted. It created a profound sensation when exhibited in the Academy. The dancers here are Dorian warriors, their dance a war-dance; they are heavily armed, and are led in their movements by one who is a little in advance of the rest. The strong men, despite the great bronze helmets, shields, javelins and corselets, move easily, as if they hardly felt the weight of their accoutrements. The way in which Alma Tadema has suc-

slightly raised amphitheatre, and as they pass them in the arena, the dancers bow to them. Behind the mighty marble columns is a dense mass of people looking on at the performance with various degrees of interest. This picture might be



*The Picture Gallery. (See page 18.)*



*The Sculpture Gallery. (See page 17.)*

ceeded in making us see that they *are* heavy, and are light only because of the wearer's strength, is admirable. The violent motion has raised a cloud of dust that half obscures their legs. The great notables who look on are seated in the

said to note high-water mark in Tadema's Art. In certain respects it has never been surpassed, in others never approached. It was no easy task to present pictorially this "mimic-warrior armour game," as Plato calls it. It was the philosopher who taught Tadema the principle of this "game;" representations upon vases that helped him to depict it with archæological accuracy; his own sure instincts that made him delineate it with such force and measure, with that absence of the slightest touch of exaggeration which in this dance was specially fatal, as it threw it into the ludicrous, a result that did occur sometimes, as we have historical evidence. It is known too that both Caligula and Nero bestowed the right of citizenship upon those Ephebæ who danced the Pyrrhic with grace and skill, so highly was this performance valued.

'A Roman Amateur' takes us once more to Rome, and again to the *atrium* of a Roman house. The amateur, Roman though he be, seems a fat, vulgar fellow. He is showing some visitors a silver statue. The dark-haired friend looks with a certain critical glance at the statue; the woman (what a world of suggestion Tadema puts into her costume!) gazes on stupidly, she is thinking the statue is made of *silver*—we know that as well as if we heard her say so. The third visitor is the most interesting. There is a look of undisguised savagery about him that is rendered with perfect success, because it is not over-accentuated. Yet, or rather because, of this self-restraint in the painter who has not laid it on with a trowel, we know the man is a villain, absolutely brutal.

To this year (1869) belongs also 'The Visit' (see page 4), a picture which is perhaps little known to Englishmen.

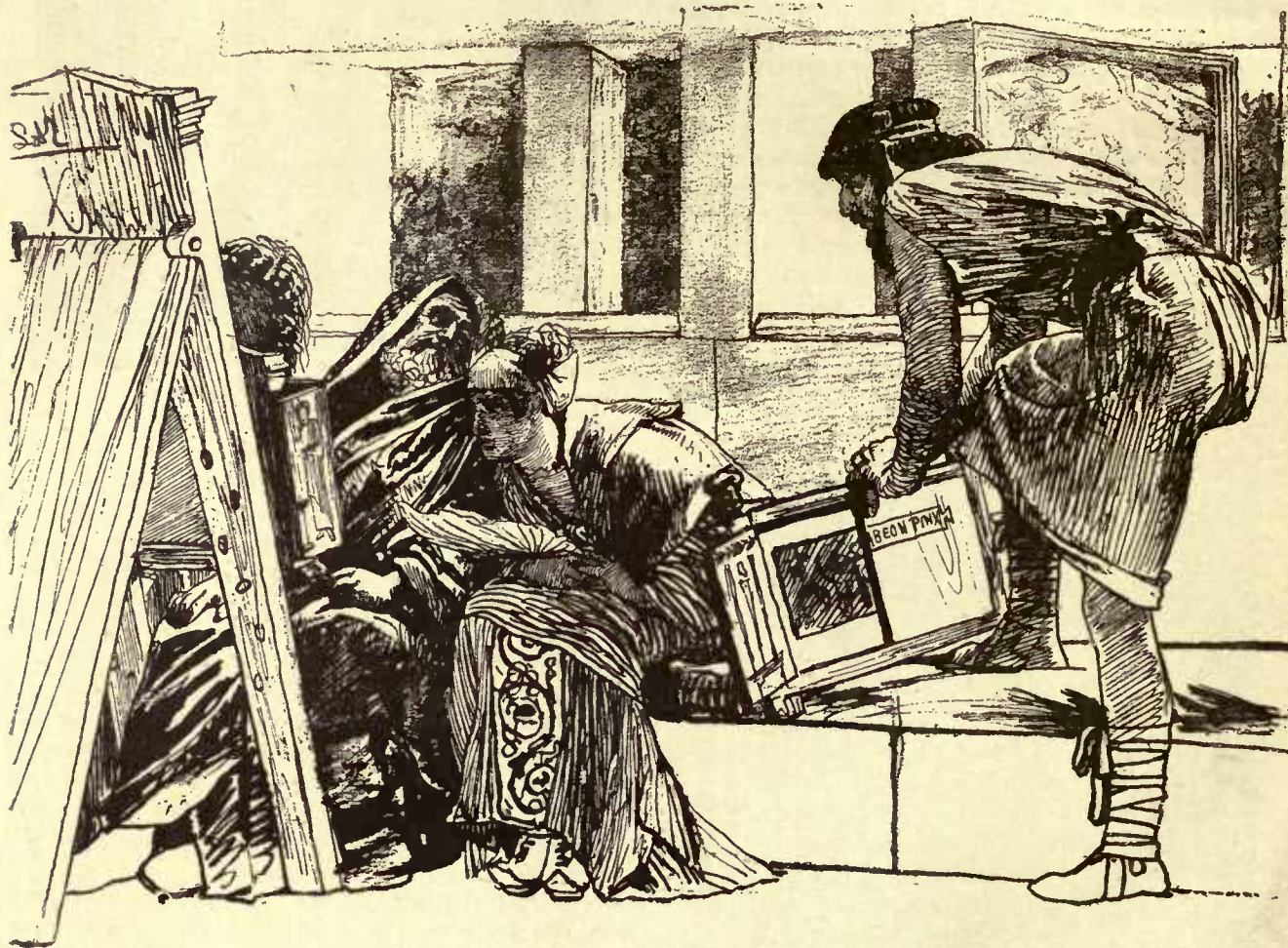


## TADEMA IN ENGLAND. 1869—1875.

IT was in 1869 that Tadema came to live in London, and commenced what may be named his English career. The first pictures painted after that date are 'The Vintage' (1870), 'The First Whisper' (1870), 'At Lesbia's' (1870), and 'In the Temple' (1871).

'The Vintage,' portions of which are reproduced at page 11 and at page 19, is one of Tadema's most important works. But while it bears witness to his unique skill and his power, it goes far to justify those who contend that he has small sense of physical beauty in men and women. A procession is entering a temple. The priestess, the leading figure, would certainly not satisfy all tastes in respect of beauty. Most persons would consider her too heavy in build and form for

loveliness. She lacks light feminine grace, but she has instead qualities which the painters of mere beauty often miss. She has character; and the impression of want of beauty is lost in the far stronger conviction that she is flesh and blood. The same, in some degree, holds good of the other figures: some are almost disfigured by the straps that half hide the faces: the men bearing the huge wine kegs are not individually interesting, but like the priestess they give us an impression of reality. The picture is a striking example of Tadema's power of conveying his idea and intention to the spectator; he here succeeds in making us forget the individuals, who, truth to say, are not particularly attractive, the better to impress upon us their object. We think of the procession and forget the



*Antistius Labeon.* (See page 16.)

actors in it even as we look at them. So real, so profound is this sense of their having an object that we half listen for the sounds of music, half expect to see the people move along, to hear the shouts of "Evoe." Tadema has rarely been so happy as in this picture in giving a sense of motion. He has frequently been called the painter of repose, and with some notable exceptions the description is sufficiently just. But certainly looking at this work alone, no one could understand why such a term should have been applied. As for the colouring of this picture, it is remarkable even for Tadema. It is positively saturated with light; we seem to feel the soft balmy air; the marble shines, and the bronzes, the musical

instruments, the wine kegs, the garlands, the thousand and one accessories gleam and sparkle in this bright, clear daylight. How perfect these accessories are, we only begin to understand when we make up our mind to examine them as things in themselves, which is not easy, they belong so to the picture as a whole. Alma Tadema's archæological knowledge is admittedly unrivalled, and we may be quite certain that every detail is scientifically accurate. This artist, indeed, not unfrequently bestows care upon his accessories to the detriment of his human beings; but at any rate we never feel with him, as with many another painter, that he has a stock of properties in a cupboard which he deliberately paints



in. Whether too much emphasized, as in some cases, or whether used merely as the means to an end, his accessories belong to his theme, are part of it and never meretricious. In this work they are distinctly useful in helping us to realise the true meaning of the whole. Occasionally when painting the light-hearted gaiety of the Pagan world, still in its unsaddened childhood, Tadema is not quite successful. There is now and then a sort of "how very gay we are" expression about the people that suggests anything but the gaiety which must be utterly unconscious. But this reproach would be quite out of place applied to 'The Vintage,' we may be sure the men and women of this procession "flee the time carelessly."

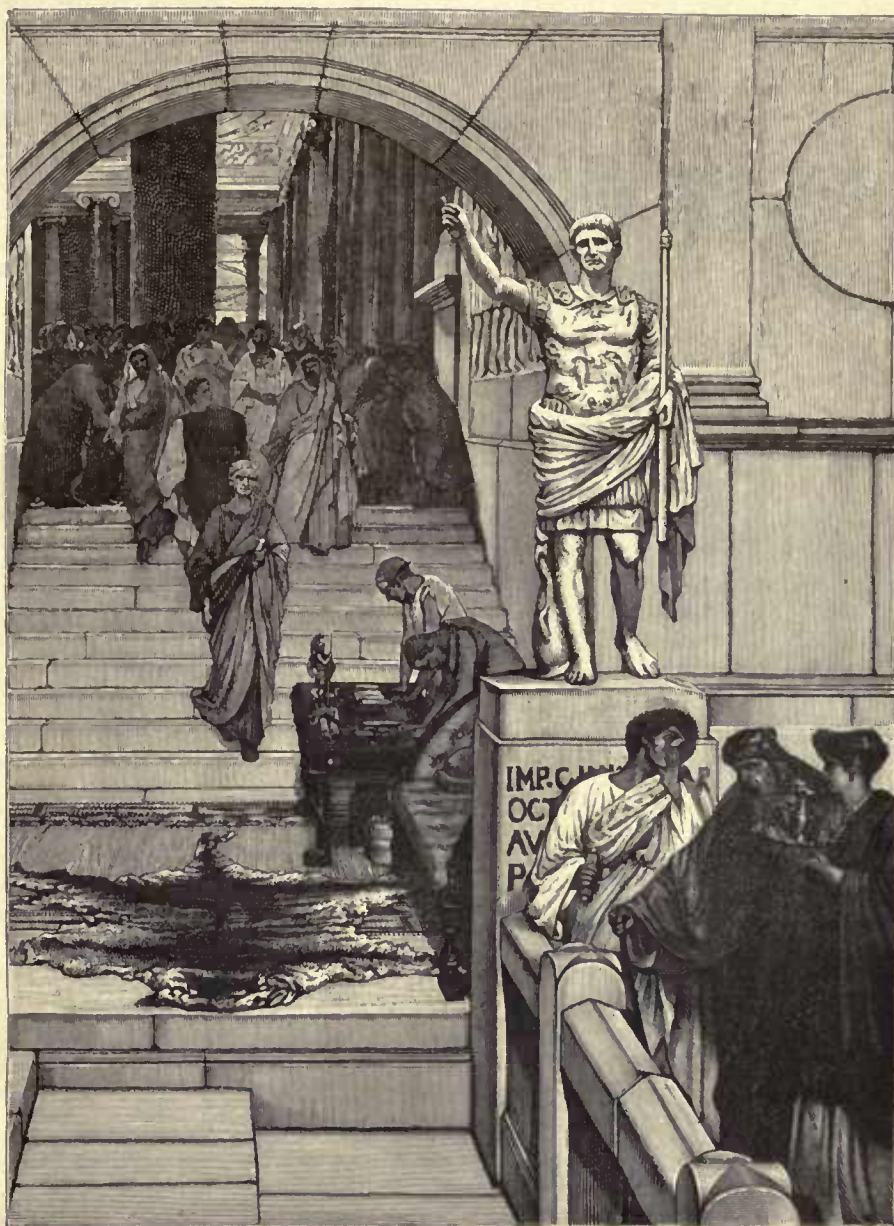
The year 1873 is memorable as the year in which Tadema produced what to many of his admirers is his finest work (a preference which the painter himself shares), namely, 'The Death of the First-born.' Besides this work, to this year belong 'The Widow,' 'The Nurse,' 'The Improvisatore,' 'The First Reproach,' and 'The Last Roses.' There is much power in the form of 'The Widow,' dead to all but her grief, and 'The First Reproach' is not without charm. 'The Improvisatore' (see p. 12) tells its own story, but so beautiful is the landscape that we are inclined almost to neglect the poet and his audience; yet the figures are not without character. The different moods in which they listen is conveyed with great skill. But we must linger for a moment over 'The Last Roses,' and we look at the flowers rather than at the woman who is placing them upon the marble altar. These flowers are not flowers in all the flush and pride of spring-time; they are autumn flowers, they will die—are dying as we look—and these last roses bring us to the consideration of a side of Tadema's genius not yet touched upon, namely, his infinite skill as a painter of flowers. It is true that his flowers, like his men and women, sometimes lack soul, and that they are not always flowers that would grow in a poet's garden. Still Tadema is oftener than not as much in the secrets of flowers as Heine. More than once he must have played eaves-dropper; while the violets

and while,

"kichern und kosen,"  
"Heimlich erzählen die Rosen,  
Sich duftende Märchen in's Ohr."

To understand Tadema's supremacy as a flower painter we must look at those many pictures in which they are introduced. His use of flowers is exquisite, nearly as exquisite as Shakespeare's use of music. We can hardly say why the flowers are where they are, or why they should be those particular flowers,

but we know they belong there, and that just such flowers there must have been at that place and time. As a charming example of this unique use of flowers we may note their introduction even in so early a work as the 'Education of the Children of Clovis.' The poor flowers, carried by an attendant in the background, are all unnoticed of the Queen, bent on her revenge. Again note the garlands introduced into so many works, now hanging from the busts of kings and emperors, now borne by merry dancing maidens. Is not the 'Oleander' almost more human than the girl sitting



*An Audience at Agrippa's. (See page 18.)*

beside it? And the tree in 'Pomona's Festival;' one must dance round such a tree as that; and the flowers round 'The Improvisatore,' are they not a poet's dream? These flowers too always express something. Compare, for example, the tragic import of those marvellous poppies in 'Tarquin,' with the quiet charm and homely sweetness of the onion flowers in the 'Kitchen Garden;' or see the brilliant bed of flowers in 'Young Affections,' as young as the young child they surround, the sunflowers in all their glory, the roses in the 'Love



Missile,' or the mere rose-leaves in 'Summer.' They almost "make us faint with too much sweet." While speaking of his flowers, we must not forget Tadema's corn, and above all, his grass. The grass in the 'Pastoral,' all aglow beneath the hot sky, is as eloquent as any flower.

We have left the most remarkable work of 1873, 'The Death of the First-born,' to the last, and to turn from Tadema's flowers to this work is sufficient proof, if proof were needed, not merely of his great talent, but of his extraordinary versatility. In certain qualities 'The Death of the First-born' stands pre-eminent and alone among Tadema's works. We have seen him depict tragic intensity in 'Tarquin,' and if we may so call it, a grotesque tragedy in 'The Roman Emperor.' In this picture of the last worst plague of Egypt, he gives us pathos, despair, that silent grief which "whispers the o'er-

fraught heart and bids it break.' We enter a great Egyptian temple, where we seem almost to feel the darkness and gloom, made the stronger by the gleam of moonlight seen through the distant doorway, and by the lamp that makes the shade more deep and drear. In front is a pillar with hieroglyphics inscribed upon it; its capital lost in the darkness gives a strange sense of awe; but death is mightier than these mighty columns, than the great temple, than Pharaoh himself, for it is his first-born who lies dead. Priests and musicians are gathered round lamps on the floor. The priests are praying, the musicians playing upon strange-looking instruments. The first effects of this solemn scene is awe-inspiring. The colouring is sombre, with a use of greens and browns that is simply inimitable. Thus prepared by the whole surroundings, our attention becomes fixed upon the group of four persons clustered near the king. One of the extraordinary effects of this picture is that while this group of persons is the centre, both actually and spiritually, of the scene, we first observe all their surroundings. Then, as if our mind were subdued to the tragedy of the story, we look upon these four, and to have looked is to remember them always. Pharaoh sits upon a low stool, across his knees lies the slender form of his first-born, dead. The youth is almost naked; the face is wondrously sweet, and there is an inexpressible fascination about the strange golden chain that hangs about his neck, and which probably was put there, bearing some amulet that



*A Balneatrix. (See page 19.)*

should shield the king's son from harm. The king, on whom the light falls, wears his crown, whose brilliant jewels seem to mock his helpless grief. He sits rigid, calm, immovable. The strong, proud man will make no sign; but, see, there is one feature he cannot control, for not even his strong will can prevent the trembling of his mouth. It is slight—so slight we hardly see it at first—but what a world of woe it expresses! This figure might be taken as the embodiment of grief, grief fixed and immutable, and, like all true emotion truly expressed, with not a hint of morbidness. The mother sits near, bowed down by her sorrow. She too has striven to be strong, and even in this outburst of despair shows self-restraint. On the other side of Pharaoh sits the physician who has been powerless to combat death. In the distance, outside the doorway, move two figures; they are Moses and Aaron, coming to behold their work. This is truly a marvellous picture, and we cannot wonder that its creator likes to retain it in his own hands. It is no picture; it is a thing alive. In every light, in every view, it reveals new features, new aspects of sorrow. And yet it is not too painful a picture to live with, for all its profundity of grief; Alma Tadema is always healthy; there is no trace of morbidness in his nature, and sorrow as rendered by him is what it should be, a grief, but nothing false and strained. The painter of the glad, joyous, sensuous world of the ancients, the world as yet unsaddened by introspection and hyper-analysis of feeling, does not comprehend these sickly modern hyper-sentiments.

Just as in his 'Tarquin' and 'Emperor,' Tadema proved that he could express tragedy, so here he has shown conclusively that he can paint pathos, and that he is possessed of the deeper imagination which he puts forth all too rarely. Had Tadema created but this one superb work, he would be among the greatest artists of our time.

Of the pictures belonging to 1873 we must first linger for a few moments over the beautiful little work called 'Fishing.'

A classical garden, a pond, reeds and flowers, a wall, a woman fishing. These are, so to speak, the ingredients of the picture; not very striking materials, yet so used that the result is indescribably charming. The wall behind the fishing woman is golden, of that rare gold colour which Tadema paints so well, and it serves to throw into wonderful relief the cool, clear water. On the hottest day of a hot close London summer one would feel refreshed by looking at this little canvas. It must be an ideal picture to live with. Next we must look at 'The Wine.' Here are a group of people apparently resting after a meal. On the table lies a cheese and a loaf, and—note it carefully, it seems to mean a great deal—a bronze Bacchus. One of the group, an old man, is apparently reflecting on the excellence of his wine; another is having his cup refilled by a slave. The slave's back only is shown to us, but what character it reveals!

The next year was extraordinarily prolific. To mention but a few of the works produced or exhibited: there was 'Sunny Days,' 'A Peep through the Trees,' 'Joseph Overseer of Pharaoh's Granaries,' 'Munster,' 'Through an Archway,' 'Water Pets,' 'Antistius Labeon,' 'The Picture Gallery,' and 'The Sculpture Gallery.' Of these the most important are, of course, the celebrated Picture and Sculpture Galleries; but we must at least refer in passing to so fine a bit of landscape as 'Munster;' to the charming 'Water Pets,' charming, though that has not quite the charm of the inimitable 'Fishing;' to 'Joseph,' a small but characteristic painting, and 'Antistius Labeon' (see page 14). In this latter Tadema has used a little-





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A classical picture, a picture which is not only a picture  
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pictures of the future; not very striking, perhaps, yet so that the  
viewer wanders into a world of his own. The wall behind the fishing  
woman is golden, of that warm, rich colour which Tadema  
paints so well, and it serves to throw into wonderful relief the  
cool, clear water. On the hottest day of a hot close London  
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PAINTED BY L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

ETCHED BY, C. O. MURRAY

# QUIET PETS.







known incident, and introduced us once again to one of those bits of Roman home life that makes his ancients so real to us moderns. For this Antistius Labeon, sometimes erroneously called Aterius Labeo, was a Roman amateur artist, who lived in the days of Vespasian, and was pro-consul of the Narbonne district. He painted small pictures for his pleasure, and in Tadema's canvas he is represented as showing his work to his friends. It is characteristic of the times in which he lived that such dabbling in Art was considered by no means the proper thing for a man in his social and civil position.

The technique in the "Galleries" (see illustrations, p. 13) is indescribable, and the mechanical merits of the works are unapproachable. In certain respects the first version of 'The Sculpture Gallery,' that of 1867, reminds us of the 'Roman Amateur,' but here everything that was but indicated there is fully worked out. We are once more being shown a work of Art, not this time by a rich amateur, but in a shop of the period, the back of which was reserved for large pieces and the front for small. We are in Rome, and a company of persons have come to look and admire. Their attention is more especially concentrated on the great vase which a slave is showing (we know he is this by the crescent worn round his neck). It stands upon a pedestal, and the attendant is turning it round so that the company may see it in all lights. The male visitor has seated himself near his wife, and is apparently holding forth to her upon the merits or demerits of the vase. Pressing up close.

with the fearless curiosity of childhood, are two little ones, and we may be sure that but for the restraining hand of the handsome woman behind them, they would try to touch the work that is being shown them. In the first version of 'The Sculpture Gallery,' a statue of Sophocles (the famous Lateran one) forms the central point, and is being discussed

by a group composed of a Roman lady and two Roman men. The bronze, the marble, the sculptures of the gallery, the draperies, the bronzes and the silvers are miracles of painting. We look on almost breathless at the manifestation of such supreme skill. Not least remarkable in this, and in its fellow-picture, is the management of light. In Phidias we saw the bold and original lighting from below, here the light comes from above, and Tadema has scorned all those little tricks by which less able colourists seem to gain their effects. It has been pointed out, with a certain amount of justice, that some of the Roman types here given are essentially English, and that we really look on Englishmen dressed in Roman attire; and it is true, for the persons depicted are almost without exception portraits. It is to this picture that Ruskin referred in his sweeping asser-



*Hide-and-Seek. (See page 19.) Engraved by Long and Honemann.*

tion that Tadema's stone was good, his silver less good, his gold bad, and his flesh worst. It must be confessed that the figures here presented fail to interest us much, and that the impression we take away from this work is rather one of the unspeakably beautiful accessories than of the principal personages. Indeed, we unconsciously look upon *them*



as accessories to the rest. But after all, while we do feel in this some sense of loss, is not Tadema perhaps more logical? Truly human emotion affects us more than any beautiful object, but here, where no deep emotion could be portrayed, may we not assume that the works of Art, the productions of a genius, are far more interesting than a rich family who go to look at them? The persons who throng to an exhibition of paintings do not, as a rule, interest us so much as the Art displayed. Perhaps Tadema felt this, though probably unconsciously. It may be we are seeing in his work something quite foreign to his intentions, and that would not necessarily strike many persons. But to us the thought seems something like this: beautiful marbles, and bronzes, and silks, and silvers are more interesting than a group of persons who are not moved by any deep feeling. It might be urged that not endowing these men and women with such feeling is Tadema's fault, but while we have admitted that the reproach of unspirituality frequently made against this painter is sometimes deserved, it is not so here. A picturesque group of Roman

Philistines are looking at an artist's creations, and we prefer these creations to the Philistines.

In the companion picture, 'The Picture Gallery' (see illustration, page 13), there is, if possible, even more exquisite work. To us the sunshine in this picture—with what wondrous effect Tadema knows how to give us sunshine and bits of sky that speak of sweet odours and balmy winds!—is finer even than the management of the light in 'The Sculpture Gallery.' Here too we feel a greater interest in the men and women, at any rate in the earnest young fellow who looks so eagerly at the canvas. He is no Philistine come to hold forth to his wife; no *dilettante* come to make a purchase. He is listening with all his soul in his eyes to the description of the painting that stands on an easel turned with its back to us. He is absorbed in the work and does not heed the handsome yellow-haired woman, lazily reclining on a couch behind him, scroll in hand, over which she looks towards the picture that so entrances her companion. There is pride and hauteur in the delicate fair face, but the lines at the mouth express a certain sense of *ennui*. The con-



*Down to the River.* (See page 21.) Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

trast between these two exists not merely in face but in form; the attitude of the man is a magnificent piece of drawing, and there is an inexpressible grace, not without voluptuousness, in the reclining woman. It was said at the time when this picture was exhibited at the Academy that one of the figures introduced, the black-robed figure behind the couch, was that of a well-known London Art connoisseur. In the background another group, presented with that quiet humour which Tadema sometimes has, is examining paintings on the wall. These paintings are in themselves admirably rendered, and the group is full of life. Altogether these two works, which belong to M. Gambart, fully deserve the immense reputation they enjoy.

Between 1875 and 1877, Alma-Tadema produced many pictures. Here we shall refer only to the most important. 'An Audience at Agrippa's' (see illustration, page 15) is one of those works in which closeness and fidelity to archæological detail are united to higher qualities than even the painting of these in utmost perfection. What strikes us first in this picture is the sense of size, of grandeur, it conveys. It belongs to a

whole series of works which may be styled historical, though probably in the strict sense of the word they are not so, for they portray no special historical scene. They rather render the spirit of a given period. From an *atrium* on a high level down a broad flight of steps majestically descends Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, the greatest and mightiest burgher of his day. He is clad in imperial red, that stands out marvellously against the white of the marble stairs. His face is set with a look of stern determination that speaks of unbending will. He is followed by a crowd of persons, some of whom are still bowing, though Agrippa has passed by. Upon the landing at the bottom of the stairs—a marvel of blue mosaics with a tiger-skin lying across it—there is a table. On this stands a silver Mars and materials for writing, for the use of the two scribes standing behind it. Note the character in these heads, the close-cropped hair that denotes their servile rank, the cringing salute, each trying to outbid the other in humility of manner. Just before these figures, at the foot of the staircase, stands the world-famed statue in the Vatican, of 'Augustus Imperator,' the only man whose supremacy proud Agrippa would acknow-



ledge, his device being, "To obey in masterly fashion, but obedience to one person only." Below this statue, where the staircase seems to turn at the landing, is another group. These are evidently three suitors, of whom one, a woman, holds in her hand some gift. Even to the rich and mighty, gifts "*ne gâtent rien*" when you have a request to make. This group—father, son, and daughter—are admirably real. And not the least felicitous touch in this beautiful work is the glimpse of outer air seen beyond the *atrium*, beyond the group of followers. It is again one of those Tadema bits of sky that never fail to produce so wonderful an effect. The greater part of this picture was painted in the autumn of 1875, of which the artist

spent the winter in the Eternal City, after the wrecking of his lovely house, by the famous explosion on the Regent's Park Canal. I remember well those days in Rome and the painter's delight that he had painted the tiger skin so naturally. "Don't you see him wag his tail?" he asked me in his boyish glee. This naïve enjoyment of his own work is a delightful trait in Alma Tadema.

'Cleopatra' is a subject the artist has again turned to since its first treatment in 1875. In each case it is difficult to speak of the work. Helen of Troy and Cleopatra are the two great types of female beauty concerning which each individual will have his own ideal. The ideal of the youth



*A Portion of the 'Vintage Festival.' (See page 14.) Engraved by J. D. Cooper.*

who sees "*Helenen in jedem Weibe*" will not be that of the matured man. The Cleopatra of the one cannot be the Cleopatra of the other. For ourselves we must confess Alma Tadema's rendering is not the "serpent of old Nile" of our imagination. Age would wither her, and there is hardly any varying there for custom to stale. It would seem, however, that the painter, always careful, had here too some archæological basis to work upon for his face of the great Queen. It was modelled upon a bust of her mother, Berenice.

'After the Dance' shows us a figure almost life-size, a Bacchante lying asleep on a black skin, after some religious debauch. The work is strong and daring, but the form is not truly beautiful. More sympathetic is the 'Balneatrix' (see

illustration, page 16), who is waiting to attend on the ladies as they leave their bath. The figure is full of grace, and the face is singularly sweet. 'The Bath' (see illustration, page 21) shows us some Roman ladies bathing. 'Haystacks' is a little poem, and 'Who is it?' (see illustration), is animated and pleasing. In 'Hide-and-Seek' (see illustration, page 17) we are carried back once more to Rome. This is the Villa Albani (a glorified tea-garden, I have heard Tadema irreverently call it), with its curious tall marble terms. The sun streams down upon the long marble way that leads through the garden to the villa, where a little maid has hidden. But her companion has found her, and looks up at her with laughing face and triumph at having discovered the retreat.



## A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN 1876 Tadema was elected an Associate of the English Royal Academy of Arts, an election that gave him great pleasure, as it testified to his full admission amid the ranks of those English artists among whom he had, since his arrival in England, wholly cast his lot. The news reached him while he was spending the winter in Rome, busily making studies of antique Art and architecture. The first picture exhibited after this election was the 'Agrippa.'

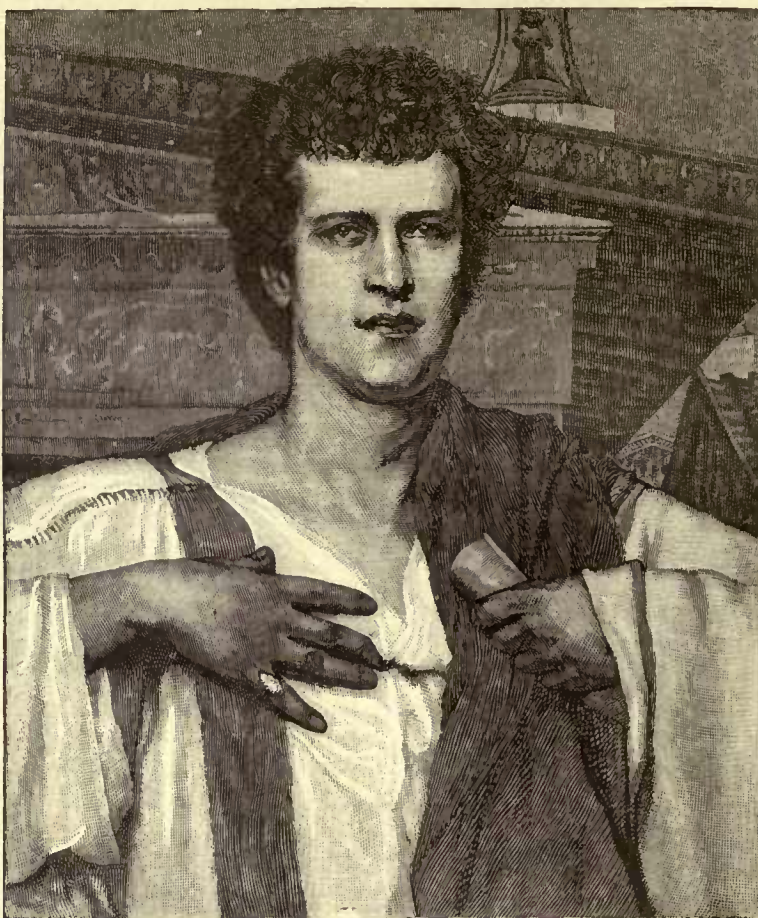
The four 'Seasons' belong to the next year, and show us in four different scenes the embodiment as conceived by him of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. 'Spring,' draped in white in the midst of flowers, is very fresh and sweet, and the flower-gathering figures are full of suggestion. This is *their* spring-time as well as that of spring. In 'Summer,' in a large green bronze bath, is sitting one woman, while another, clad in a saffron-coloured garment, sits in an attitude of graceful abandonment on its edge. Rose-leaves strewn with a liberal hand float upon the surface of the water. We have wonderful mosaics in this work, and the roses in the woman's hair, the yellow fan in her hand, make a strikingly bright effect. It is all dazzlingly bright, for is it not summer? In 'Autumn' we have a Roman wine-store. There is a lighted tripod by the term of the god, to whom a woman in a deep reddish robe pours libation. 'Winter,' too, is Roman in subject. Three women are grouped round a brazier, and the light that we have here is no longer that of the clear spring-time, of summer in its glory, or autumn in its strength. There is snow in it, and as we gaze we feel half inclined to hold out our hands to the brazier, so cold has it grown. Alma Tadema's 'Seasons' are admirably expressive, and each tells its story perfectly.

The 'Sculptor's Model' is a life-size study of a nude model, one of the very few things done in that style by Tadema. This particular picture was painted as a lesson for his now successful pupil, John Collier. The sculptor is busy modelling the female's form. The girl stands with her left hand raised to her hair, in her right she holds a palm-branch; her head is slightly

bent, and she seems resting the weight of her body on one hip. Tadema was incited to the subject by the discovery in 1874 of the Esquiline Venus. The sculptor's model was an essay at a reconstruction of this noble statue. The background is full of subtle harmonies of colour, the flesh is well painted, but the whole picture fails to impress deeply; indeed, the work leaves us decidedly cold, and its nudeness is rather unpleasant, not beautiful, because a little lacking in ideality. 'Between Hope and Fear,' the form of an old man full of quiet strength, was also one of this year's pictures; nor must we omit the delicious 'Kitchen Garden,' to which we have already referred in passing.

In the year 1878 we have the thoroughly charming 'Love

Missile,' a young girl throwing her lover a letter hidden in a bunch of glorious roses. The attitude of the girl as she half leans upon a couch is full of grace, and there is a little touch of comedy in the whole work that adds to its delightful freshness. But the year is chiefly memorable for the 'Fredegonda.' In this production the painter returned to the old chronicles that had fascinated his youth. The reason for this "return to the barbarians" is not far to seek. Indeed, the painter has himself given us that reason in his "They are so picturesque." This element of picturesqueness has been brought out to the full by Tadema in 'Fredegonda.' A few years previously he had contributed some pictures to the Old Water-colour So-



*Herr Barnay as Marc Antony. (See page 23.) Engraved by Carl Dietrich.*

ciety's Gallery, illustrating certain passages in the lives of Fredegonda and Galswintha. One of these dealt with Fredegonda watching the marriage of her husband with her rival. The work with which we are now dealing is a later, more finished, and more powerful version of the same scene. Fredegonda, seated at an open window, whose curtain she is half drawing aside, sees Galswintha standing with bowed head by the great oak, while Chilperic, he who had been her husband and was now abandoning her, "breaks the willow branch," the great Frankish marriage ceremony, over the head of his new bride. All about them stand priests, and bishops, and singers. There are acolytes, too, and the air is thick with the fumes from the













PANDORA. Engraved by H. Linton.







censers that they swing. An attendant on the bride bears the Visigothic crown of gold, mounted on a long staff. Beyond is a church in red brick. Fredegonda is half reclining on her couch, and there is that in the half graceful, half ferocious pose that involuntarily suggests both the grace and the ferocity of the tiger. The face is very beautiful; especially lovely is the long fair hair with the jewels twined about it. We meet this hair many a time in Tadema's pictures. But it is not the beauty of the face we remember; it is its expression. For ourselves we confess we could hardly say now what were her features; but we remember clearly the look of the eyes, and, above all, of the mouth. It seemed to grow white as we looked at it. There is nothing coarse in the terrible passion of this face; all is quiet, self-contained. But it is the face of her who in the Merovingian mythic stories to some extent embodies the hatred against Rome, the fierce struggle of the old Barbarians against the new civilised power. The force of this picture lies in the fine rendering of passion, of a passion that typifies a whole epoch of history in one woman's beautiful form. There is a certain want of pathos in the expression, of the pathos we moderns half expect to find there. But it is the very absence of pathos in our nineteenth-century sense that is one of the chief merits of a very remarkable work. It may be well here to say a word about Tadema's water-colours—no less finished, no less luminous and beautiful than his oils. He works this medium with rare mastery, and so strong, so delicate withal, and so finished are his water-colour drawings, that for perfection of craftsmanship there is nothing to choose between the two methods, as produced by his brush, except the greater richness and depth that resides of itself in the older medium.

'Architecture in Ancient Rome' shows us an architect—he is no longer a young man, but is still full of strength and energy—who, standing on a scaffolding, is critically considering an ornamental sketch that lies at his feet. He has not yet decided whether the work will or will not do, and the look of anxiety on the face of the man to his right and at his feet, who awaits the master's sentence, is well rendered. Below, in the distance—and a wonderful effect of distance the painter has managed to convey—workmen are moving about busily in a scene full of animation.

The work is in every respect a counterpart of the 'The Sculptor' at work on the colossal head of Augustus.

In the 'Hearty Welcome' we again have a picture full of light and shade and fresh joyousness. Into a garden full of flowers, of which we specially notice poppies that differ entirely from those in the 'Tarquin,' and sunflowers gorgeous in colour, the sun peeps through trellised vines with all the warmth of the lovely south. Bathed with the light of sun and flowers, stands a child who is welcoming home its mother. Behind them is the father, bearing a scroll in hand. He and the eldest daughter, who is stooping down to stroke a dog, have both returned with the mother. An old attendant is there too, and even the dog looks a welcome and shares in the general pleasure. The whole is simple enough but very sweet. This picture was painted for Sir Henry Thompson: the figures represent Tadema himself, his wife and daughters.

'Not at Home' takes us from a Roman garden into a Roman house. Near a doorway a young girl has hidden herself. Another, her arms outspread before the *velum*, is perjuring herself by assuring a gentleman that the other maid is "not at home." She is so evidently "fibbing," that the gentleman is trying to peep in and find out the fact for himself. The usual marbles, mosaics, and draperies are to the fore; but rarely has Tadema given us anything more beautiful than the bronze seat in this picture.

'Down to the River' (see illustration, p. 18) is yet another Roman scene. A lady and her child with their attendants are going down some steps to the river's bank, where a nigger boatman is waiting to row them down the Tiber. Another lady has already gone lower down the steps than this one, and is apparently coming to terms with the boatman. We have a long view of the bridge, and beneath it the green-blue water looks pleasantly fresh.

'In the Time of Constantine' is not without that touch of humour which we have before had occasion to notice in some of Tadema's works. Two men clad in Roman costume sitting in a shady garden are energetically engaged in teaching a small dog to beg. Here very ably and

with subtlety the artist has impressed on us the fact that in the time of Constantine the Romans were weak, had sunk from their early high estate, so that the Barbarians were to



The Bath. (See page 19.) Engraved by J. P. Davis.



find them an easy prey and could take the power out of their hands. It is worth mention that one of the men is supposed to have been a Scotchman, and the dog with which these "grave seignors" toy is a Scotch terrier.

'Pomona's Festival' gives us dancers round a tree, and there is in this picture all the unreasoned, delightfully spontaneous animal enjoyment that only the south fully understands how to enjoy and to express. The 'Harvest Festival' is a gem of colouring, all aglow with rich tints. 'After the Audience' had not been exhibited in London till it was in the Grosvenor Collection in 1882. It is a pendant to the 'Agrippa,' and with quiet humour depicts the whole party returning to the house, their backs turned to the spectators. Tadema had been asked to make a replica of the 'Agrippa,' and this is how he made it.

Another charming work is the 'Departure.' Here we are taken into a Pompeian house; outside the door, which is held open by a slave, stands a carriage waiting. A mother is stooping down to kiss her little girl good-bye. She is going away, evidently to some neighbouring place, for the good-bye is no sad one. Indeed, we see in the distance the goal of her journey, the amphitheatre. On a pedestal stands a bust of the father; beyond the carriage we again have one of those introductions of light and outer air which we have already referred to on several occasions. The owner of this picture, the German novelist, George Ebers, says, in speaking of it, "What gives this gem of a picture especial value is, that the beautiful young woman with the violets in her hair is the wife of the painter himself; that the little daughter is the charming Miss Anna Tadema, and that the bust on the pedestal represents the master. All three are admirably hit off, and are easily recognisable." The theme itself was suggested in the first instance by the fifteenth idyl of Theocritus.

To these years belongs one of the smallest, but one of the very loveliest pictures that Alma Tadema has painted, one of those pictures that dwell in the memory like the strain of some sweet song. The little work—the adjective refers only to its size—was called 'A Question.' Beside a sea of perfect blue, beneath a blue and cloudless sky, a youth and maiden are together. She sits on a white marble seat near this blue sea, her lap full of roses. He leans upon the marble and asks her the question. It is not difficult to guess what this question is; what but the old, old story, ever new, ever fresh and ever sweet! The air is hot with that cloudless sunny heat we northerners can but dream about. It is a picture perfect in every detail, and, as a whole, full of youth and beauty and delight. To look at it is to grow young again, and gazing at these two, the youth and the maid, we cannot but murmur Shelley's words—

"With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be,  
Shadow of annoyance,  
Never came near thee,  
Thou lovest but ne'er knew'st love's sad satiety."

The charm of this picture so took hold of Ebers, that he wrote, inspired by it, his prose idyl of the same name. It is not to be wondered at perhaps that Alma Tadema has made many variants of this scene, both in oil and water colour.

To the same period belongs also the charming 'Well-protected Slumber' (see illustration, page 23), which was painted in 1879, and although like many another canvas Tadema has painted, it yet possesses a strong individuality, and invites by its simplicity, its softness and delicacy.

The year 1881 is memorable chiefly as the 'Sappho' year; but ere touching on what, with a few other works, shared the chief honour of the Academy of that year, we must glance at some other pictures of the same period.

'Quiet Pets' (see Frontispiece) shows us a lady feeding tortoises. Quiet is the very word to use for the picture; it is quiet and harmonious, and Alma Tadema has made a most dexterous use of furs and marble. 'The Tepidarium,' too, was a very charming work, with many of the qualities, but also a few of the defects, of the painter. 'An Audience' consists of three women in Roman costume, seen in profile. 'Pandora' (see page illustration) is lost in contemplation of some treasure from the deep. 'A Torch Dance' represents a Bacchante treading her measure before a temple. The bronze doors are slightly opened, and reveal the flute-players within. There is a certain wildness in the movement of the dancer that is very happily rendered. In 'Sappho' (see page etching), as with the 'Cleopatra,' this poetess does not appear to most as their ideal Muse. She sits by a kind of desk, on which lies the wreath bound with ribbons that is the crown of poets, and is clad in one of those combinations of pale green and grey that Tadema loves; violets, as is fitting and in accordance with tradition, crown her black hair—black as a raven's wing; and the violets, the grey and the green of the dress, harmonise exquisitely with the dark complexion of the face. By her side stands her daughter. There is something sweet and virginal in the earnest face, and the form is graceful. But the daughter is not beautiful like the mother. Behind Sappho rise three tiers of a marble exedra, and on these, in various attitudes, sit three pupils of her school. But beautiful as are many of these forms, and interesting as they all are, they are not the real soul of the picture. This is Alcæus, who, opposite Sappho, clothed in a pale rose-coloured garment, sits half reclining touching the strings of a lute. The story runs that Alcæus wished to gain Sappho's support for a political scheme of which he was head and front; and the story runs also that he loved her, and in the passionate expression of his eyes and mouth we here read rather the lover than the politician. But that which makes this picture live in the memory is more especially its indescribable colouring. Often has Tadema given us delicious little bits of blue sky, but never such a sky as this, that has a depth, a clearness such as no other living painter could possibly have given. The dark blue skies of other artists have a way of looking very much like what they are, pieces of canvas daubed with dark blue. To give atmosphere to their skies, most painters must give us clouds. Tadema alone can give us such a southern heaven as this, one mass of deep rich blue, looking all the deeper, all the bluer, from its contrast with the dark leaves of the stone pines that separate the amphitheatre from the shore. Through these we see the sea, that seems positively to ebb and flow. The marble of the seats is pure white—dazzlingly white in this clear light and sunshine. We heard a curiously clever remark on the effect of this picture from a tiny little child. She said, "When I look at that," pointing to the 'Sappho,' "I should like to wear clothes like that, *I feel so hot in these.*" 'En Repos,' 'Reflection,' 'Cleopatra,' the second 'Cleopatra' of the painter, and 'Young Affections,' this last a delicious garden scene of a white term of Silenus standing amid masses of flowers and leaves, with a lady and child in the foreground, are all works belonging to 1882.



In this year's work we must not omit to mention the portrait of Herr Barnay as Marc Antony. The moment chosen (see illustration, page 20) is that of the speech over Cæsar. This is the Antony of Shakespeare, perhaps, rather than of history, but we like him not the less well for this. Those who saw the fine performance of the German actor will admit that Tadema has here very thoroughly caught the expression of the face, the manner of the man. In this work, too, the flesh is splendidly modelled, a matter in which Tadema is not always quite successful. Perhaps we notice the background in this portrait a little more than we should, but as it is a good background in itself, we cannot complain of what is possibly a slight artistic mistake.

In 1883 Tadema's chief work was the lovely 'Oleander,' his diploma picture, 'The Way to the Temple,' 'Shy' (see illustration, page 25), and some portraits. The 'Oleander' represents a magnificent specimen of this tree so loved of the Romans. Its glorious pink blossoms stand out against a red wall, and the great branches spread across a corridor. Through them we see the sunlight playing on the water with one of those effects of which neither Tadema nor his admirers seem to tire. Near the oleander sits a woman clad in dark green and blue, and in this case the charge of giving less soul to his human beings than to his stones, not even to speak of flowers, is not unfounded. In fact, we hardly notice, certainly do not remember this woman, while the pink blossoms, the yellow columns of the corridor, the sunlit water, all stand out clear and distinct. Of this Alma Tadema seems himself to have been conscious to a certain degree, for he has called his picture 'An Oleander,' thus tacitly admitting that the woman has more or less been thrown in as an accessory to the flowers. 'On the Way to the Temple' (see illustration, page 27), though far better than the usual run of diploma works, can hardly be considered one of the finest specimens of this painter's art. Once again we have a temple, we see its shady interior contrasted with the sunshine on its columns. Beneath its portico pass the votaries of Bacchus; they sing as they move along to do homage to the god. In the foreground, in the shade, sits a priestess. She holds in her hand a statuette; by her side stands a tripod; upon her yellow reddish hair rests a wreath, and her robe is red and pink. There is a strange, wistful look in her eyes. We half wonder why she is sitting there, and if she is not waiting for some one. But perhaps the strange eyes are only straining to see the god himself. She is there really, as we know, to sell offerings to the devout. That this work has many admirable qualities no one is likely to dispute, but its *technique* is certainly not so perfect as Tadema has taught us to expect from him. He has no one but himself to blame if we make great demands upon him, and if, falling a little below his ordinary level, we are disappointed and indulge in a small grumble. 'Shy' is a pleasant, happy subject, which tells its own story simply and directly.

In 1884 Tadema first came before the public markedly with claims to be also a portrait painter. Whether this be truly his line the general public allows itself to doubt, fine as are the specimens he has placed before them. It appears too much as if he could model the outside man, but did not penetrate to the soul, as if he did not read into the depths of the character that was before him. With men he has shown himself more successful than with women, as notice his Dr. Epps (see illustration, page 26), and especially with the two specimens of his skill that the Grosvenor Gallery of that year exhibited. One of these was the picture of Amendola,



"Well-protected Slumber." (See page 22.) Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

the Italian sculptor, who is painted in his studio dress, a silver statuette in his hand. The modelling of the work is as excellent as the wonderfully clear tone and fine flesh painting. On all details, which Tadema knows so well to turn into integral portions of his pictures, he has lavished even more than his ordinary care. The statuette is a masterpiece of design and colouring. This perhaps we may account for by the fact that it represents Mrs. Tadema. The second portrait was that of Mr. Lowenstam, the etcher, sitting at an engraving table with a copperplate before him. The effect of light in this picture is excellent. It falls upon the figure through one of those half-transparent screens used by the professors of the



needle's art. There is perhaps even greater breadth of handling in this portrait than in the one of the Italian sculptor.

The Academy picture of 1884 was the celebrated 'Hadrian in England,' and is remarkable for several reasons; because it is the first time that Tadema has dealt with Roman Britain, a period well-nigh absolutely neglected; and also because it is one of his largest works. At the top of the picture stands the Emperor, who with his followers is visiting a British pottery, probably a famous one of the period. The master-potter is showing his work, and the Emperor looks on with a kind of resigned determination that is excellently hit off. He is going to "do" this thing, and though perhaps in his heart he does not feel much interested or capable of "living up" to these pots, he will go through with his task to the bitter end. His toga is of beautiful purple, his tunic crimson, the other garments quieter in tone. Behind him stands his friend, Lucius Verus, one of the best figures in the work. There is that in the full coarse lips and eyes, in the indolent pose as he leans lazily upon a staff, which tells a whole history. He is a type not merely of a luxurious Roman, but of a luxurious man. To the Emperor's right stand Balbilla, a blue-stocking of her time, and the Empress, the latter talking with the potter's wife, whose blue gown contrasts admirably with the rich reds. These are all grouped on a gallery, from which a flight of steps descends to the bottom of the picture. On it, his back towards us, is a slave, who, tray in hands, bears vases for inspection by the Emperor. He is followed by another slave, and the two fill the lower part of the picture. Beneath the arch of the gallery is a room where the potters are at work, small in scale; but that to many persons is the most interesting portion of the whole picture. There is a charm about this workshop which is wanting in the other groups and figures. The corridor is adorned with a picture of Mercury, and on the shelves in an alcove are seen specimens of black and grey pottery of exquisite form and colour. But one of the most effective bits, one of those interesting little reproductions of antique life in which Alma Tadema is so eminently happy, represents the altar of the household god. A snake is painted round it, and by a little lamp there is placed a votive offering of onions, sacred to the Penates. The potters have painted this inscription as a welcome to their Emperor:—

Ave, Imperator Cæsar,  
Divi Trajani Parth. filius,  
Divi Nervæ nepos,  
Trajanus Hadrianus,  
Locupletator Orbis.

Hadrian was not, indeed, declared *locupletator* by the senate till after the date of this picture, but Alma Tadema thinks that it would probably be in some grateful colony that the title would first be, unofficially, suggested. The deep reds of the stairs show up the figures of the slaves and the rich dresses of Hadrian and his suite, and contrast well with the black pottery. The work was acknowledged to be a masterpiece of skill, but it lacks interest. We do not particularly care for any one person in the picture, and its interest decreases rather than increases as we mount the stairs to the Emperor, of whose group the best characterized figure is that of Verus. But in finish, in richness and harmony of colouring, Tadema himself has rarely produced anything finer than this fine work. We are, however, conscious of a certain sense of disproportion in the attention we lavish upon, *e.g.* the onions and the Emperor. It is of interest to note that this picture was painted at the suggestion of Mr. Minton, while the Roman British pottery

has been carefully studied from all specimens extant in England.

The next works which claim our attention are the altogether charming classic-genre pictures that Tadema has made his speciality, 'Expectations' and 'Who is it?' (see page illustration). We experience a physical delight in looking at these works. The sensation can only be compared to that of looking at something quite beautiful and whose beauty makes us glad. In 'Expectations,' a girl clothed in white is sitting on a marble seat that stands on the summit of a cliff. She is very lovely, and those who may have noted that Alma Tadema's hands and arms are not always quite satisfactory—a scientist once declared some of his women's arms were positively simian in their length—will see with pleasure the perfection of this maiden's hands. Her figure is one of rare grace as she reposes here, the warm sunshine about her, watching eagerly the skiff that is skimming over the water, and which we may venture to think holds her lover. The marble is wonderful, even for this painter, and the glorious Judas-tree flower on the branch above the marble contrasting with the white of the robe, the soft delicacy of the skin, the bright, sunlit sea, all this produces an effect of well-nigh indescribable sweetness. The flowers might almost be human beings, and the maiden is "flower-like;" "so tender, pure, and fair;" and, as Heine says, in gazing upon her a feeling of sadness, not without its delights, "steals on us unawares." Perhaps the small clouds gathering overhead despite all the sunshine account for this sadness, this pleasure-pain.

'Who is it?' is another of those scenes that Tadema invests with such peculiar life and meaning. Three girls in Roman gowns are grouped in the marble alcove of a window. They are tall, "divinely fair," and apparently very daughters of Eve, for one of them peers over the window-sill (she has climbed upon the bench to get a better view) to find out 'Who is it?' So life-like is the action we half expect to see her draw back suddenly after being found out peeping in this somewhat undignified position. The three maids are all charming, but there is a certain piquant grace about the prying damsel that marks her off from her companions. If she were a child we should say she was a little pickle.

In 'A Reading from Homer' (see page illustration), we have a scene reminding us of others of Tadema's works. To the right is the reader, holding in his hands a papyrus. He is explaining the argument, in which we may be sure there is "no offence." His face is alight with enthusiasm; he leans forward in his eagerness in a pose full of grace. He is partly robed in a rose-coloured garment, and sits on a bench, the blue sky above, the blue sea beyond him. His head is crowned with bay. He is going to read to four persons; one, a woman, daffodils in her fair hair and with a sort of tambourine in one hand, lies on the bench. With her left hand she clasps that of a youth reclining upon the ground below her. He is clad in blue; in his hand he holds a lyre. His face is strangely beautiful, as with his light brown eyes he looks at the man who speaks to them. He is full of fire and enthusiasm, a head to remember, almost to be haunted by; nor is it merely beautiful, there is far more than mere beauty in it. In the centre, lying on the marble floor, chin in hand, is yet another man clothed in goat skins; he is looking up with deepest interest. To the left stands a man crowned with flowers wearing a cloak. There is a certain wildness, almost haggardness in this face. On the bench there is also a mass of flowers that give not merely colour, but character to the whole. The flesh painting





WHO IS IT? *Engraved by F. Babbage.*















in this picture is of the very best Alma Tadema has done, and he has certainly never modelled anything more perfect than the figures of woman and lover. As to the luminosity of the work in its harmonious colouring, it may rank with his very highest efforts. Yet here, despite the charm of the lover's head and the beauty of his mistress, we again find in the reader the centre of the picture. This is as it should be; the reader is the chief person, the others only his audience. That such a work as this, comprising five large figures, with accessories such as Tadema paints, should have been painted in the space of two months seems almost incredible. Yet this was the case, a rare instance of rapid and finished work. Still, though this actual canvas was completed in so short a space, the preliminary studies, including an abandoned picture that was to have been called 'Plato,' occupied eight months of work.

Another picture of the year 1885 was the portrait 'My younger Daughter,' a remarkable work. The figure and its surroundings are a splendid example of Tadema's management, not only of colour as such, but of light and shade. If it has a fault it is that all the accessories are a little too much elaborated. They distract us from the figure itself, which is the more to be regretted that this is full of power. It is an admirable portrait of the young girl, who seems likely to make a name for herself in her father's profession. The last two years have seen careful works from her brush, in water colour, on the walls of the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery.

Alma Tadema's contribution to the Royal Academy of the current year is too fresh in the memory of most persons to require much description. 'An Apodyterium,' representing the ante-chamber or undressing room of women's baths in the old Roman Empire, is a masterpiece of the style with which his name is permanently associated. The marble apartment, itself a delicious study of colour, is a marvel of highly finished painting. It is peopled with a few graceful

figures. In the foreground a lady, whose toilette is just completed, is about to pass out into the vestibule. The graceful nude figure seated on the stone bench against the wall, stooping to untie her sandal (see illustration, page 28), affords a skilful contrast; and in the background some admirably



'Shy.' (See page 23.)

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grouped figures are passing through the inner doors communicating with the actual bathing chambers. In this small canvas we have a representative picture of the painter's genre, whose perfection he himself would find it hard to surpass.

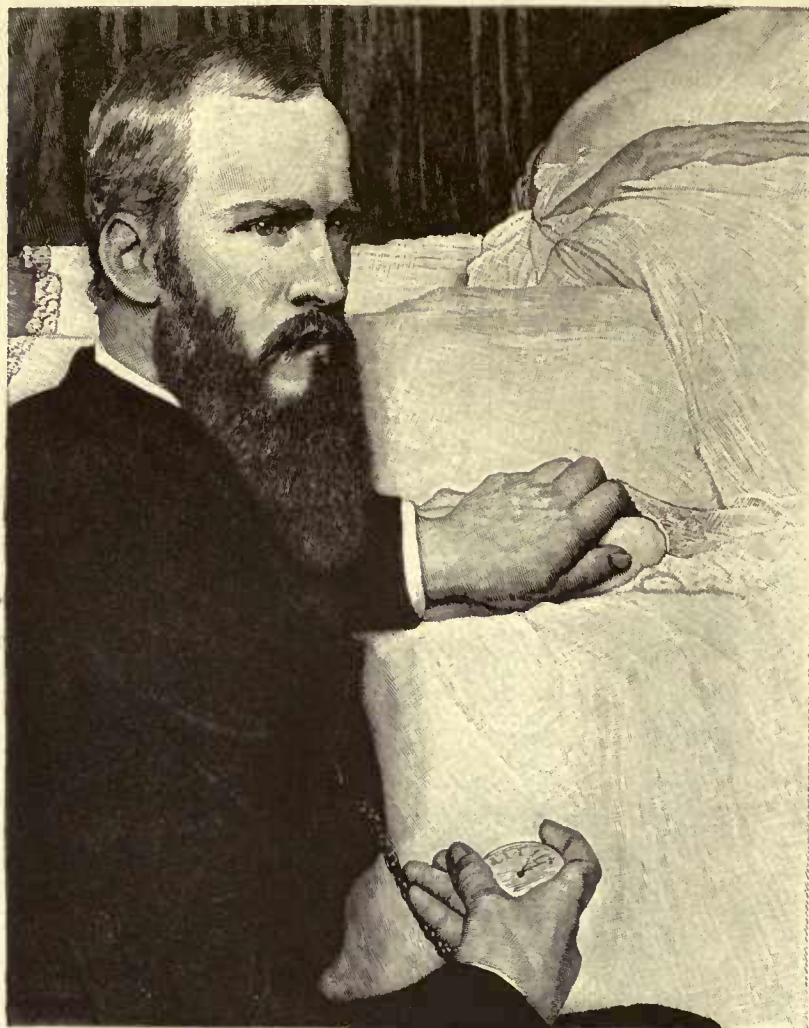


At the present moment the artist is engaged upon what for him is a large picture that deals with an important subject fully worthy of his brush. It will be exhibited at the next Royal Academy Exhibition, and is to be entitled the 'Women of Amphissa.' The subject, culled from Plutarch, will certainly be unfamiliar to the greater mass of the public, and a few words of preliminary explanation may be welcome. Amphissa was a city near to Mount Parnassus. The story runs that some time B.C. 350, "when the despots of Phocis seized upon Delphi, and the Thebans made that war called

nor indeed approached them while they slept, but as soon as they had risen, tended them and brought them food, and afterwards, having got leave of their husbands, went forth with them, leading them in safety even to the boundaries of their own land." There are more than forty female figures introduced into this work, some semi-nude in true Bacchic attire, the others, their kind protectors, clothed in the flowing garments made familiar to us in Tadema's work. It is too early to speak critically of a picture that even, however, in this early stage, is full of magnificent promise.

With this picture we have brought Alma Tadema's work down to the present time, and we have purposely, in glancing thus rapidly over a certain number of his most celebrated works, preserved the chronological order, both as being more interesting to the reader to watch the progress and development of the artist, and also as being more convenient for purposes of reference. Happily he is still in the full vigour of his strength and manhood, and may live to double the number of his works, of which the latest is *Opus 275*; for this artist follows the laudable practice of musicians and numbers each work, so that there can never arise with regard to his paintings any doubt as to their chronological order. But, as we have seen, he is an artist who has his groove, a wide and ample one, but yet his own distinct manner and method. He is not likely, therefore, to present us with works of an entirely different style and character from those we have previously received. Opinions upon him must naturally differ according to the tastes of the individual beholders. That he is a great artist not even his detractors can deny. Some, indeed, may find that he fails in the quality of spirituality. Even as a colourist, unrivalled though he is in many respects, others will say that he has not the poetic feeling of, for example, a Turner. But even granting that there may be some little justice in these reproaches of shortcomings, granting even a want of beauty in some of his men and women, no one will question Alma Tadema's remarkable genius, and above all its originality. He is

himself, no small virtue in these days of platitude and philistinism. His love of nature too is sincere and honest, no mere affectation. A sapphire sea with its white-crested waves, a blue sky, sweet-smelling flowers, these are dear to Tadema for something more than the simple effect that can be got out of them, and the fact that he loves them for more than effect, makes his effects so fine. In brief, we have in Alma Tadema a man who is genuine all round; genuine, honest, true, and beauty-enamoured.



*Dr. Epps. (See page 23.) Engraved by Karl Dietrich.*

the Holy upon them, it chanced that the women sacred to Dionysus (who were named Thyades), going mad with passion and wandering by night, came unawares to Amphissa, where, being weary and not yet returned in their right wits, they threw themselves down in the market-place, and scattered here and there, lay sleeping. Whereupon the wives of the Amphissians, fearing (since the city of Phocis was allied to them, and many of the tyrant soldiers were about) lest the Thyades should not preserve their purity, ran all together to the market-place, and silently stood in a circle round them;



## THE ARTIST INTERVIEWED.

ARTISTS, as a rule, have rarely the power of literary expression, can rarely formulate their ideas concerning their craft. They can generally only consciously or unconsciously express these in form, and this mode of expression is more often than not unconscious and unreasoned, an instinctive rather than a theoretical embodiment. Alma Tadema can scarcely be called an entire exception to this rule. His mind is not analytic. Still, he has, of course, his views on Art, and most interesting they are, as the views of a worker in any profession must always be, and above all, the views of a master workman. To listen to him, as he pours out his thoughts on his beloved career while working away at some minute detail in his picture, in the intervals that exist between the consumption of one cigarette and the lighting of another, is to have a real and rare treat. I put down for the benefit of that large public who will care to know what Alma Tadema thinks of Art, a few utterances of his, taken down verbally from his lips, and retaining in almost every case the racy, not al-

ways idiomatic, English in which the great painter expresses himself. For we must bear in mind that the English tongue

is only an acquired speech to him, acquired, too, in mature life. In his first utterance he gives the keynote to his ideas:—

“Art is imagination, and those who love Art love it because in looking at a picture it awakens their imagination and sets them thinking; and that is also why Art heightens the mind.”

Going on to speak of the need for accurate vision in an artist, he said:—

“To see, you must have a certain knowledge. Thus for an ordinary man all sheep are alike; but a shepherd knows each sheep separately, just as we know our friends. When Rosa Bonheur, some years ago, bought out of a herd of sheep one that pleased her, she was surprised by the shepherd's bringing her next day a different animal to the one she had chosen, and going back with him, was able to pick out the one she wanted, to the astonishment of the man, who had not believed that a woman could know so much about sheep. Unfortunately, a lot of youngsters in



*On the Way to the Temple. (See page 23.)*



our day speak of what they see, and they can't see because they don't know enough."

I begged him to speak of Art in general, with special reference to modern Art. Here follows what he replied:—

"One of the greatest difficulties in Art is to find a subject that is really pictorial, plastic. Many painters have sinned on that score. Of course the subject is an interesting point in a picture, but the subject is merely the pretext under which the picture is made, therefore it is wrong to judge the picture according to the subject. I have known very bad pictures painted from good subjects, and also very good pictures painted from bad subjects. In our day, however, Art is, as a rule, judged by literary people, who are often incapable of

Raphael's Sistine Madonna? It is in the ecstasy of the Madonna, the beautiful serenity of the Venus, that lies the charm. Art must be beautiful, because Art must elevate, not teach; when Art teaches, in the common sense of the word, it becomes accessory to some other object.

"In elevating it only teaches because it ennobles the mind. Now you have that great question of modernity in Art, which has been so much talked of, since Courbet began to paint any low subject he came across, and Alfred Stevens, his advertisements for the Parisian dressmaker. I do not mean to say that their pictures are the worse for it, are not beautiful as pictures, but these two pre-eminent apostles of the hollow notion that you must paint your own time, have, in reality,

never tried to give us any feeling of our own time. Modern Art means a modern expression of Art; the most modern of painters are those who succeed in producing good Art which is not like what has been done before, which is in keeping with the feeling of the day. If they paint a landscape, or a portrait, or a home scene, or an historical or religious picture, they must try to give in their work that which moves our time. We are no longer, for instance, the people of the religion of death, as in the days of Holbein, and a *Danse Macabre* would not speak to our minds and move the world as his did in his time. We now look out for cheerful things, and prefer a beam of sunshine to a storm. We believe, in fact, that with kindness we can be more successful than with oppression. A smile is more pleasant to us than a tear, and we no longer find the fanatic love for skulls that existed in centuries gone by. In history we are no longer satisfied with the king or the great general alone, but we want to know who the people were over whom the king reigned; who the soldiers were that made the general victorious. We like to know that Hadrian contributed to the happiness of his subjects by looking into their wants and helping them where he could; and we love to think that a Marcus Aurelius, by doing so much to improve the moral standing of his time, merited more gratitude from mankind, perhaps, than a Julius Cæsar or an Alexander the Great. Modern Art hunts after truthfulness, perhaps, more than in times gone by; hence the hollow name of realistic. Some people



*Study for 'An Apodyterium.' (See page 25.)*

seeing in a picture anything besides the subject, and judge accordingly. I remember that a great professor of history at the University of Ghent, repeatedly recommended me to paint that striking incident in history where William the Silent, when leaving the Netherlands to organize that great struggle with Spain, in answer to the parting words of Counts Egmont and Horn: 'Good-bye, noble Prince without a country,' said—'Good-bye, noblemen without heads.'

"Of course the feeling of such a scene cannot be given in a picture. What subject is there in the Venus of Milo that can be written down? Yet, nobody will deny that it is one of the greatest works of Art. What subject is there in

think that realism in Art means, to paint what they see; it, in reality, means to render the subject more naturally, in a way more true to nature. Nature has so many aspects, is so individual in every form it produces, in every sentiment it awakes, that no two people can see, feel, and think the same way, and, consequently, 'true to nature' does not mean 'true to what is before you,' because Art cannot be measured. Art is the rendering of an impression received, which must be individual and of which the rendering must be personal. For instance, given a woman beautiful in all senses, one will be charmed by her complexion and will paint a picture of her; another will be charmed with her form













A READING FROM HOMER. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.







and will model a statue of her. Which of the two is truest to nature? As for the individuals who receive the impressions of nature, their differences are manifold. There are men who are colour-blind, others are moved to ecstasies by colour; surely between these two expressions of nature there are many degrees. Further, there are people who are form-blind, and others who will go into ecstasies over a beautiful shape. Thus there have been artists, great draughtsmen, who could not paint, having no feeling for colour, and if an artist has received an overpowering gift for form, he becomes a sculptor.

"It always astonishes me that our modern public, with its love of the natural, should still be devoted to the old principle of portraiture. A head and some clothes, sometimes one or two hands, and the rest some black or brown. In fact, a portrait depicting a person under conditions they are never seen in. I, for one, never see my friends, never see anybody, without seeing at the same time more or less of the place in which I meet them; of course, to paint the surroundings and study them and work the whole into a picture, involves a great deal more trouble than to rub the canvas full of a certain nondescript colour. But if I were to order the portrait of somebody dear to me, I should certainly like to have that person painted surrounded by accessories which awakened in my memory, say a pleasant meeting, or pleasant hours."

Concerning the education of young artists, I once heard him say:—"It is my belief that an Art student ought not to travel; when once he has become an artist, conscious of his own aim, of his own value, and of his own wants, he will certainly profit by seeing the works of great masters, because he will then be able to understand them, and, if necessary, to appropriate such things as may appear useful to him.

"With one or two exceptions, none of the artists who, at various times, gained the *Prix de Rome* at Paris or Brussels, and were consequently given travelling scholarships, have stood among the foremost men of their day. On the other hand, Meissonier, Jérôme, Leys, remained at home until they were consummate artists; Rembrandt never left Amsterdam; and Rubens, when travelling through Italy, made some sketches after Leonardo and others which might well be taken for original Rubenses, because Rubens was already Rubens when he did them. Vandyke, Velasquez, travelled when they were really Vandyke and Velasquez, but not before."

Of his own pictures, his own mode of giving expression to his theories, Alma Tadema rarely speaks. To be living and modern, for all his archaisms, may be defined as the key-note of his art. It is that which distinguishes it from the works of archæological painters, who exist by the score, but who have merely striven to depict classical antiquity by slavishly copying its remains. He has the poetic instinct, as well as the originality and boldness, to comprehend with the heart as well as with the head, and it is this that gives him his unique character.

He has often been reproached with want of imagination, and the reproach vexes him. It is founded on a confusion between imagination in plastic combinations and poetry. Tadema has much imagination, great constructive powers, but he lacks a little that form of sentiment which invests the most commonplace action with a human tenderness that arouses our feelings of fellowship with the persons represented. At the opposite pole of this stands, for example, an artist like Frederick Walker. With the few exceptions I have noted, he avoids in his pictures themes that deal with passion or tenderness. He does not love the deeper tra-

gedies and problems of our vexed mortal life, he is a Hedonist and depicts life from that stand-point. This necessarily entails upon him certain limitations both of vision, action, and comprehension. It is perhaps his Dutch origin that deprives him of certain subtleties of feeling. His pictures rarely rouse our deepest, highest emotions. But it is wrong to cavil at receiving no more from a man who gives us so much and gives it in such perfection.

Alma Tadema, fortunately for himself and the world, is not led astray by success; he grows, if possible, yet more self-exacting, self-critical, he never loses sight of the fact that "noblesse oblige." That as a colourist he is almost unrivalled is well known. With keen scientific knowledge regarding his art, he combines exquisite natural taste, and a faultless manipulation. It is a pleasure to watch him handle his brush and place his strokes, none of which are idly bestowed or fail to tell their tale. In this matter of bestowing the most careful finished workmanship, he has remained a Dutchman. Indeed his precision, his patience in minutiae, are thoroughly Dutch. With a nature as sunny and genial as his art, there is but one thing he hates, and that is perfunctory work, and of course he hates it the most cordially in his own art where he best knows its evidences. "I love my art," he says, "too much to like to see people scamp it; it makes me furious to see half work, and to see the public taken in by it and unable to understand the difference."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the man is as estimable as the painter. Honoured by all, he is loved by those who have the privilege to know him well. Warm-hearted and generous, younger artists never appeal to him in vain for help or advice; his hand is always open, his time, his strength always at the service of the genuine worker, no matter in what department. Egotism is entirely foreign to his nature. His conversation, when he is in the vein for talk, is suggestive and exhilarating in the extreme. He speaks with earnestness and ardour, a happy felicity of language, a graphic, altogether individual power of expression. His talk is like his work; it has a stamp all its own; even the most commonplace thing is said by Alma Tadema in a manner that is original. "All my pictures," he once said to me, "are the expression of one idea, they deal with different subjects, but one style of thought is expressed in them." It is the same with all else concerning him, this great artist is homogeneous throughout. In short Alma Tadema is one of those few remaining original figures which stand out so rarely now, like sturdy rocks in the smooth sea of a tame and conventional world. London society knows well that short, strongly built figure, with its face of kindly strength, its frank, friendly, observant eyes, its cheery voice. Brimful of energy, of ardent love for all that is good and beautiful, he diffuses strength by his mere presence, he lifts those who come in contact with him into higher mental spheres, above the base and sordid interests of every day. He is pre-eminently gifted with that gift which, according to Goethe, is the highest and happiest that can be bestowed on mankind, that of personality. It is this that has made Alma Tadema great; he has a personality, and he dares to be true to it in these modern days when alllevelling conventionality is the fashion of the hour. "The secret of my success in my art," I have heard him say, "is, that I have always been true to my own ideas, that I have worked according to my own head and have not imitated other artists. To succeed in anything in life one must first of all be true to one's self, and I may say that I have been this." These words are no idle boast in his mouth.



## HIS HOME AND STUDIO.

"*Le milieu explique l'homme, l'atelier commente l'œuvre*," is a luminous saying, and to no artist was this perhaps more applicable than to Alma Tadema. His home and studio were works of Art from his own hands; in his home bits of his pictures seemed to stand plastically before us; in his surroundings we better understood the peculiar genius of the master. Tadema's house, at the corner of the Townshend Road, and facing one of the prettiest tree-shaded bits of the Regent's Park and its picturesque canal, was long one of the sights of London for those who were privileged to lift the antique mask of bronze that formed a knocker to the massive oaken house-door, over whose portals was inscribed the friendly greeting, *Salve*. It is a sad reflection to those who have spent many pleasant hours under that hospitable roof to think that its loveliness, upraised with so much care and

knew it, we repeat, it must be a matter of never-ending regret that such loveliness should not have been permitted to endure, and that what was a dream of wonder, a very fairy land in midst of the hum-drum of London life, has once more been converted into a commonplace prosaic London house. For that perhaps was the greatest marvel of it all, that this dwelling had not been built for the artist; that he found it an ordinary town residence, and that by his skill, ingenuity, and taste, he completely transformed and glorified it. The house which will now be his dwelling is also situated near the Regent's Park, amid the large old-fashioned gardens that still exist in portions of St. John's Wood. This house is being built almost from the foundations for Tadema. It was an artist's home before, the dwelling of the Frenchman Tissot; but of his bachelor residence few traces will remain.

As yet the outside and inside of the new house are in a state of transition, so that it is not possible to say much about either. The style in which it is built is of no particular period. It has been entirely designed by Alma Tadema himself, with the technical assistance of Mr. Alfred Calderon. It was begun in the August of last year, and will probably not be entirely finished for another twelve months. We present to our readers three drawings that have been made for this article of the exterior of the house. One is taken from the greenhouse in the garden, and shows the windows of Mrs. Tadema's future studio and library; another shows the front entrance and large studio win-



*Principal Entrance: Studio Front. From a Drawing by J. Elmsly Inglis.*

thought and art, is a thing of the past, now living alone in memory. Last year Tadema quitted this beautiful abode, which had grown too small for his domestic requirements, and it will not be until next year, probably, that the great artist can once more be said to dwell within a home of his creation. Seeing that Townshend House with its glories is a thing of the past, seeing, too, that it has been so often described and illustrated, it seems too late in the day to give once more a detailed account of its charms, its Gothic library, its gold drawing-room, its panelled Dutch room, its columned second drawing-room, with the onyx windows; its Pompeian studio, with frescoes from the master's hand; its cheerful dining-room opening on to the garden, which ever in summer presented a wealth of poppies and sunflowers. To those who

dow; a third is taken from the street, at the junction of the Abbey and Grove End Roads, and shows the apse of the studio, which will be a great feature in the internal arrangement of this room. It is its creator's purpose that this residence shall be essentially a worker's house. There are to be no superfluous rooms, such as drawing-rooms and merely fancy apartments. All there is, is to be of use. The ground floor will contain the master's studio as well as his wife's; also an atrium, dining-room, and library, besides a larger and smaller hall, with the necessary vestibules and passages. A feature is a vast dome-roofed glass house, already attached to the former residence, which, filled with lofty palms, tree-ferns, creepers, and flowering plants, makes an ideal winter garden. The hall, which is to be more

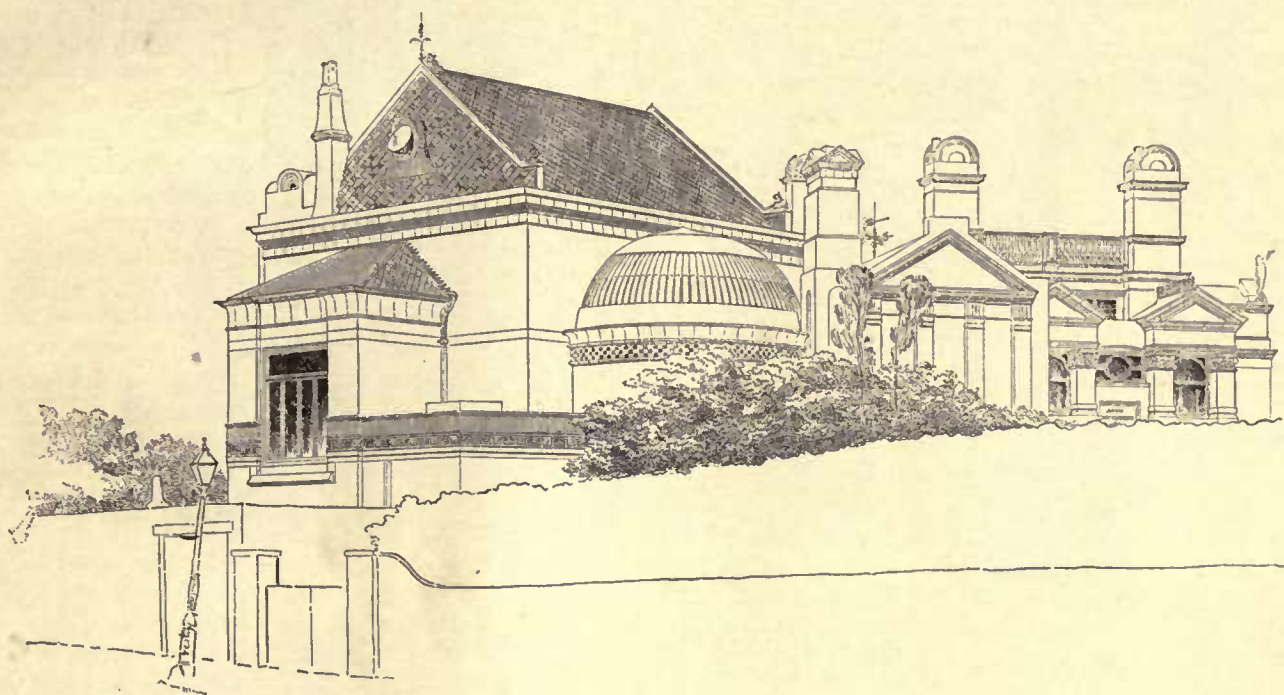


of a sitting-room than a waiting-room, is only separated from this glass house by a wall of glass sliding doors. The effect of this will be most charming. The room or hall itself is to be panelled with white panelling, inlaid with the narrow upright pictures contributed by various artist-friends, which formerly decorated Mrs. Alma Tadema's studio in Townshend House, comprising paintings by Cecil Van Haanen, Alfred Parsons, Clara Montalba, John O'Connor, Charles Green, E. F. Brewtnell, and several others. The floor of this apartment, as well as the adjoining passages, will be paved with tiles made expressly in Naples.

Mrs. Alma Tadema's new studio will be a large room with an oak-beamed ceiling, ornamented with antique corbels, an antique terra-cotta chimney-piece, and antique oak panelling and doors. Four Dutch workmen have been had over from Holland on purpose to fit this splendid ceiling, which was designed by Alma Tadema to utilise some antique carvings. Out of this will lead a smaller room, slightly up-

raised, in which will stand an old Dutch bedstead and other old Dutch furniture. The windows are filled in with old stained glass of quaint design and soft colouring. The library will be a light room, with a large bow window. The principal furniture and decoration will of course be the book-cases. The dining-room will be panelled with the antique panelling that formerly decorated the Dutch room in Townshend House. A small annex attached to this room will lead into the pretty garden, while at the opposite end it will give admission to the atrium, from which it will be separated by a fine door of mahogany on one side and cedar on the other.

It will be a remarkable feature throughout the house that the woodwork used for doors, skirtings, sashes, cupboards, and so forth, is in almost every case merely polished, and not painted. Another feature will be the large amount of fine iron work, done by Newman, that will decorate the house in various places. The atrium, which will lead into the master's studio, will be decorated in the Pompeian style,



*From the Abbey Road. From a Drawing by J. Elmsly Inglis.*

according as the exigencies of the room will dictate, and is to contain a marble fountain. A staircase will lead from this apartment into the gallery of the studio. The studio itself—on the floor of the house—will be a very large and lofty room, with a high vaulted ceiling. At one end will be the apse, whose exterior our illustration shows. This will be hung with the magnificent red velvet embroidery that decorated the column-room in Townshend House, and which originally embellished some Venetian palace. Opposite the apse will be the principal window, which runs right up into the roof and fills the whole end of the room. Two smaller openings will contain windows of Mexican onyx, which were once a glory of the dismantled earlier house. Below these, in a slightly raised portion of the room, will stand the famous grand piano of oak, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and tortoiseshell, designed by George E. Fox, and which the world in general was able to admire at the Musical Exhibition of 1885 at Kensington. The ultimate decorations

of the studio are not yet decided upon. High up on the house side of the studio, and approached, as we have said, from the atrium, runs a gallery which will lead to a charming little room overlooking the glass house from above. With the exception of Miss Anna Alma Tadema's studio, the other rooms of the house will merely be those demanded by domestic requirements. When finished, the house will doubtless be no less beautiful than its lovely predecessor, but at present, as we have shown, all is in a state of creation.

The only part of the new residence that is already finished is a small studio, built last year, where Alma Tadema has been working since he left his former home; it stands at the farther end of the garden, and forms, together with one other apartment, a complete building in itself. This studio is small, but although Alma Tadema is building another of greater magnitude attached to his house, he will probably make equal use of both workrooms.

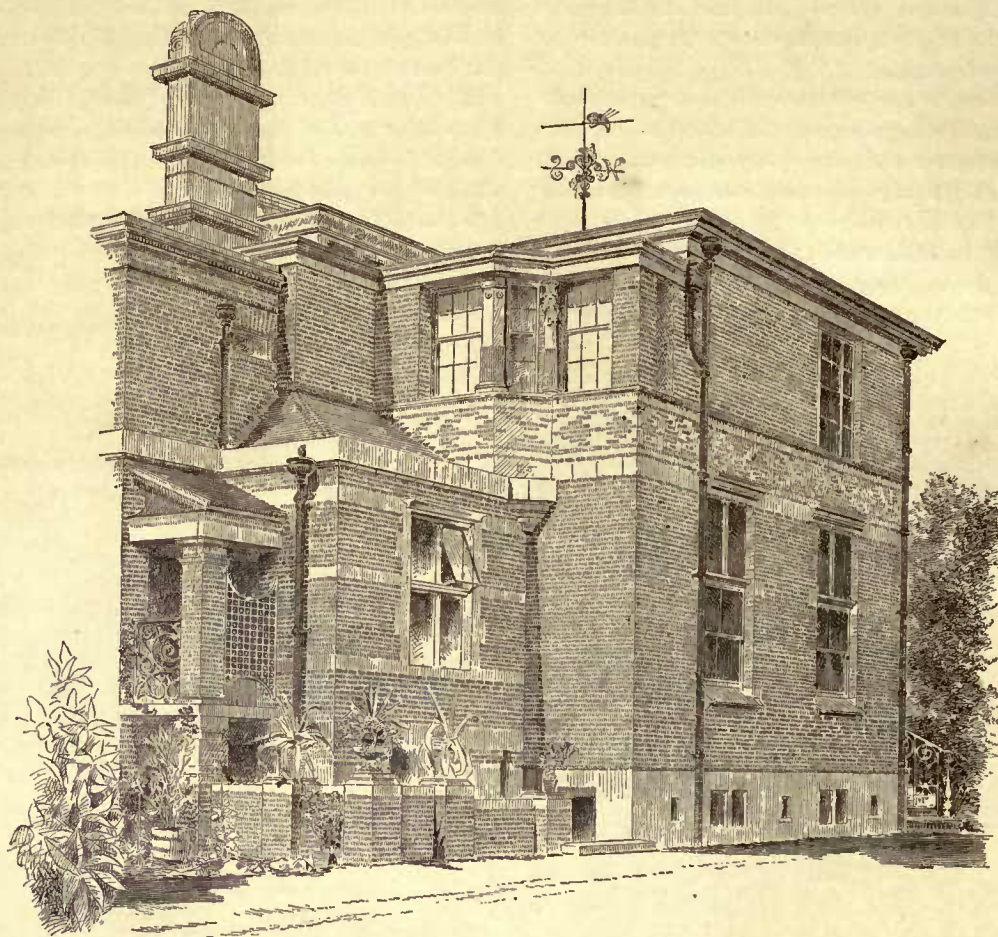
A fireplace of white and coloured marble, surmounted by



an unusually sightly chimney, in the shape of a silvered column with gilt capital and base, is one of the features of the lesser studio; also a window of onyx and transparent marble, brought from Townshend House. The walls, and a low arch at one end of the room, are entirely white, but the loftier and greater portion of the ceiling is embellished by beams and panels of polished woods, principally of pitch-

pine, which is also the material used for the flooring, book-cases, and general woodwork.

The studio is on a higher level than its companion apartment; at the head of a short flight of steps a small landing with open balustrades overlooks the lower room, the floor of which is tiled and the decoration simple. One wall is fitted with doors ornamented by plates of metal, on which are



*East View. From a Drawing by J. Elmsly Inglis.*

etched, by Mr. Leopold Lowenstam, sketches of Alma Tadema's 'Four Seasons;' these doors slide into the wall, and leave a wide opening, which communicates directly with the garden, making the room perfect in summer. In the centre of this opening stands a stone column which was brought from Brambletye House, in Sussex, built in the seventeenth century by a brother of Oliver Cromwell.

The garden itself is particularly pretty, and, for a London garden, large. It was originally laid out by its former owner, Tissot, many of whose decorations have been utilised in the present disposition of the ground, more especially a cinquecento colonnade and trellis, which, covered with creepers, forms one of the most striking features of this altogether striking spot.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



## ILLUSTRATED TABLE BOOKS.

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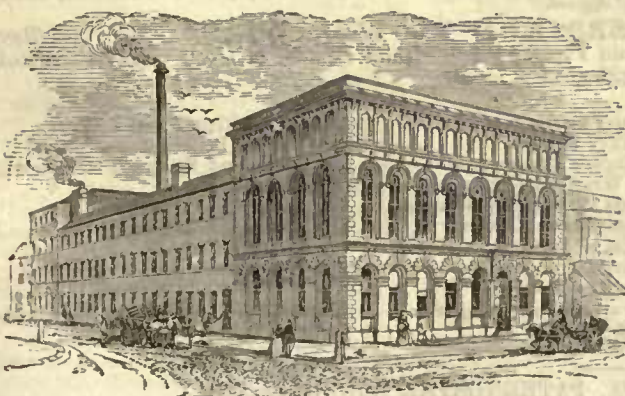
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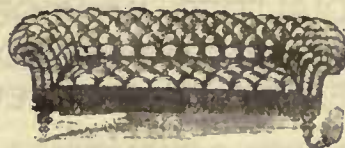
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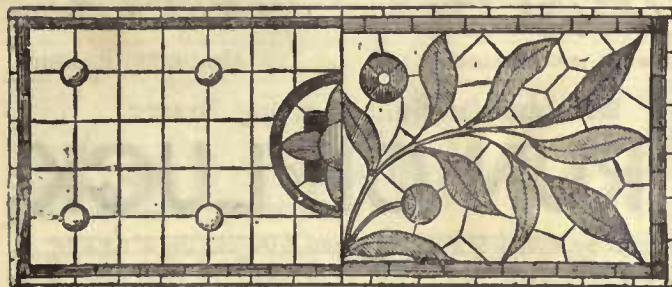
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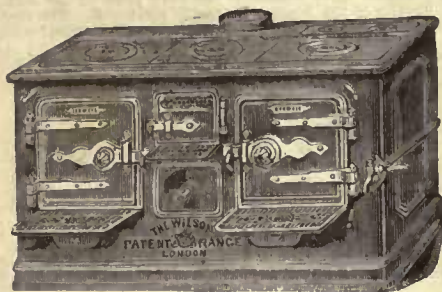
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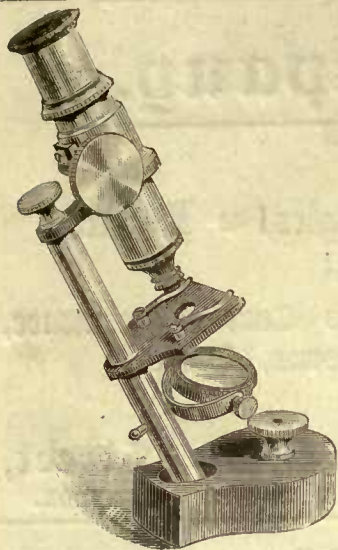
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